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TOP 15

For what it's worth, here are the Maximum Rock'n'Roll crew's current Top 15 lists. Please send us your records or tapes (2 copies of vinyl, if possible--one for review and one for airplay. The address is: MRR/ P.O. Box 288/ Berkeley CA 94701.

Steve Spinali

BLYTH POWER-Chevy Chase-12"
COBRA-Stand the Pressure-LP
CRAMPS-Can Yr Pussy Do The Dog-12"
DOGGY STYLE-Side By Side-LP
LOOKOUTS-Lookout! It's The..-TP
MAGGOT SANDWICH-Dead To My World-EP
MISFITS-Legacy of Brutality-LP
MORLOCKS-Emerge-LP
NEBERWIRKUNG/DISORGANIZED..-split LP
NOMADS-Nitroglycerine Shrieks-12"
POWERAGE-Protest To Survive-EP
SOUL ASYLUM-Tied To the Tracks-45
UNDEAD-Never Say Die-45
V/A-Relying On Us-EP

Ruth Schwartz

EUGENE CHADBOURNE-Country Music...-LP
CRAMPS-Can Yr Pussy Do the Dog-12"
D & V-Inspiration...-LP
FAITH NO MORE-We Care Alot-LP
GREEN RIVER-Come On Down-LP
HORROR PLANET-Cow Pies-EP
KILLDOZER-LP
KNUCKLEHEADS-LP
LIVE SKULL-Bringing Home the Bait-LP
NO MEANS NO-LP
NOMADS-Nitroglycerine Shrieks-12"
PART ONE-Pictures of Pain-LP
SHOCKABILLY-Heaven-LP
SQUIRRELBAIT-LP
SWANKYS-EP

Pushead

NEUROOT-TP
GEIZZ-Black Svage-EP
ANTI-CIMEX-Depressed Brain-TP
VARUKERS-new LP demo
MISFITS-Legacy of Brutality-LP
GODS OF MASTURBATION-TP
METALLICA-Master of Puppets-LP
SWANKYS-EP & LP
CIVIL DISSIDENT-First Blood-EP
POWERAGE-Protest and Survive-EP
CONFLICT-Battle Continues-EP
V/A-Delerium Tremens-TP
SUBHUMANS-Worlds Apart-LP
NEBERWIRKUNG/DISORGANIZED..-split LP

Tim Yohannan

RAZZIA-LP/SWANKYS-EP
PTL KLUB-LP/NO SYSTEM-TP
POWERAGE-EP/INDIREKT-LP
DEPO PROVERA-LP
NOMADS-12"
NEBERWIRKUNG/DISORGANIZED..-split LP
V/A-Relying on Us-EP
MAGGOT SANDWICH-EP
CIVIL DISSIDENT-EP
LOOKOUTS-TP
PLASMA ALLIANCE-EP
ARTISTIC DECLINE-TP
LETCH PATROL-TP/SON OF SAM-TP
SUBCULTURE-LP
S.L.A.-LP

Kent Jolly

My Top 15 of 1985

V/A-Skate Rock Vol 3/RITES OF SPRING-LP
SACRED DENIAL-Life's Been Getting To Me-LP
SUBCULTURE-I Heard a Scream-LP
ACCUSED-Martha Splatterhead-12"
C.O.C.-Animosity-LP
MIRACLE WORKERS-Inside Out-LP
MARGINAL MAN-Double Image-LP
BEASTIE BOYS-Rock Hard-12"
FAITH NO MORE-We Care A Lot-LP
V/A-Cleanse The Bacteria-LP
EXODUS-Bonded By Blood-LP
DRI-Dealing With It-LP/DICKS-These People-LP
INSTIGATORS-Nobody Listens Anymore-LP
SOCIAL UNREST-SU2000-LP
CHRIST ON PARADE-Sounds of Nature-LP

Dogtowne

SOUL ASYLUM-45/ SQUIRRELBAIT-LP
ASTA KASK-Med Is I Magnen-LP
V/A-Babylon/Bleibt Fahren-LP
V/A-Luxury Condos Coming Soon-LP
ARTISTS UNITED AG'NST APARTHEID-Sun City
DREDD FOOLE & THE DIN-Eat My Dust-LP
XMAL DEUTSCHLAND-sequenz-EP
V/A-More Coffee For Politicians-LP
DIED PRETTY-Next To Nothing-EP
CRAMPS-Can Yr Pussy Do The Dog-12"
SHOCKABILLY-Shockabilly Heaven-LP
SKINNY PUPPY-Bites-LP
HICKOIDS-We're In It For The Corn-LP
SKATE DEATH-You Break It...-LP
MIKE ALVAREZ-Night I Watched You Sleep-45

Martin Sprouse

V/A-War Between the States-TP
V/A-Relying on Us-EP
CIVIL DISSIDENT-First Blood-EP
DEATH SENTENCE-Not a Pretty Sight-LP
V/A-Symphonies For Disaffected-TP
POWERAGE-Protest To Survive-EP
SUBCULTURE-I Heard a Scream-LP
ASTA KASK-Med Is I Magnen-12"
V/A-Alive and Kicking-EP
HOSTAGES OF AYATOLLAH-EP
POLITICAL JUSTICE-EP
LL COOL JAY-Can't Live W/O My Radio-EP
D & V-Inspiration Gave Them the Motivation-LP
V/A-Eller Aldri-EP
NOT-Kids Survive-LP

guest list Vote Vasko (Finland)

HONOR ROLE-Judgement Day-45
G.I.-Give Us Stabb-12"/Fun Never Ends-LP
SOCIAL DISTORTION-Another State of Mind-45
DESTRUCTION-Infernal Overkill-LP
CMX-TP
VICIOUS CIRCLE-Price of Progress-LP
KREATOR-Endless Pain-LP
KLIMAX-TP
MIELENHAIRIO-EP
BREATHER-Loves and Dislikes-LP
HALLOWS EVE-Tales of Terror-LP
U.B.R.-Corpus Delecti-EP
FUNERAL ORATION-Communion-LP
NEGATIVE FX-LP
CELTIC FROST-Morbid Tales-mini-LP

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CRSG Montreal,Que call station
KASR Tempe,AZ 660AM call sta
KCMU Seattle,WA 90.5FM call sta
KFAI Minneapolis,MN 90.3FM Sat 7PM
KFCF Freson,CA 88.1FM Tues 9PM
KGLT Bozeman,MT 92FM call sta
KHSU Arcata,CA 91.5FM Thur 11:30PM

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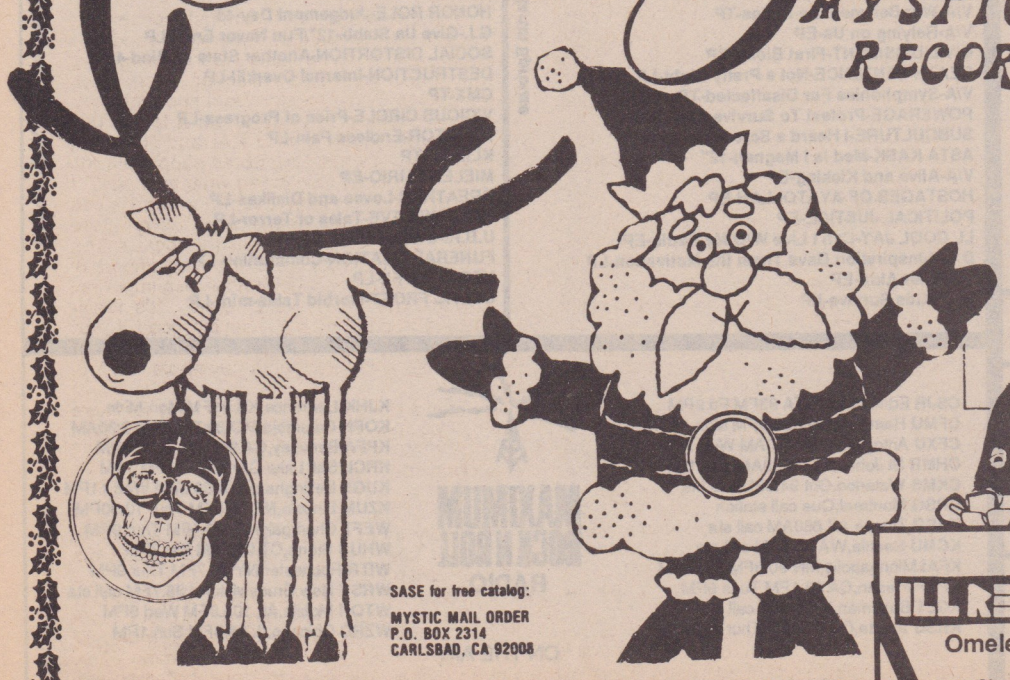

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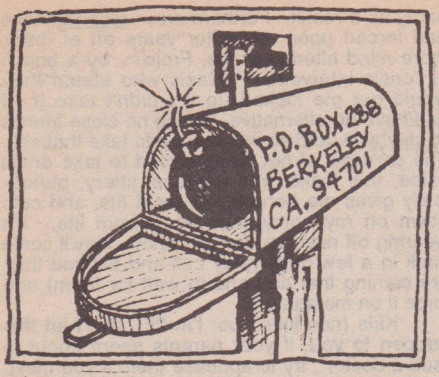

TIM. YOU'VE HEARD THE ONE. "WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND"? SURE YOU HAVE! DON'T YOU WORRY TIM, THE WHEEL'S GONNA BRING IT ON HOME TO YOU DADDY! CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU. – HENRY 4/1

Dear MRR,

This letter is in response to Andy Monko of Richland, WA who complained to MRR (#30) about getting his head smacked by Henry Rollins at the BLACK FLAG concert in Walla Walla. I was at that concert and about five feet away from him when he got hit and from what I saw, poor old Andy had it coming. First of all, those bouncers weren't "beating and mauling" anybody, Sure, they were pushing people off the stage, but, hey, Andy, welcome to the real world. As far as the monstrous microphone incident goes, that started when someone pulled a bouncer off the stage and into the crowd during a stage dive attempt. About four or five guys started pounding on the bouncer (whose main concern was getting back on stage). When the bouncer managed to get about halfway on stage, poor old Andy tried to pull him back into the crowd (hey, some fun, huh?).

Thereupon, Henry Rollins promptly showed his appreciation by hitting Andy in the head with his microphone (sounded pretty good in stereo). I gotta tell you, Andy, I laughed a lot. The only people who didn't think it was funny were Andy and a small group of his friends, who sulked around in the crowd giving Henry Rollins the bird.

I believe that MRR is a good forum for just causes and healthy discussions, but not a place for personal vendettas and the spreading of disinformation. Tell it like it is next time, ok Andy? Like Henry Rollins said after he hit you, "I guess you know where it's at now, fucker."
S.A. Stoneking, Spokane, WA

MRR,

A word about the Falwell game in #30; I myself have been calling Jerry's service, and I was really glad to find out other peole hate him as much as I do. I also have something to add to the game - Jerry's personal office number. You can call the little bastard and yell at him in person. Just sound importanmt and they put you through. My friend and I use the service to send all sorts of C.O.D. things to assholes who piss us off. It's perfect for revenge, it's untraceable, and it pisses the hell out of people. Seeing the U.P.S. truck coming to their house every day is very gratifying. Jerry's number - (804) 239-9281. For more nasty things to do to assholes, write, John Biancheri/ 655 Carriage Way/ Deerfield, IL 60015.

Dear MRR,

This letter is mainly directed at Scott Lloyd (a letter writer from #31), and anybody else with his type of attitude. I, too, am proud of my country, mainly because it is a place where anybody can express their opinion, negative or positive. The thing that makes me embarrassed and ashamed is that there are other people like our friend Scott who refuse to accept the opinions, cultures, ideals, sexual preference and color of other people. You don't like it when people say skins are violent assholes, but you turn around and put down anybody that doesn't act or think like you. Boy, that's really too bad. If you deny the existence of others, then what the hell good are you? Enough of that. To all you people that think positive out there, thanks a lot. Maybe someday we'll win over the Scott Lloyd's of the world. We won't do it by beating them over the head; they'll just have to think for themselves. Peace, unity,
Spencer Rubin/ 16692 Bolero/ Huntington Beach, CA 92640

To Whom It May Concern,

This is a response to a response written by a certain John Jail in the #30 issue of MRR. John, you claim that Michael of Albuquerque can't be an individual just because he dresses like a skin, which, in the end, can be interpreted as Mike being a violent bigot (your third paragraph). To make it all easier, you're just saying that, since someone wears DM's, braces, and a Crombie, he must be taken as, or represents, a violent thug or front. Now. I don't know you, so I'm not giong to assume anything. But I'm a punk and I'm not a junk hitting, lazy, good for nothing, big mouthed kid with no respect for anyone or anything. In other words, I'm not some Sid Vicious, "Nicky Slash" type character who, for some reason or another, the general public has been led to expect. I rest my case. Thanx,
Jason Honea/ c/oSOCIAL UNREST/ P.O. Box 4158-630/ Hayward, CA 94540
P.S. I openly collect German Wermacht/SS war regalia for the simple reason that I have an interest in German and Prussian military history and heraldry. I admittedly surround myself in it - does that make me an N.S.D.A.P. sympathizer? I don't know what you think, byut for myself, I can say HELL NO!!!

Dear MRR,

This is to G.S.K. (MRR#30). The letter you wrote I'm sure provoked a lot of serious thinking on the part of animal liberationists. Your accusation that standing up for what we believe in parallels Jerry Falwell's bible-banging is pretty dangerous thinking.

Where would blacks be today if Mr. Non - Slave Owner said to Mr. Slave Owner, "I think that it's bad to own another person, but I won't force my ethics on you, so go ahead and keep your property in the fields." Or how about if Mr. Non-Wife Beater said to Mr. Wife-Beater, "It's bad to break your wife's jaw, but I guess if you see it as being ok, go ahead - who am I to try to stop you?

The abortion of a fetus, not yet capable of registering pain or experiencing the mental anguish of knowing it is about to be killed cannot be compared to strapping down a live, conscious monkey and drilling into its skull. A fetus, at the time of legal abortion, is only the possibility of life, whereas the beef in your bun is part of the carcass of a being that was already alive and capable of physical and mental suffering.

G.S.K., I understand your point, but people can't just sit back and let things they see as wrong go on about them uncontested, I thought getting people to take action against unjust acts was what our movement was all about. Everyone, including Rev. Falwell, has the right to voice their opinions. The difference between the ALF and Moral Majority is that one seeks to secure the rights of others while the other tries to diminish them, Anyone who wants to write - don't be shy! Meart is murder. Injun Jane/ 204 South 6th St./ Colby, WI 54421.

Dear MRR,

I read with great interest Martin Sprouse's "expose" of Threat Press International Hardcore zine. I, too, had seen the ads in Rolling Stone and had been wondering what it was all about. Glad I didn't order it. I'm writing about a similar attempt to put out garbage under the broad name of an "alternative music fanzine". This one goes under the name of Forced Exposure. While I suspect from the obvious effort put into it that the people in charge started out with the best intentions, F.E. is really nothing but shitstains on glossy paper. First of all, it starts off by violently ranking on such petty and stupid ideals as peace, nonviolence, and equality. It also whines about punk "moneymakers" (ha) and big fanzines like Flipside and MRR. That's funny, because judging from the huge amount of (mostly extremely negative) gig reports and record reviews, it would seem the folks at F.E. aspire to be just like the abovementioned zines. And then there is the fiction. Ah, alternative fiction. When done well, alternative fiction can be abrasive, entertaining, harsh, and funny. Forced Exposure displays the other side of the coin; stupid garbage that has no redeeming value to anyone except maybe rapists and fans of slaughterhouse videos. All of the fiction in F.E. was incredibly, pointlessly sexist, relying on the shock value of devices like using the word "cunt" 37 times on one page. Many of the stories were also extremely violent, dealing with rape fantasies and mutilations. My personal favorite was a supposedly "true" story by some idiot who hangs out in public johns, finds unflushed shit, and eats it while masturbating. The illustrations and graphics make Raymond Pettibon and Pushead look like Walt Disney illustrators.

The hypocrisy of this zine astounds me. A good example of this is a full page cartoon making fun of the Maximum R&R's staff's maniac record collecting tendencies. The next page contained the Forced Exposure's staff's record wants, complete with specific instructions for condition, picture sleeves, etc! I'll tell you what bothers me the most, even more thaan the garbage fiction and the hypocrisy; it's this rag's total nihilism. They rag on everything, good and bad. That isn't a hardcore or alternative viewpoint; that's just stupid, tired 80's bullshit.

To keep this "zine report" totally honest, I ought to admit I didn't actually buy the copy of Forced Exposure I was reading; believe me, I have better things to spend 2 bucks (!) on. But if you don't, I suggest you go out and buy a copy. Maybe the violent fuckheads that put Forced Exposure out can use your dough to seek professional help. Thanks for listening,
Mike / Port Washington, NY

Dear MRR,

Some time ago (4 - 5 months), I decided to make a tape sampler of American bands. I wrote to a lot of these bands (30 or more), but I've only received 7 answers so far. From these bands, 5 sent some music. So, I see that there are some really nice people, but a lot of lazy ones. I also wrote to N.O.T.A. and REAGAN YOUTH (who always sing about supporting the scene, etc.). Don't they mean what they say? I hope I'm worth enough that they send me a positive or negative answer (like, "Sorry, we're not interested"). Or is it just the local scene which they want to support? It's really important to support the local scene, but it's also important to support the international one!! It's really frustrating to see someone saying good things but not acting accordingly. I think contact between the kids throughout the whole world is important.

That's it for now! I'm searching for more bands (h.c., psycho, trash, etc.). Please contact me: Andreas Gruter / Parseval Str. 67 / 4330 Mulheim/Ruhr / West Germany

Hi,

Every month, I read the letters section in MRR (the best part of the zine) and I would like to comment on one thing.

I would like to start by saying that Peoria is not a joke scene, It is very young, but there have been a few shows (thanks much, 7 SECONDS) and new bands are forming every month. The personal feelings between the

Stepe brothers and the MRR staff do nothing but hurt the Peoria scene. The Stepe brothers are friends of mine and they are not unthinking assholes. Barry, Chopper, Steve, and Kyle have donated much of their time and money to help the Peoria scene.

Many people who disagreed with me on the heavy metal issue said that I was being closed-minded. I like almost all kinds of music except music without feeling and music made to get rich.

Some people complain how bored they are. My solution (who are you to tell me what to do) is to go to the library and check out (it doesn't cost a cent) books and records. It will open your eyes to other worlds at no cost.

Now for some shameless advertising. I work at a college radio station, WKDI. We'll listen to anything that comes in. Our address is WKDI-FM/ 544 College Ave./ DeKalb, Ill 60115.

Thanks for reading my ramblings. If you want to comment or just talk, you can write me at: James Moran/ 317 Neptune West/ DeKalb, Ill 60115.
P.S. Chris Crass, where are you?

Dear MRR,

We're writing in response to the scene report (Pennsylvania, #31) in which the renowned Mike Lavella mentions the breakup of SAVAGE AMUSED. As founding members (who wrote the bulk of the material), we feel that we should expose some truths concerning our former band and the Pittsburgh scene. One of the main reasons we decided to call it quits was that our former bass player, Alan Peters, works for the army (in recruiting)! This "secret" is typical of the hypocritical/elitist attitude in the music scene in Pittsburgh. We wanted to attack issues straight on with our lyrics, but certain "musicians" and "mentors" would continuously attempt to sway us to safe (i.e. "straight edge") subjects. Everybody here seems so afraid to step out of the line of the norm. People just churn out the same mediocre polka beat hardcore pablum (united and "wrong") forever. So-called "punks" are more interested in riding "piggy back" style around the dance floor than confronting the reality that's around them. Rich, spoiled children with Bible class mentality (you know who you are) take advantage of rich, spoiled brats pulling up to gigs in Corvettes. So, I guess it all evens out!

Don't buy our tape! Even though we wrote 95% of it, we haven't received one cent. The Army brat who is selling it will just use the money to buy another case of Molson Dark beer. This is a sad state that this city is in, and I hope it isn't typical of other cities.

By the way, look out for our new band, THE END. It's rock with a vengence, with lyrics that show no compromise. Of course it wasn't mentioned in the scene report, considering how much we are out of grace with Reverend Mike. (But we love him anyway - "turn the other cheek" - "love thy neighbor", etc.) Please print this so that the real audience might just wake up and learn to think for themselves. Reality's coming, coming down. Love, Joe Bendik & John Bendik
Write in response to: THE END / 3602 Dawson St. Apt. #1 / Pittsburgh, PA 15213

Dear MRR,

I just turned 15 and have been into 'alternative' music for several years. I live in a "planned community" called Columbia, MD which is 30 minutes away from any sort of city. Being the victim(?) of over-protective parents, and not being able to drive yet (neither can most of my friends), it is a rare occurence that I get an oppourtunity to go to a show in the city. The few times that I have, I have been sadly disappointed. My friends and I don't seem to fit up to anyone's standards at school, but I thought at shows people would be accepted for who and what they are. Unfortunately, I don't think I'll ever know. Although the shows are filled with people talking and laughing, I have felt seperated. No one has ever come up and introduced themselves, but I know that if you want something done, you have to do it yourself. So, even though it scares the hell out of me to meet new people, I have attempted to approach people and talk to them. But, nobody really seems interested, and after a few unsuccessful attempts, I gave up. I have a big hang-up with talking to new people, and when this happens it doesn't exactly calm my fears and increase my confidence. I love going to see the bands play, but I feel as if I'm intruding or I don't belong. I don't know if it's that I'm not part of the scene because I can hardly ever go, my appearance, or what. Or if I'm just being paranoid and over-sensitive. If anybody has any thoughts, suggestions, help, ideas, or just wants to write, I'd be grateful, because I hate being shy. Thanks and love, Jennifer/11013 Swansfield Road/ Columbia, MD 21044

Dear MRR,

Hey everybody! Greetings from Dawsonville, GA-- KKK capitol of the world. Yeah, it's a nice little hick town in the middle of nowhere. No black people dare to even cross the county line, because it's controlled by the fucking Klan! How the fuck did I get here? Well to make a long story short-- my Mom got married and we had to move here from Va. Beach, Virginia. There, I was vocals for FACE REALITY and I put out a zine, Rigor Mortis (The photozine should be out soon). Do you know what it's like being among the masses of spiky-haired boys and girls and now I'm thrown in a little hick town school that's full of simple-minded shitheads living back in 1971? If we weren't an hour and a half away fom Atlanta, they'd still be in the forties. The kids are convinced I'm from another planet. They're also positive that I'm very stupid because when I wrote RATT on my shirt, I spelled it R.A.T.T.U.S. hmmm... Oh, then there's my U.S. Government teacher, Ms. V. I call her Dungeon Master because she closly resembles him. Everyday, she calls me a heathen and tells me I should move to Russia. She's also convinced that if I have feelings of hate towards her, it will give me stomach cramps. Damn, that makes sense. I like to get her pissed off, which isn't very hard (y' know us heathens). One day, I think she was planning to have me hanged when I said, "If this country is so much for freedom, why should I have to pledge allegiance to the flag if I don't feel like it?" Oh boy, I don't even wanna think about the look on that face... Yikes!

Moving on, I'd like to change this shit pit, but I just can't tackle the whole bowl by myself. I've gotta fuckin' get outta here! I won't be 16 until January 24th (send presents). What am I gonna do? 16 doesn't mean shit anyway.... I think after Christmas (when I collect all my goodies from good 'ol mom and dad-- ha ha) I'm gonna get my ass outta here! I'm heading back to V.B. and I'm gonna live with a friend of mine. In other words, I will be in hiding for about two years. I hate to say it, but that "Running Away" column didn't do shit for me. How long do the police search for someone, especially if they're out of state? My Mom knows I'm gonna head straight for V.B. Do you have any suggestions beside-- stay in Dawsonville? If so, please write-- ANYONE! Anyone who might also be in my situation, please tell me how you've delt with it. Oh yeah, one more question-- is it harder to get a job if you're a runaway than if your not? Can they find out easier? HELP! Larry (Mud) May/ Rt.2 Box 2496/ Dawsonville, GA 30534 (404) 265-6003
P.S. Any bands coming through Atlanta who are heading up the East Coast-- please pick me up on the way... I can supply food, beer, and money (and places to play in Virginia Beach). But I don't give head!

Dear MRR/ Whomever,

I'm writing to address a topic that I have not seen addressed recently that I think needs to be. That topic is imprisonment, "hospitalization", if you will, of unwilling younger people (and older people!) and the forcing of mind-messing "psychotropic" drugs upon them. Forced psychiatric hospitalization is held up as the alternative - in prison-like hospotals where one is ordered around and verbally dumped upon by assholes with degrees.

I ought to know. It happened to me five years-plus ago, and my life is still messed up, partly as a result. Furthermore, I recently have had forced upon me, after years off of them, more mind altering drugs, Frolixin, by a bunch of "crisis intervention" Nazis who stated they would get me locked up if I didn't take it. I had/have no alternative, having no close friends to stay with, and so was forced to take that shit. The principle of not being forced to take drugs aside, this makes me nervous, jittery, periodically gives me horrible paranoid fits, and cuts down on my enjoyment taken from life. It's wearing off now, but for all I know, they'll come back in a few days (they call and tell you they are coming that day and to wait for them) and force it on me again.

Kids (non-kids, too; I'm 25), don't let this happen to you; if your parents seem about to "see a doctor", try to appease them if you must, get away if you possibly can if someone is called (I couldn't and can't, currently).

Being in a hospital is so much worse, with one's personal liberties/pleasures drastically cut down, and one turned into a little baby by the "staff". Trying to argue your way out is, from my experience, nearly hopeless, certainly if you look odd/"punky". The drugs will mess you up, plus the staff will write everything bad about you and it will be automatically believed. Take my tip, I've been there.Yours, Walter L. Lilly/ I-19 Wyndover Woods/ White Plains, NY 10603. (914) 948-1536.

Dear MRR,

Hello, my name is Roy and I live in a small town called Gimli. Living here, you get to know a lot of hunters. I don't know why punks focus all the attention on people who use animals for experiments, or people who force feed chickens to sell them. I so feel awful about that, but what about other animal killers, such as hunters? Sure, there are a lot of rules you have to follow when you go hunting, but, still, I think that it is very sick. My friend and his dad went hunting with eight other people, yes, eight. What do they need so many people for? Well, four on one side of the deer, and four on the other side, so that the deer, or game, has almost no chance of escaping the death zone. Even though some do, all that means is that the deer is smarter than the hunters. I hear about hunting, and I just about puke. I think about the "nice big deer," and I think about how long it has lived, and how much longer it can live. What really makes me sick is that hunters think that they are so "skilled" when they shoot some game. But are they really skilled? Here is a list of some of the things that they might use: Animal urine. animal calls, animal bait (food), and just about anything else. It's like, in a second, a deer's whole life was just "taken" away from him. Fishing, fishing is another subject, though. Like, the fish are never invaded in their environment, not like hunting. It is just different, if you know what I mean, even though some fishermen do use all kinds of bait. But, believe me, there are more fish in the water than there are deer on land. Also, a fisherman might not always get what he wants, such as a really ugly fish we have here that is rubbery, and has three flat surfaces on its body. Nobody likes them, and they're no good for bait, so people throw them back, and they do live, believe me. I think that if hunters want to hunt, they should try to hunt something that can hunt them back. I don't even think that you should be able to hunt game, I think that they should just let them live a life, and let nature take its course. If you live anywhere near me, you probably know what I mean. Write to me and tell me whether you think I am right or not. Also, I think that somebody should get an "Anti-Thing" kind of zine out. You could put anti everything in there. We could send them to the places in which people enforce these things, such as the Department of Natural Resources, who puts out books in which they tell people where to hunt and stuff, or even to hunters themselves. (For an address, write me, because this one guy, he wants to shoot everything; he also wants to kill Russians, I'm serious!) So, please write me and we can get something going.
Roy / Box 214 / Gimli, Manitoba / R0C 1B0 / Canada.
P.S. If there are any bands out there who have

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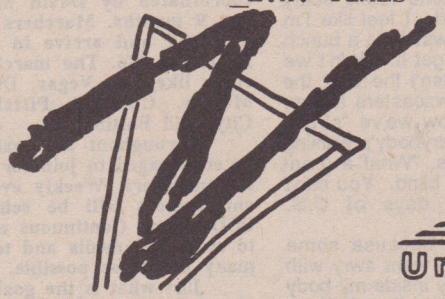
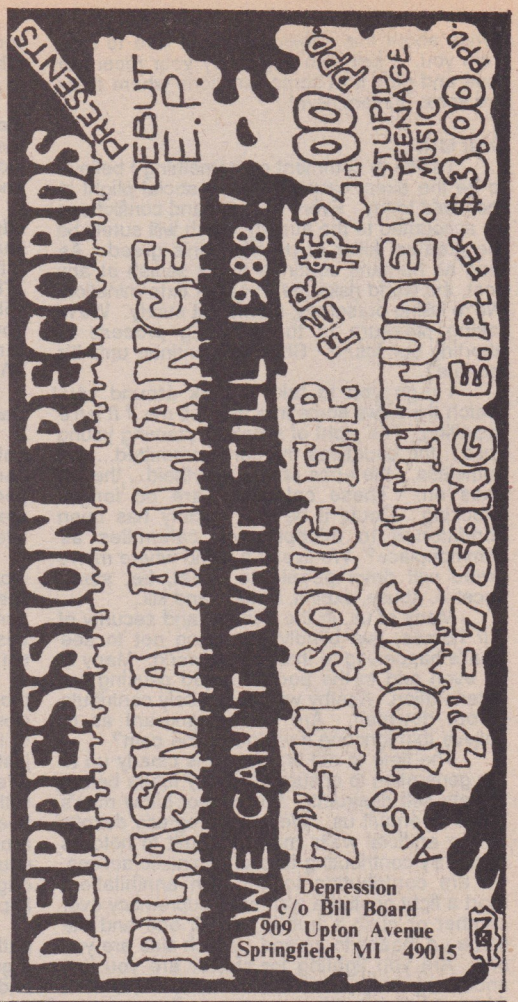


Unseen Hand



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songs about this subject, I would love to hear from you. I just also might buy your record or tape and play it at some functions where there are some hunters, Bye!

Dear MRR,

I'd like to comment on something I believe to be the direct cause of every social plight in the world today. Every war, riot and conflict can be accounted to the atrocity which will surely be the greatest killer of us all; man's greed. As long as humans continue to be selfish at any cost, the world risks the threat of extermination. We're killing ourselves, slowly but surely. We're taking pleasure in the grueling process of aborting our future. Shall we continue until it's too late?

I urge you to take a look around you. Watch the news sometime and tell me if it isn'e appalling. The sight of a naked, starving young child... the countless murders committed... the homeless... the arms race... apartheid... the list goes on. These calamities are no longer shocking. Could it be that society has been conditioned to accept such calamities as commonplace? We live in a world where man's greed will drive people to cheat, lie, steal, deceive, abuse, exploit, torture, and kill.

Many of us, in the comfort and security of our homes, live blindly, choosing not to see what's happening to the outside world. Many of us even add to the pool of greed causing our deterioration. Apathy will most surely contribute to our downfall. Are we so ignorant as to believe that ignoring it will numb the pain?

The time to act is now. It is clearly up to our generation to ensure a healthy future before society self destructs. We cannot allow man's greed to engulf us. We must progress despite all the artificial walls man has built to hold us back. By contributing to such alienistic actions, we are contributing to our own annihilation. Start a fight or start a war, seek supremacy over another or push a button, it's all one and the same - a means to an end. Which side are you on? Are you fighting for life, or are you just another greedy assassin? There is no such thing as being indifferent, you see, because, as we've all heard before, if you're not a part of the solution, you're part of the problem.

You may question just what solution exists. Can we expect to change the world? Of course not. But, to quote CRASS, "I am he and she is she, but you're the only you." You and I can be a part of the solution by not contributing to the pool of greed. Each and every single one of us holds the power in our hands to change things. Obviously, we can't change other people, nor can we think for them, but we can make a statement through our actions. We can influence others! We can affect our immediate surroundings, and we can make a difference!

Man's greed will unquestionably obliterate us IF we sit back and glibly accepr it. But, if we see it for the horror that it is, and work towards a positive solution, instead of adding to the problem, that in itself is progress. There is always the risk of failure, but what have we really got to lose? Rememnber, we cannot alter the past, but the future is ours to mold!! All communication is welcome and encouraged! Love, Val Esway / 25291 DeSalle / Laguna Hills, CA 92653.

To Whoever Needs It,

As I was growing up, I was forced to attend a variety of standard schools, both public and private. Each one was, as the overused expression goes, a "fascist state" of sorts, for none of the students had <u>any</u> say in the process of their education. They were told <u>exactly</u> what was going to happen, and if any chose to stray the beaten path, they would be promptly reprimanded.

I'm not just talking about breaking obvious written rules, I'm talking about a lot of unnecessary pressures to conform to a predesignated way of being, and to a certain set of goals, If you start to see beyond that, and realise that's bullshit, you face rejection, and plenty of other quiet punishments.

If you are a student in one of these schools, and these pressures are causing you problems, as they did me and thousands of others, you may want to check out the possibility of going to an "alternative" school.

In general, "alternative" schools are far more democratic in theory and in practice, and the atmosphere is open and much less prejudiced against different beliefs, racism appearances, etc.

For more information, or for a list of alternative schools in your state (some overseas, too), write to: National Coalition of Alternative Community Schools/ R.D.1, Box 378/ Glenmore, PA, 19343. Phone 1-(215) - 458 - 5138.
You should probably send a couple of stamps.
Jennifer Hamm/ 1106 W. 43rd St./ Richmond, VA 23225.

Dear MRR,

I'm normally pretty apathetic about foriegn policy- my political energy is mostly being concerned with protecting my and other people's personal liberties. Lately, however, I feel increasingly alienated from other people I interact with on a daily basis.

I'm just sitting here wondering when it will stop, or how. The hijacking of this pleasure liner has stirred up something truly ugly in these parts. Vigilanteism is certainly nothing new in this country, but when it's sponsored by the state, and the T.V. covers it like another episode of Miami Vice it takes on some really scary proportions. Yeah, I'm scared. I feel like I'm closed in a glass box and I'm watching a bunch of insane people, and I don't get it. Didn't we just terrorize the terrorists? Isn't the U.S. the pirate now? I see media newscasters talking with puffed up pride about how we've "struck back" at the terrorists, and everybody's walking around thinking to themselves, "What a great country" and shit. But they're blind. You can't cage the tiger, man. The days of U.S. imperialism are gone.

I don't thirst for blood because some pathetic, frightened Palestinian went awry with a gun. I want my blood to stay inside my body and not be dried on some desert floor halfway around the globe. What really scares me is what would happen if the terrorists were extadited and brought to this country for trial. I've read about lynch mobs, and that's as close as I want to get, maybe because I'm the type who always feels he's about to be lynched himself. I don't even want to see those guys. Let Italy fret over them. It seems like irrational behavior has been legitimized here. Sure, everybody feels the desire for revenge at some point, but civilized adults know that it's better to curb your impulses. I love movies like "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly", and I even liked "Death Wish", but they're fiction. Statesmen shouldn't make policy based on fantasies of revenge. Things could get out of hand. Have you ever seen "The Oxbow Incident"?

I say if a bunch of Rambo inspired wannabee commando types feel the need to play with guns, they should do it in the privacy of their own homes and not be in some other country stirring up trouble and endangering my life. Reagan has a ranch-- he could conduct war games, and play general, and just leave the rest of us alone, isn't that a great idea? Or maybe we could say "Everybody who wants to fight go to South Dakota". (The South Dakotoans who don't want to fight can stay at my house). Just think, they could have a rip roaring time up there blowin' stuff up, and blasting away with their fully automatic Uzis. Meanwhile the rest of us could live without the threat of violence breathing down our necks.

Think about it, and please let me say to anybody who might read this. Talk to people about these war fantasies and try to make them see how dangerous they are if the border with reality is crossed. Maybe we could all try fantasizing about peace instead. Adios, El Zopilote/ 311 E 13th st./ Houston, Texas 77008

Dear MRR,

In 6 months, I will turn 18 and I am struggling over the question of whether to register for the draft or not. While I was growing up, my parents always taught me that peace is the best answer to anything. So, I've lived a peaceful life so far. The only time I use any sort of violence is in a self-defense situation. Otherwise, I'm a very passive person, and the last thing I want to do is kill. I know that registering doesn't mean automatically going to war, but it's the jist of the whole thing that perplexes me. I know a guy who didn't register and eventually had G-men following him around, which then forced him to register. I also know of a guy who was arrested for not registering and sentenced to two years voluntary service at an old folks' home. So, basically, I have a choice between complying with the law and possibly killing other human beings or serving some sort of sentence. Can you me me any helpful advice? If there are others who are also struggling with the same problem, or who might have any answers, please write. Thanx, Jon Watkins / 312 Hillside Ln / Bloomington, IL 61701

THE GREAT PEACE MARCH

Imagine 5000 people walking from Los Angeles to Washington DC. They will march 15 miles a day and pitch more than 2500 tents each night. Some 40 semis will accompany the marchers, providing mobile services ranging from sanitation, laundry, and mail to first aid and meal services.

Sound like a dream? Not so. The event, coordinated by David Mixner in L.a., will last 9 months. Marchers will leave L.A. on March 1 and arrive in Washington during November '86. The march will pass through cities like Las Vegas, Denver, Omaha, Des Moines, Chicago, Pittsburgh, New York City, and Baltimore.

Throughout the march, spectators will be encouraged to join for a day, to talk with the marchers. Weekly events with big-name entertainers will be scheduled, much like USO shows. Continuous efforts will be made to reach the media and touch the lives of as many people as possible.

Just what is the goal of all these plans? The creation of a broad-based citizens movement to bring about the end of the nuclear arms race. If you have ever felt helpless in the face of the nuclear arms race, this is <u>your</u> chance to do something about it. Throughout the nation, people from all walks of life will work together with one goal: a world free of nuclear weapons. Despite what many people will tell you, you CAN make a difference.

Those interested in marching should write the national office at: PROPeace/ 8150 Beverly Blvd, Suite 301/ Los Angeles CA 90048. The sooner one fills out and returns a march application the better. While a person may not be able to give up 9 months of his or her life, there are many ways to help out. Organizing, recruiting marchers, and helping at fundraising events are all possibilities. If there is no local PROPeace group in your area, write to the national office address listed above.

Dear MRR,

Please entend this public thank you to the folks at R-Radical Records, who went out of their way curtailing a problem that was nobody's fault. Writing this thank you is a pleasure in light of the few bad letters I've read concerning faulty mail order practices. Thank you again R-Radical.
Chris Joseph/ FOLLOW FASHION MONKEYS/ 510 Elliger St/ Allentown PA 18102

OK Dave, how much did you pay him to say this? Just kidding, Tim

Hello everyone,

We here at R Radical Records wanted to share with you the breakdown in costs concerning the <u>P.E.A.C.E.</u> compilation album that has been out since January of this year. Currently, R Radical U.S. has collected $5000 with another $5000 to be collected in the next 2 months. John Loder, who pressed the comp in England, is sending $5000 more dollars to us

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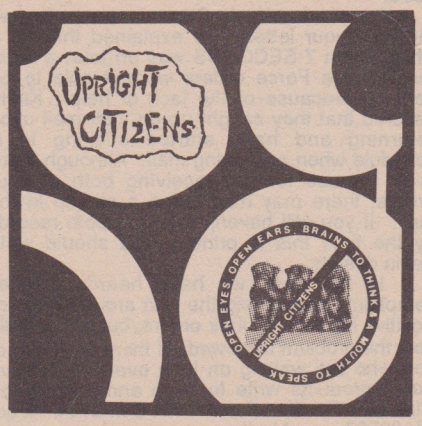
7 SECONDS 12" E.P.
WALK TOGETHER, ROCK TOGETHER (BYO 010)
Available on Cassette $4.50
Here we have it, the follow-up to last years "The Crew" L.P. Again you won't be dissappointed. This 7 song E.P. is non-stop anthemic tunes. Produced by Ian MacKaye and recorded in D.C. this record has something for everyone. From the title track, to the great version of "99 Red Balloons". Released in conjunction with Positive Force.



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Available on Cassette $6.00
Here it is! Fifteen unreleased tunes from one of West Germanys most promising and powerful bands. "OPEN EYES, OPEN EARS, BRAINS TO THINK & A MOUTH TO SPEAK. The title is a mouthful, but their music is an earful as well, you'll agree after just one listen. Their U.S. debut, on B.Y.O. of course.

SNFU L.P.
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Available on Cassette $6.00
Something worth a damn to see & hear, Canada's SNFU shine through the haze, with wit and conviction on their brand new debut album "And No One Else Wanted To Play" never mind Loverboy, or Bryan Adams SNFU stands above most and rivals the best.

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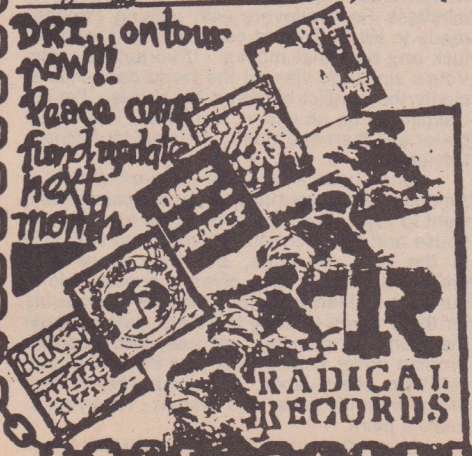

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here and should be distributed to anti-nuclear and peace-oriented groups by the time this comes to press. This means $15,000 will be going out from us, the independent, hardcore punk rock music community to try to prtect our planet from the catastrophe of nuclear war, which we feel will end the way of life as we know it and/or totally destroy our planet. We must all take a stand against war and we feel this is a step in the right direction from the community.

Thank you everyone who helped this project in any way, whether you were in a band that contributed to it, a zine that gave it a favorable review, or just bought it. The letters and phone calls I have received from the people we have contributed to were shocked (in some cases), but were all so pleased that our "punk" community were part of the battle against nuclear weapons. We will continue to update how much money went to what group here in MRR, approximately every third issue.

Total R Radical U.S. records pressed: 8700
at a cost of: $36,702
Total R Radical U.S. records paid for: 7030
at a cost of: $2,180
Total R Radical U.S. records out to dist: 985
at a cost of: $5910
Total R Radical U.S. records to bands and promo: 290
Total R Radical U.S. records still avail: 1060

Costs

Magazine	$3985
Tax	$45
Partial phone bill	$1815
Shipping	$485
Mastering	$1812
Pressings	$12,428
Recording and studio	$1427
Inserts	$487
Labels	$1290
Jackets	$4872
Pre-production	$8056

(such as materials, shipping, helper wages, advertising, other phone bills, workspace rent, food & drink for the crew, xerox, mailing, books & research matter, transport, typesetting, bookkeeping)

Total $36,702

We might add, R Radical's staff members were not paid for the thousands of hours of work that went into this project. Also, any bands who have changed their address, please notify us.

Thank you from Franco Mares, Ron Posner, Al Shulty, Tammy Cleveland, and David Dictor.

Dear MRR,

Positive Force. Everyone sure has been ranting and raving about this group. And recent features in Leading Edge and Flipside may have given readers the idea that this Reno "organization", with it's sense of duty and integrity, really is "God". It's not.

Positive Force ran an ad in the August issue of MRR, announcing the formation of a "7-SECONDS Friends Club", which would enable the band to answer its mail "so much quicker".

I was interested in reviewing "Blasts From the Past" (7-SECONDS' EP) in my 'zine, Common Cause, so I sent five bucks for the record. This was approximately two months ago, and as of today (October 29), I have received nothing.

That's not the first time this has happened. Last November I sent a letter and three dollars to PF for the "Nuke Your Dink" compilation, which I never received.

Not coincidentally, 7-SECONDS had a bad reputation for not answering mail. I was hoping the formation of this club would put an end to this rep.

I would like to say that I often send money through the mail for records and have never been burned by anyone other than Positive Force. I still encourage writing and sending money in Common Cause.

I guess, if anything, I'm warning others about Positive Force and it's "business" practices, but also against putting people on a pedestal. I certainly won't. I welcome replies. Todd Castor/ Common Cause Fanzine/ 1501 Billings St./ Oxnard, CA 93033

Todd,

I contacted Kevin Seconds soon after we received your letter. He explained that for a while, when 7-SECONDS was on tour, a lot of the Positive Force orders weren't able to be sent out because of the lack of help. Kevin assured that they caught up on their mail upon returning and have started sticking to a schedule when answering mail. Although there is no excuse for not receiving both of your orders, there may have been a mix-up in the mail. If you still haven't received both records by the time this is printed, you should write Kevin directly.

In the past, we have heard of other complaints concerning the turn around time for Positive Force to fill their orders, but supposedly now the problem is slowed. If there are more of you who are waiting on long overdue Positive Force products write to them and explain the situation. Positive Force/ P.O. Box 9184/ Reno, NV 89507. Martin

Hell Awaits You,

We thought to write to you all who send us records, promotional copies etc. You could save us some time, money and headaches. It happens to be that we are under tight control by customs (even small parcels under 1 kg) and they are opened and searched upside down. We have to have an invoice to get the records out of there. Sometimes there are letters inside the packets, letters mentioning things that are not for authorities' eyes. So please send letters seperately and record parcels with invoices. Next thing the customs will do is read all the letters too, who knows. BARABBAS RECORDS/ P.O. Box 483/ SF-90101/ Oulu, Finland

Dear MRR,

I am writing this in hopes of informing all our overseas correspondents that we here at Manic Ears Dist. (and of course C.O.R. Records) have changed our address. So please note the new address, as our mail is only being redirected for a few more weeks.

Also, there may be a lot of delay as of late with correspondence from us; this is due to the fact that when Full Marks Bookshop moved, we lost the office space that we rented off them. Fortunately, Tim has acquired new office space which Phil and I hope to share with him again very soon.

All this shuffling about and other misfortunes we've had this month mean we have got quite a backlog of mail, etc., to sort out, so, if people have written to us and have not as yet received a reply (i.e., tape, zine, record), please bear with us. If still no reply, please write again to new address, as the letter may not have been redirected. It doesn't matter how many millions of pounds our British P.O. makes, they still get it wrong! Capitalist Scumbags! Take care - Shane/ Manic Ears/ Box 666 Full Marks Bookshop/ 37 Stokes Croft/ Bristol BS1 3PY/ UK

Jbaldo Ryala,

Please write back to A.S.F. and send a more accurate address!
A.S.F./ 1010 Adams Cir #17/ Boulder CO 80303

Dear MRR,

Thought I'd drop y'all a quick note (kind of late, I know) to thank you guys for supporting ARTICLES OF FAITH over the past four years. This is also an open thank you letter to anyone and everyone who helped us in any way; you know who you are, and we appreciated all the support.

All good things seem to end at one time or another, but while we were around, we had one hell of a good time, hopefully opened up some people's heads, and, most importantly, made some good friends.

I'd also like to thank the three people in Chicago who put up with more shit from us than anyone else; Josephine, Mike and Steve, your patience and tolerance are amazing.

For anyone who has some kind of unfinished business with AOF, please contact Bill at 3257 N. Seminary/ Chicago, IL 60657.

Anyone who wishes to contact me personally, please do. I lost all of my addresses shortly after our last tour. All the best,
Patrick J. Grueber/ 431 W. 7th St./ Traverse City, MI 49684

Attention bands:

I'm planning a comp tape to be released around Feb '86, and I'm loking for American or Canadian punk/HC bands to appear on it. The tape will come with a fanzine containing band info, etc. So send lyrics, photos, flyers, whatever you want, as well as tapes. Please send by New Years, to:
James Merritt/ 174 Old Bath Rd/ Cheltenham, Glos/ England GL53 7DR

Dear MRR,

I couldn't believe what (Steve) Spinali said (or wrote, as the case may be). Add shit to eat, fuck and sleep and youv'e got the life of a dog, Spinali. Also, why do you think your parents' sole purpose in life is to take care of you? Did it ever occur to you that your Mom might want to take a nap rather that fix your dinner, or that the two of them might want to fuck rather than go to work?

I thought your October editorial was excellent, but you must have been lacking sleep, food, or "reproduction" when you wrote this one. Why don't you ask your parents what their dreams were when they were your age. I bet they had some, because the only sad alternative is that they were raised not to have any.
Susan Sullivan/ Friley #5661 L-Russell/ F.S.U./ Ames, IA 50012

Dear MRR,

This is in regards to the G.G. Allin letter in #30:
Mr. Allin,

I just hope you never come to my town and rub shit on yourself! If you go from town to town getting your kicks out of ruining everyone's club (because the owners won't have shows due to their fear of you coming back) you're fucked. If you really like rubbing shit on your self and drinkin' your own piss, why don't you just stay home and do it? Or do you want the attention that you get? Also, if you like inflicting yourself with pain why don't you do it when you're alone and not in front of a crowd, but again you get attention. You get attention from people saying, "what a weenie". Well please don't come to Pheonix and ruin our scene?
Skate Straight, Jason Peterson/ 935 Olla/ Mesa, AZ 85202

Dear MRR,

As a man, I would like very much to thank Robin Vote for her article in issue #31, in which she declares, "Men are sick." This, apparently, is the principle reason we have rape and woman-beating. We're all just a bunch of mindless Rambo-lovers with bulging crotches ready to kill at the first command and ready to fuck any hole that moves. Unfortunately, Ms. Vote's simplistic view of the world does little to clarify the conflict berween the sexes. I'm not claiming to be an expert, but I think I can do a better job than she does. I'll start by telling a little story:

Once upon a time, life was very simple in America. Men went to work and, occasionally, went to war. Women stayed home and cleaned house and had children. Women had very little in the way of rights, but they were also protected, and, in fact, given a special role in our society. Men were made to feel responsible for theur wives - if they left them, judges made the men pay alimony, not just child support. Woman never had to take part in combat and didn't do heavy labor. I'm not saying women had a great life under this system - I'm trying to make a point.

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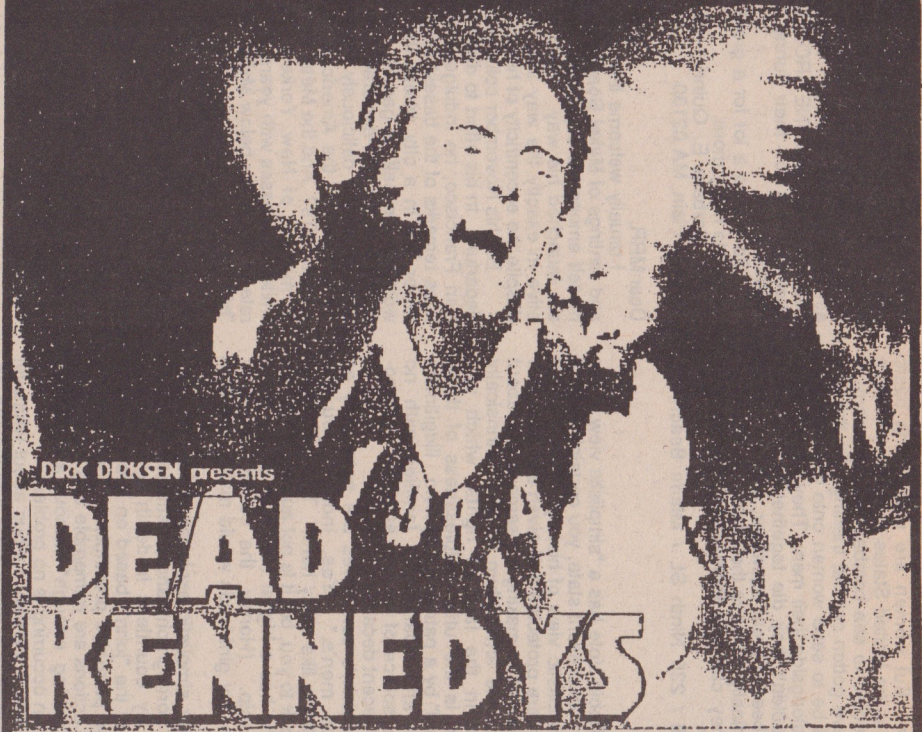

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look at today's world. Women have more rights, abortion is easily accessible (howls from the White HJouse notwithstanding), and sex is essentially out in the open. We have Utopia, right? Well, not exactly. You see, despite all these changes, there is still something inside all of us - men and women - that makes us cling to the past. On the surface, the world had changed completely; inside, we have changed very little. And I think I know why.

Fade back to the old days for just a second. In those days, women were given this special place in our society because, quite simply, of their role as child-bearers. For some reason, very early on in civilization it was decided that this distinctly womanly role of child-bearing made the female more vulnerable - whether she happened to be pregnant or not. Again, I'm not saying this is right or wroing. But this kind of thinking, enforced century after century, has had a very deep and lastring impression on our collective psyche, and this attitude is not going to disappear overnight just because some one stands up and proclaims this to be the Age of Women's Liberation.

Women, especially, are keenly aware that this capacity for child-bearing makes them much different than men - mentally as well as physically. For one thing, women's sex drives are not nearly as great as men's. Women inherently understand that there is more to a male-female relationship than just sex, and that makes them, generally, more selective about who they have sex with and how often they have it. Conversely, men understand that their gender gives them more freedom, so they are less likely to act responsibly in their sexual activities. But it should also be noted that this "freedom" the men have is in fact a mixed blessing. Because it "takes two to tango" - if you'll pardon the cliche - women can use their lower sex drive to their advantage. We, as men, can only have sex with women when they tell us we can. Want to know the chief cause of male frustration? "Not tonight, I've got a headache."

Of course, I'm generalizing like crazy here, but let me ask all the men reading this letter one question: How many nymphomaniacs have you known? Maybe I haven't been around much, but in my 30 years on the planet, I have yet to meet one honest-to-goodness, certified nymphomaniac. Sure, when I was in high school, my friends and I used to snicker and whisper about so-and-so was a "slut" and that girl over there is "easy". But real life isn't obliged to follow a high-school boy's fantasy. You want easy sex? Check out that babe on the corner, home. And, by the way, that'll be 25 dollars.

Prostitution, X-rated movies and Hustler magazine exist exactly because of this mental difference between men and women. Men know, at least instinctively, that women don't want to have sex as often as they do, so men try to make up the difference by other means. In this respect, prostitution and what high-minded moralists call "smut" actually serve a very useful purpose. Women should feel thankful. If these men weren't looking at Hustler, they might start looking at real live women.

Closing on a serious note, I don't know what the answer is. We didn't live in a perfect world in the old days, to be sure, but in some respects the Sexual Revolution has made things worse. Now our society has become afflicted by a colossal case of sexual insecurity. In this respect, I agree with anti-abortionists who say that sex without responsibility is wrong. Part of being an adult is understanding that your actions have consequences, that other people can be affected by what you do. Sex is governed by the same rules, whether we want to admit it or not.

I do know that it's wrong to say that men are the problem. Men declare war? Yes, for the most part. But Maggie Thatcher was more than willing to send British troops to fight for a frozen archipelago called the Falklands. During the 1984 presidential campaign, somme idiot of a journalist actually asked Geraldine Ferraro if she would have the nerve to "push the button" if she had no other choice. Sure, Geraldine says, I'd push it in a second. No problem. How reassuring! Men fight wars? Yes, that's true - for now. But women are undergoing basic training in the United States right now. They're not expected to see combat, yet, but many of them have gotten combat training. So the final step will be to send women onto the battlefield to fight alongside their men. They live together, why shouldn't they die together? Death has always been a great equalizer, anyway. Then women finally will have their precious "equality". Then they can ask themselves, "What price victory?"

V. Verdi / 235 Ninth St. / Miami Beach, FL 33139

V. Verdi,

If Robin Vote has a "simplistic view of the world" in its present state, you certainly have a rather simplistic view of history. Claiming that women were protected and given a special role is comparable to making the same claims about slaves in the antebellum South. Intrinsically included in the lack of rights, which you mention, is the utter helplessness of those "protected" by a patriarchal system. Illegitimate children and abandoned families with no potential source of income are hardly phenomena of recent decades.

"Women's sex drives are not nearly as great as men's." Yes, indeed, you are "generalizing like crazy here." This may come as a shock to you, but it is not automatically the male who has a higher sex drive in any given relationship. (Honey, the conversations of some of my girlfriends would make your ears burn.)

Your simplistic explanation for the existence of pornography and prostitution is in part refuted by countless in-depth pyschological studies of the "john", based on interviews with men who patronize prostitutes. Their reasons for their actions are numerable and for many of them, "getting enough" without a monetary transaction occurring is no problem.

Finally, I am very curious about whatever possessed you to make such a statement as, "women can use their lower sex drive to their advantage." Am I to understand that it is to the advantage of women everywhere to have a planet half populated by frustrated males? Some advantage. Erikka

Dear People,

I resisted the temptation to spend my last dollar on a slice of pizza in Harvard Square and went straight to Newbury Comics to buy a fanzine (my first) instead. There were many to choose from and I chose Maximum RocknRoll (#31), basically because it seemed worth a dollar by the number of pages, and the cover intrigued me. I naively asked the guy behind the counter what he thought "War Against Women" was, a band or something? I was wondering if this was some sort of sexist/racist publication and if my dollar would be contributing to the continuation of these prejudices. (I've been involved intermittantly in the punk scene in Boston for about two years and am still a little unsure of what to take at face value and what is meant as a sarcastic play on words.) So this guy says, "Yeah, well, lots of hardcore bands are very reactionary these days." That explanation was no explanation. So I checked it out for myself. During the course of a day and a half, I read it from cover to cover. It was great! It was enlightening to see that there are so many active scenes out there. I am not as involved as I was about a year ago - mostly because the scene here has died down considerably, but also because I found there was a certain amount of snobbery involved among the younger punks (I'm 26) that translated to me as, "You're not really a punk unless you look totally outrageous." I work as an administrative assistant at Harvard Medical School, but have never compromised on my punk ideals; you don't have to shock people into respecting you. Honest friendship and a sincere committment to changing the world together are the ideals I've always considered "punk".

I read with interest the article on "Sex and Violence". Robin Vote addressed some very important issues of traditional male and female roles and the warped attitudes that have come out of them. Hopefully, our awareness as a generation will influence the ways in which we act towards one another. A great band from Boston called FEMININE PROTECTION is worth checking out for their funny and sensitive feminist lyrics.

So thanks a lot for a great issue. I look forward to many more.

Peace, Barbara E. Quinn / 19 Hall St. #2 / Jamaica Plain, MA 02130

Dear MRR,

I usually welcome the assorted ramblings and rantings of Mykel Board. Indeed, I number myself among his supporters when the attacks are launched his way. He is usually provacative in exactly the way that MRR styles itelf, despite the eccentricity of his views.

But his November column marked a sharp departure. In his effort to distance himself from San Francisco, he indulged himself in gratuitous remarks of the basest kind. So, he would never live in a city where the baseball team wouldn't win half its games, would he? Well, where was this self-declared New York supremacist when the deliciously miserable Yankees were guarding the American League cellar in the late '60's? And the Mets, beloved to me and to millions of New Yorkers, preceded their limited successes with years of hapless toil at a rate of failure far below Mykel Board's arbitrary "half".

So, Mr. Board, please direct your remarks (as you also did) at the likes of the GRATEFUL DEAD and the tofu fascists. Just as the VELVET UNDERGROUND has enjoyed attention and admiration long after they threw in the towel, so too will the Giants rise again and avenge the stolen '62 World Series! Even you won't wish to defend Mr. Steinbrenner when the people rise up angry. Wait till next year! Sincerely, Tom Yohannan, ex-New Yorker living in Spain.

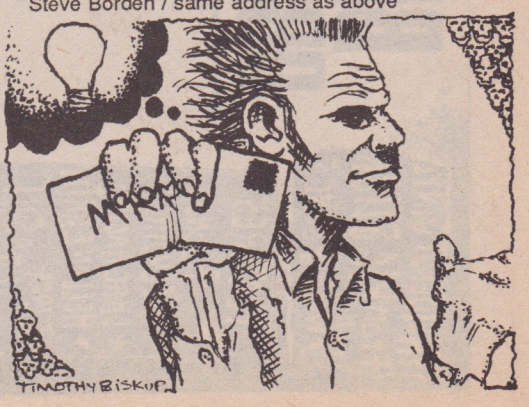
Dear MRR,

I'm writing this letter in the hopes that the address of my friend and me can be printed in your magazine. We are currently incarcerated in Y.T.S. in Chino and would like to correspond with people all over who are involved in the scene. We don't care what anyone wants to write, because we will answer all mail, regardless.

Also to all the L.A. scenesters and cities everywhere with punk gangs: my friend Pyscho Steve and me, Fly, from Suicidals and Los Angeles Death Squad, respectively, would like to stop the senseless fighting with one another and start fighting the authorities who are destroying our scene. We sat down and talked because our gangs don't get along and made a truce between ourselves that we plan on carrying to the streets.

Anyways, when we fight with each other, we're not being any better than the U.S. and U.S.S.R. As a matter of fact, we're being worse. I'm sorry for preaching, but I appreciate the chance to let off some steam.

Anyone wishing to write me or Steve can do so by writing:
Randolph "Fly" Arevalo/ #M1357 / P.O. Box 800/ Ontario, CA 91761 or
Steve Borden / same address as above



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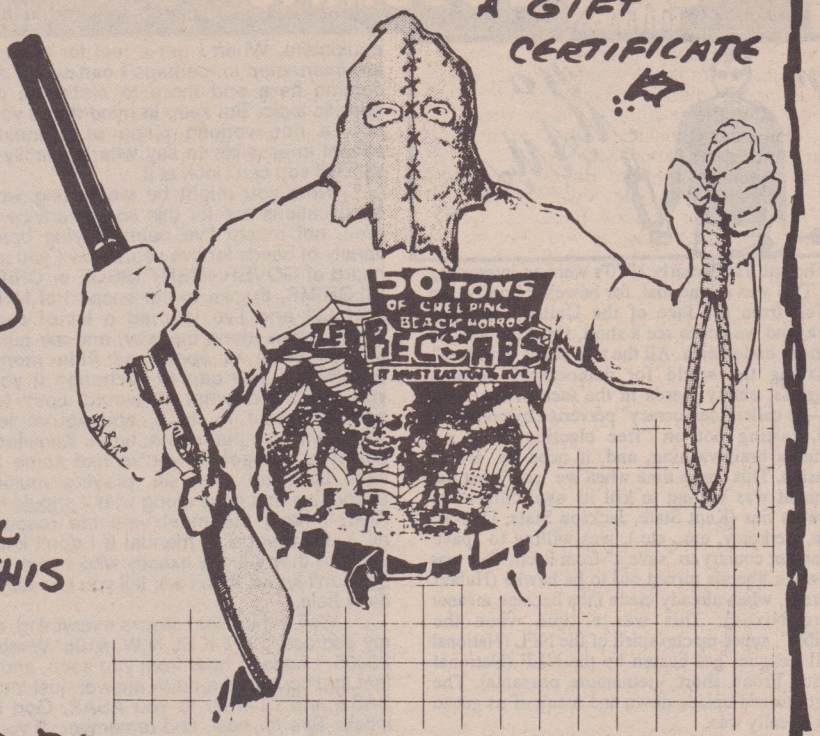

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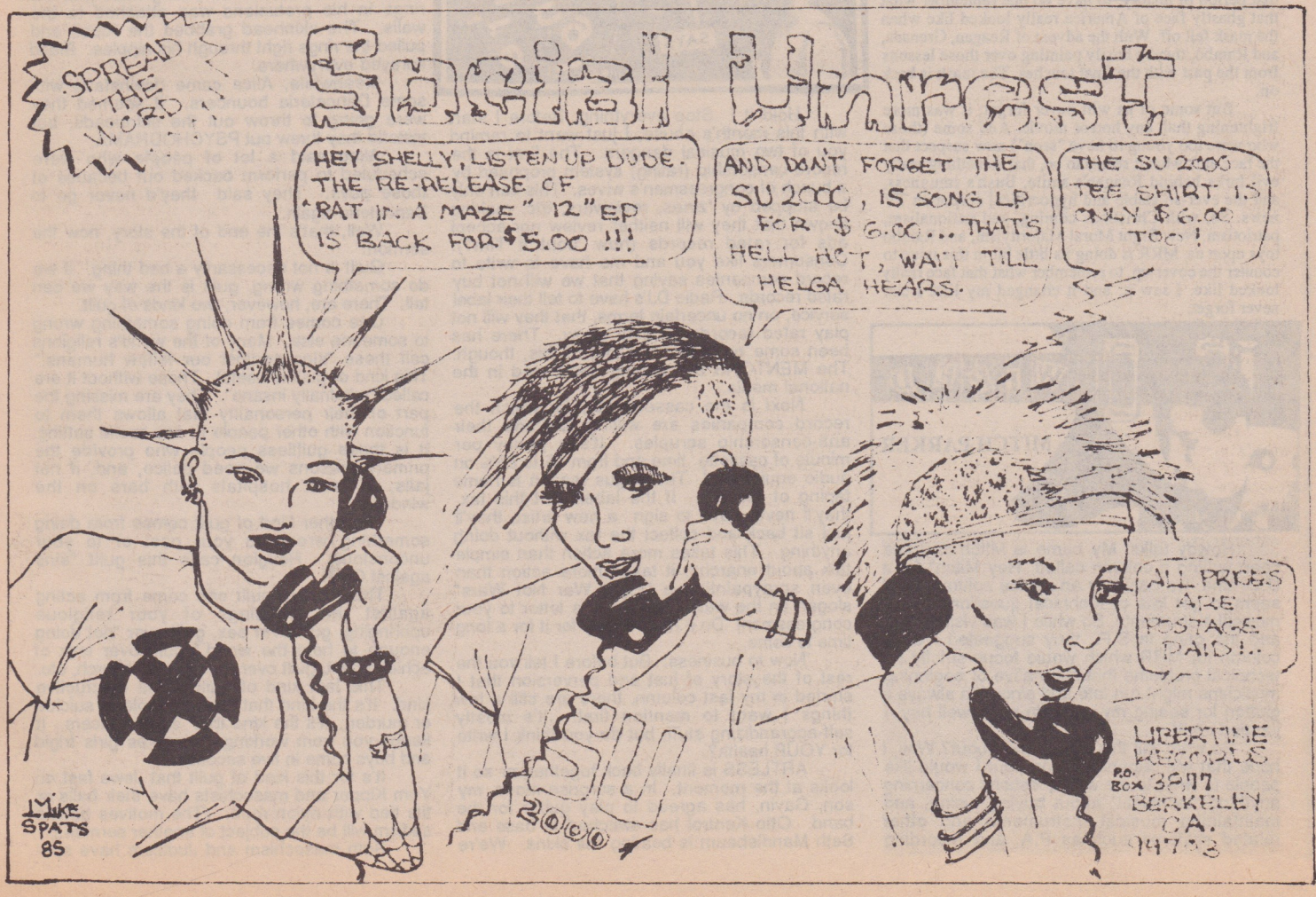


COLUMNS opinions expressed are those of the columnists

The late 1960's/early 1970's were an interesting period. This was a time that, for however briefly, the mask fell from the face of the United States of America, and we got to see a short, shocking look at the monster underneath. All the talk about "freedom" and "saving the world for democracy" became meaningless, empty words in the face of the stark reality---so-called "democracy" perverted by corporate control, resting not on "free elections" but on mass-media brainwashing, and, if need be, armed suppression. This was a time when we "saw" that the government was willing to kill its own citizens to preserve its lies (Kent State, Jackson State, Detroit, Newark, Berkeley, etc., etc.), was willing to "pave over" another country to "save it" from itself. This was a time when liberals turned out to be hawks (Hubert Humphrey), when already mean men became meaner (Richard Nixon). This was a time when the "invincible", super-macho spirit of the NFL (National Football League) got beaten by the NLF (National Liberation Front: short Vietnamese peasants). The world got turned upside down and many of us got to see it as it really was.

Some got scared, especially after Kent St., and decided it wasn't worth dying for: yuppiedom, here we come. Some got paranoid and desperate and went "underground" in a futile effort to spark revolution. Most wanted to forget: see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. And then, gradually, we've returned to the days of believing the lies. Our government and institutions would like nothing better than to rewrite that period of history, to have no one remember what that ghastly face of America really looked like when the mask fell off. With the advent of Reagan, Grenada, and Rambo, they're busily painting over those lessons from the past with the final touches. The mask is back on.

But some of us will never forget; it was more frightening than any horror movie. And some (those who were too young to have "seen") now suspect that the face ain't what it seems to be, that something really evil lurks behind Reagan's smile, Bush's smugness, and the ever-so-stable and hypocritical corporate TV news. So, with Christmas coming, and nationalism, patriotism, New Right Moral Majorityism, and Rambo toys upon us, MRR is doing its little bit in this issue to counter the cover-up, to remember what that face really looked like. I saw it, and it changed my life. I can never forget.

Howdy folks! My name is Mitch and I've been writing a column called "Hey Mitch" for a D.C. zine. It's basically an advice column, but I seem to get lots of technical questions about musical instruments. So while I was visiting Tim and the gang in S.F., they suggested I do a column for MRR which would focus strictly on technical problems that alternative or beginning musicians might run into and since I'm always a glutton for seeing my name in print, well hey, I jumped on it!

So what will this column be about? Well, I hope that will depend alot on you! I would like people to write to me with questions concerning anything "technical" about buying, using, and maintaining musical instruments and other related systems such as P.A. and recording equipment. When I get a feel for what people are interrested in, perhaps I can spend a whole column here and there to elaborate on one specific topic. But keep in mind that if you have say, a non-working piece of whatever, it's almost impossible to say what's exactly wrong with it if you can't look at it.

Now you might be wondering what my qualifications are for this sort of advice giving. Well, not much! I've been playing bass in a variety of bands for five years now (you might of heard of GOVERNMENT ISSUE or CRIPPLED PILGRIMS, thanks to the support of MRR and Bert Q.) and I've learned a lot of common-sense things along the way, and my guide has always been to spend as little money as possible. If you can fix it/change it yourself, you've saved what it would cost to pay someone else to do it, and you've learned something at the same time! Knowledge is power and hopefully you've had some fun as well, because after all, playing music and everything that goes along with it should be fun. Also, I have the most valuable resource of all.....knowledgable friends! If I don't know the answer, then I know exactly who to ask and if I still don't know, then I will tell you honestly that I can't help.

Well, I think that covers everything, except my address: 1377 K St. N.W. #108/ Wash. D.C. 20005. I hope to hear from you soon, and if you feel that you need a quick answer, just include a SASE and I'll write to you ASAP. God I love initials. Bye for now, and remember: If you can't play good, play loud!

Hold it ! Stop everything. Before I start with this month's abuse, I just want to remind you of two musical dangers. The first is the record censorship (rating) system proposed by a bunch of congressmen's wives. This can only be stopped by 'zines, reviewers, etc. making known that they will neither review nor accept ads for rated records (how 'bout it Tim?). Consumers like you and me have to write to record companies saying that we will not buy rated records. Radio DJ's have to tell their label service, on no uncertain terms, that they will not play rated records on their show. There has been some good to come out of this, though. The MENTORS are getting mentioned in the national media.

Next is the cassette tax, for which the record companies are willing to trade their anti-censorship scruples. It's a penny per minute of cassette time and from 15 to 25% on audio equipment! The bogus reason is home taping of records. If the labels get this tax, they'll never have to sign a new artist, they'll just sit back and collect the tax without doing anything. This takes more action than simple talk about anarchy, it takes more action than even spraypainting a "Fight War Not Wars" slogan on the wall. This takes a letter to your congressman! Do it now, or pay for it for a long time to come.

Now to business: But before I tell you the rest of the story of lust and perversion that I started in my last column, there are still a few things I want to mention first. It's mostly self-aggrandizing stuff, but do you think I write for YOUR health?

ARTLESS is finally back together, or so it looks at the moment. In a surprise move, my son, Gavin, has agreed to play guitar for the band. Otto Kentrol has switched to bass and Seth Mandlebaum is beating the skins. We're still looking to tour soon, so if we can play in your town, write c/o SEIDBOARD WORLD ENTERPRISES, 75 Bleeker St., NYC 10012.

Okay buckaroos, this is the part you've been waiting for, the conlusion of my Yom Kipper sermon about Jews, S&M, skinheads, anarchy, and guilt. When last we left each other I was in Danceteria at an S&M show.

PSYCHODRAMA's Fifi LaButt had disrupted a painful stage show by flashing his hemerrhoids at the audience. I was wandering in the crowd, surprised to find members of AGNOSTIC FRONT, CORROSION OF CONFORMITY and Gwyn and Alexa from Lifestyles of the Poor and Homeless punkzine. These were people I thought I would more likely see at CBGB's than at an S&M show.

The guy in the rubber suit, by the way, now had a tight rubber mask over his head. A thin breathing tube tube that led to his mouth was the only opening in the mask.

Otto Kentrol, ARTLESS's bass player showed up with his girlfriend, ANNA. In her hand she had a riding crop.

Julien suddenly raced past me . Fifi came by, heading after him. "I want to fuck that Jewish boy!" she yelled.

By this time it was about 3 AM. I had to get up at 8 the next morning and wasn't masochistic enough to stay up any longer. I went home.

Julien told me the rest of the story the next day. This is what he said:

More performances were scheduled, but not much happened. Suzy Science, the androgynous singer of SCIENCE, did something erotic to a few pieces of leather. Some skinheads walked on stage and gave everybody the finger and started yelling at the people on stage. Suzy walked off and so did lots of the other leather regulars.

Downstairs, a shaved-headed guy walked into the room where the young man with the rings in his protusions was attached to the walls. The skinhead grabbed the ropes and pulled the rings right through his nipples. Blood sprayed everywhere.

Meanwhile, Alice came downstairs with some Danceteria bouncers. It seemed they were going to throw out the skinheads, but instead they threw out PSYCHODRAMA.

Alice said a lot of people who were scheduled to perform backed out because of those guys. They said they'd never go to Danceteria again.

Well, that's the end of the story, now the sermon:

Guilt is not necessarily a bad thing. If we do something wrong, guilt is the way we can tell. There are, however, two kinds of guilt.

One comes from doing something wrong to someone else. Many of the world's religions call these "sins against our fellow humans." This kind of guilt is useful. Those without it are called "criminally insane". They are missing the part of their personality that allows them to function with other people in any social setting. It is these guiltless people who provide the primary reasons we need police, and, if not jails, at least hospitals with bars on the windows.

The other kind of guilt comes from doing something wrong to your past or to your unconcious. Religion calls this guilt "sins against God"

This kind of guilt can come from acting against the teachings of your religious upbringing, guilt over sex, guilt over "not doing enough to help the world," guilt over lack of achievement, guilt over not going to church, etc.

This last kind of guilt is the destructive kind. It's the kind that drives people to suicide or murder. It's the kind that causes ulcers. It keeps you from working. It makes girls frigid and boys come in five seconds.

It's for this kind of guilt that Jews fast on Yom Kipper and masochists have their balls or tits tied with nylon rope. (The motives behind sadism will be the subject of another sermon.)

Both masochism and Judaism have spe-

cific rules for relieving guilt. Jews have certain prayers, 24 hours of being hungry and bored, etc.

For masochists, there are certain kinds of pain, certain restraints, certain words like "Mistress" and "Sir". The public image of random beatings and permanently damaged bodies is simply wrong. S&M is NOT chaos. It is the predictable and ordered removal of guilt. (Sometimes it more directly involves sex. Sex and pain are often intertwined. Even in the animal kingdom, mating apes and tigers often draw blood from one another . Right now, I'm not discussing that aspect of it, I just want to talk about relieving guilt)

Besides fasting or masochism, other ways of relieving guilt include giving money to charity or playing at LIVE AID benefits. The point is that those of us who are mentally healthy and want to remain that way, need a way to relieve the build-up of useless guilt that accumulates in everyday life. It's the structure and internal rules of these guilt-releasing mechanisms that make them work. Even the most hard core masochists would not appreciate a stranger punching him or her in the face.

If PSYCHODRAMA or the skinheads were trying to create masochism for the masochists, they failed. If they were trying to be anarchists (or just cause trouble), they succeeded.

Aha! Here comes the crux of this sermon, it's another rant on the reasons anarchy won't work.

Because anarchists deny those mechanisms used to deal with guilt (prayer, religious or masochistic rituals, structured pain, etc.) they remove the only methods available for relieving guilt.

Unrelieved guilt can break out into hostility either against yourself or others. Like continued unrelieved pain, it can deaden you and turn you into a machine-- or worse-- one of those guiltless criminal maniacs. At best, it can make you afraid to do anything for fear for feeling even more guilty.

I'm accusing neither PSYCHODRAMA nor the skinheads in what happened here. PSYCHODRAMA had other motives for what they did. A few months earlier, after having driven all the way from DC to NY just to see a PSYCHIC TV show, the Danceteria doorman turned them out into the rain, this was their revenge.

The skinheads (I don't even know who they were or if they were part of the NY skinhead scene) were acting as individuals. I don't know any of the background. I wasn't even there.

You see it doesn't matter. I'm not talking to them, I'm talking to you. Many of those things that seem so weird to you-- so worthy of "putting an end to" or getting rid of "after the revolution" have a value that you might not understand. Getting rid of something before you know what it does might be fine anarchistic theory, but, in practice, it might just create a monster that'll someday kill you.

Oh yeah, you might be wondering what I did with my own four inches of limp macaroni during the S&M show. Well, it just hung there on the inside of my Talon zipper. I was just there to watch. I don't need that stuff. I'm Jewish.

EASILY AMUSED · MARTIN SPROUSE

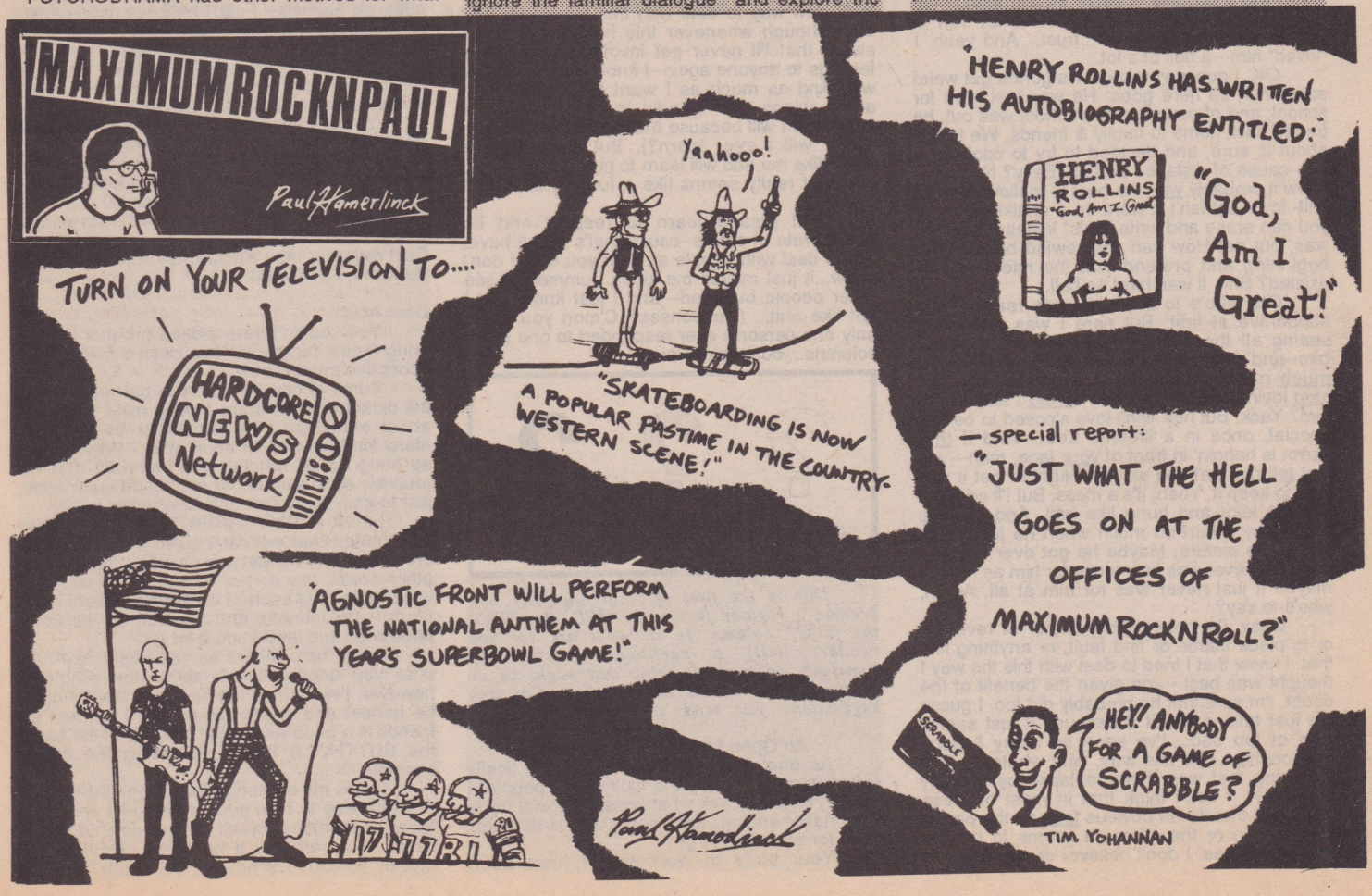
I recently experienced the movie "Apocalypse Now" for the fourth time, and I still appreciate the effect that it has with me. I consider this movie to be a masterpiece, a masterpiece concerning the effects and hardships of war versus the human mind, body and soul.

With my fourth viewing, I was able to ignore the familiar dialogue and explore the bare essence of the movie's basic theme. What I saw was the destruction of a human being. His mental structure was dissected, resulting in a primal state of awareness. He was then forced to feel his complex, confusing, fucked up environment. He was nothing more than what his senses witnessed. When disregarding the fact that the source of this experience was merely a movie, the truth became clear once again.

While he was representing his country, he was feeling more pain, more senseless hate towards life than I have ever suffered. In the nonheroic sense, he risked his life out of his own selfishness. He acquired eyes, stone cold eyes that were blind to his action, yet able to notice the destruction. The barriers, the strong mental barriers which he built, were his only means of survival. But throughout the progression of his military mission, life was simplified. The process of weeding out the bullshit endured. No more society, no more politics. No more patriotism. It became a struggle of death against death. He was pushed over the edge; there he discovered the core. In the movie's situation, the core was complete, utter insanity. The exposure of a not-so-extreme possibility of the involvement in acts of war. But the line, "The horror, the horror," from the movie is a stark, realistic definition of war. For war is nothing more than the annihilation of life and the destruction of its environment, forcing the existence of needless, hopeless, and meaningless waste. Materialistically, physically, and mentally, extermination is the goal.

When looked at in such a fundamental manner, you can only ask yourself, "why?" Why must it continue? Why must it be glorified, made into something that it is not even close to being? Glamourous, heroic, adventurous - FUCK NO! Stupid, just so very stupid. We kill, they kill. They kill, we kill. Inside, we all wear the same uniform. But we tread in different mud, mud seperated by senseless borders.

In these times, like so many in the past, war can happen and is happening. Do you ignore it? Do you pursue it? Will you end it? It's your choice! It begins with you, from your heart.



Ha ha ha. People. Relationships. I laugh sarcastically. Love. Caring. About others?! "Never again", I say-- meaning it like hell but knowing I'll be back in this very boat again--and probably sooner than I think. Yep, back in this stinkin' boat, where the fucking motor doesn't work--- and I don't know the first thing about how to fix the damn thing so that I can get the hell out of here!!

It's kinda funny....that word "love". I really was under the impression that it's a pretty respected word---that it means something. But more and more I seem to find that these "loving" relationships that we want so much often end by trashing those involved. Yeah, sure is a twisted life we lead when something that's supposedly so valued and revered ends by forcefully ripping you to shreds-- hurting and confusing you until you collapse, turning inward in the vain hope of self-protection.

Well, as you may guess, I too have been lost in that idyllic state we call "being in love". I met this guy (no name of course---to protect the innocent) doing a bit o' business. It began harmlessly enough, but developed, as those darn things do, into a pretty interesting relationship--to say the least. No, it wasn't fucking "love at first sight"--far from it. But it was pretty swell--and he was an incredible guy--and we got along great on all sorts of levels. Then one night, out of the fucking blue, he said he loved me. Huh? Who? Him? Me?!! Hmmmm. Cloud nine, they say? Yeah, I guess I was there. So to top it off, like a naive foolish idiot, I fell deeper. We shared a hell of a lot--fun & seriousness & each other...trust. And yeah, I "loved" him---a hell of a lot.

OK. I guess you know it's gonna get weird sometime, so here goes: He was just here for school, and of course, when school was out, he trotted back home to family & friends. We talked about it, sure, and decided to try to cool out a bit---cause of distance and all. Easy? No way. I knew it probably was the best to mellow out, but shit--love just isn't a word on a chalkboard that you can erase and write "pals" instead. I wish it was, but no. How can you rewind back to the beginning and pretend that the middle never existed? Shit. It was hard as hell.

Oh, who's to say? He was really pretty supportive at first. But here I was, still here, seeing all these things that reminded me of him--and fucking confused as hell. Sure--I'd much rather be friends than not. But should I stop loving him? Or actually, could I stop loving him? Yuck. But hey--isn't love s'posed to be that special, once in a lifetime treat? And if that carrot is hangin' in front of your face, man---you just tell me that you wouldn't fight to get it and fight to keep it. Yeah, it's a mess. But I'll admit-- I was an idiot and hung like hell. And I guess that's why it hurt so much when he just faded out of the picture. Maybe he got over it quick. Maybe it never was as intense for him as me. Or maybe it just never was for him at all. Again, who's to say?

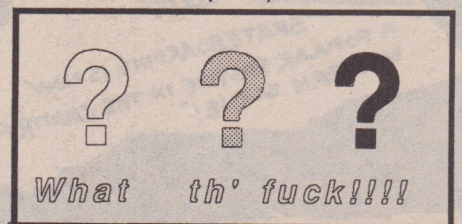
Okay. I'm not yapping all this for revenge, or to place blame or find fault, or anything like that. I know that I tried to deal with this the way I thought was best---and given the benefit of the doubt, I'm sure that he probably did too. I guess I'm just talking about it because it just seems kind of too bad....I've seen so many fucking relationships end this way, with whatever love or caring that was there replaced by a really bitter hurt. I don't think that in most of these situations that it's an obvious fault on the part of one person or the other---it seems to be just insensitiveness. I don't believe--or maybe I just don't want to believe--that someone I really cared for so much (and that I thought cared so much for me) would want to be maliciously cruel to me, and I don't think that most people would be outrightly fucked to people they care for. All I really know is how the outcome feels---and that's lousier than I ever thought I could feel---ever. Alone and vulnerable and lost and confused as shit. And unfortunately, I realize now that for my own good, I have to stop caring for someone that really doesn't seem to care that much about me. Fuck man--I feel that I really tried my hardest in this. And now the hardest thing to deal with is the feeling of being completely in the dark---not knowing how the hell he feels, or if he even does feel, or if he ever did.

Solutions? Hell. You all know as well as I that if there was one, we'd all be as happy as a bunch of clams. But I don't really think that there is one solution. Just don't don't don't forget that relationships are a responsibility----because people and their feelings are involved. And I (naively) believe that the important "ingredients" involved in a successful relationship--whether that be friends or lovers or whatever---are communication, honesty and trust. And each one of these is completely dependent upon all of the others. I do of course realize that everyone is different, and deals with things differently, and that the degree of responsibility that one person might take in a relationship varies greatly---dependent upon them as well as who they're involved with.

I really do wish that people weren't as scared of communicating their feelings about stuff to others. It really helps a heck of a lot in understanding all these incredible people we're surrounded by....but of course, it's a chance because it makes you more open and vulnerable. And although this is necessary (I feel) in a really open and caring relationship, it's also really hard for some people to open up for fear that they'll be taken advantage of. Ah yes, trust. What a word, huh????

Well, even though I realize that this isn't the solution for everyone, just take it as my thoughts on the matter. Everyone has to find their own way to deal with this big world. And even though whenever this happens to me I swear that I'll never get involved or trust my feelings to anyone again--I know that I probably will. And as much as I want to not be open about things and friendly to other people---I know that I will because that's just the way I am (darn...will I ever learn?). But some people aren't like me and will learn to not trust others.... and that really seems like a fucking shame to me.

Just please--learn to respect and be considerate of others--cause that's all we have. Try to deal with people as best you can. I don't know...it just makes me kinda bummed to see other people bummed---and I just know that I felt like shit. (Responses? C'mon you guys, only one person's ever responded to one of my columns....don't **wimp out**.)



This is the first of what hopefully will become a regular feature in MRR, the "What the fuck?" column. In it, we'll ask (or you readers will) a pertinent question to somebody on a single topic that might be on many people's minds at the time. Got any suggestions, just send 'em in.

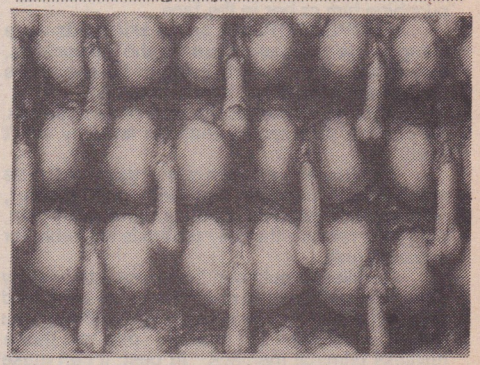
An Open Letter to Jello Biafra

As one who professes to be artistically called upon to "annoy the fuck out of people" I would just like to ask what possible social value your never-ending, annoying statements might have for society at large?

Your body of work that I have seen (records, interviews, graphics) seems to consist almost entirely of horrific graphic images, whining - complaining - criticizing - screeching (and of course annoying) vocals, and a never-ending analysis of your dissatisfaction with society.

Before you write me off as a do-gooder Pollyanna, I'd like to add that much of your criticisms are accurate and need to be said: there is much sickness with human nature--always has been, always will be-- and your regurgitation of this sickness via your artwork may assist some people in avoiding these pitfalls (e.g. "see the sickness of Vietnam, let's not do this again in Central America").

However, to paraphrase Bukoski, art is a kind of "soul suck", a kind of food for the soul... and as you review your own body of work, I have to ask you, just what do you think is the nutritional value of the images you've been offering for public consumption? It's true, you are what you eat... and while your artistic images accurately reflect the sickness of life, it also only reflects one half of life (and ultimately the least fulfilling half).



H.R. Giger poster included in DK's LP

While I would be the last person to promote amongst artists the sugar-coated ideal of painting pretty sunsets, and cuddly lil't cutie-pie animals-- I can't help but notice a lack in your work of anything that vaguely resembles "beauty"... of anything that resembles "love". Do you feel these concepts-- for some unknown reason excluded from your artistic vision-- have little value as tools for transforming society?

You are obviously one of the great talents and communicators of my generation, and I'm eagerly watching how you develop and mature over the years. But if there's one lesson we've all learned from the insanity of the 60's, it's that that peace can only come about from people who are peaceful.

Best regards, Ace Backwords/ P.O. Box 4846/ Berkeley, CA. 94704

Dear Ace,

You couldn't have picked a better time to bring these things up. I've been thinking a lot about this myself lately.

Some of new songs try to delve more into the darker caverns of the human mind. What is it about ourselves that causes us to make so many kinds of war on each other? Why are we so hung up on winning and being #1 that we routinely lie to each other and rip off our friends; just to gain some sort of hollow upper hand?

I think MINOR THREAT had a point when they hinted that we can't solve other people's problems until we get our own shit together. In other words, any sort of utopian world peace is impossible until each of us learns to treat each other with kindness and respect, so we don't need cops and laws to do it for us.

Doing unto others as you hope they'll do unto you doesn't totally solve the problem, however. I've learned the hard way that trying to be honest and caring for people I respect as friends is a good way to get stabbed in the back, the BUTTHOLE SURFERS being the latest example.

I gues my challenge for the coming year is to find a way to help people I respect and care for without setting myself up for being so easily used. How can I do a beter job of defending myself without becoming the same kind of

cut-throat I despise?

Our songs will continue to be graphic lyrical paintings, sometimes horrific as the subject requires. Much of our audience has grown numb to the pain of others because they've ben raised on television. Why not use horror as a positive tool to bring home the real horrors that actually affect our daily lives?

Beauty? I think the humor of our satirical songs is a form of beauty, don't you? What about our music itself?

Someone has to say what's on people's minds. Most rock and punk music is sickingly escapist, designed to soothe and conceal the corruption of daily life. I can't stand the thought of being another hope-dope pusher who strings out our listeners with the same old false illusions: "Times are heavy, but life always works out better in the end." Or "Funtime thrills are more important than accomplishment." Or "People honestly care about each other, therefore they can be trusted."

This just isn't true in our me-generation society. Why leave a free light at the end of the tunnel when reality shows that light must be earned?

People have grown so used to treating life as a scam that the love and caring we both seem to seek is almost impossible to achieve--impossible because people are scared to stick their necks out and give. People have grown afraid to love, afraid to trust, and afraid to give because the stakes have been raised too high by our own vicious circle of greed.

So what do we do? Check out the ending to our new song, "Stars and Stripes of Corruption":

We can start by not lying so much
and treating other people like dirt
It's so easy not to base our lives
on how much we can scam
And you know...
it feels good to lift
that monkey off our backs."

You're right, we sing our own form of the blues about things that scare us more than we offer solutions. A lot of times a solution is up to the listener. The most important step to any long-range answer is people like us raising the question in the first place.

Happy holidays, Jello Biafra

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I'm Steve from the Max R'n'R staff, and I'll pay cash or trade for these records. I have a good selection of old and new punk records you might want, so even if you have just one of the above records, send me a letter!

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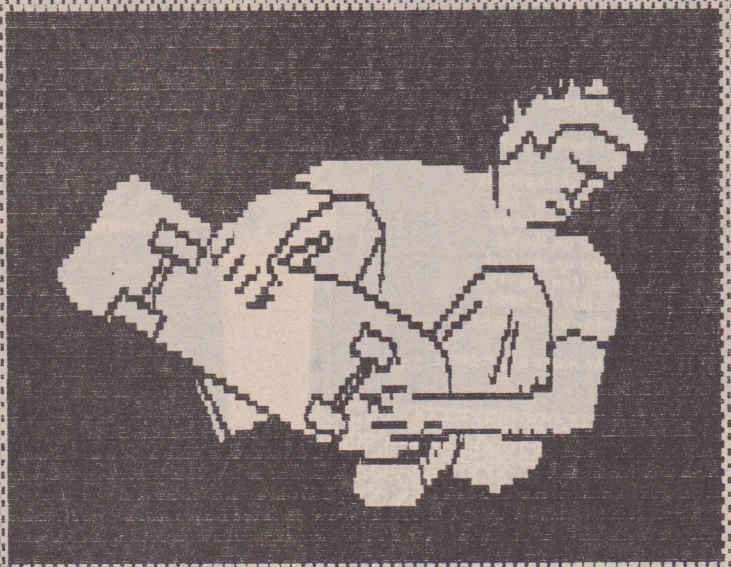

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NEW BAY AREA BANDS

CLOWN ALLEY by Tim Yohannan

CLOWN ALLEY (named after a cheap, sleazy hamburger stand in S.F. near the Mab/ On Broadway) has been around in one form or another for about 9 months. But with a brand new lineup and new outlook, they're ready to make their mark. Veterans Lori (bass) and Mark (guitar) have maintained their hardcore direction (influenced by the likes of DRI), but as Lori says, they're "evolving, with everything from BAD BRAINS to BEETHOVEN." With the recent addition of two very strong players (Dave, formerly the singer of Albuquerque's JERRY'S KIDZ, and Neil, pounding drummer of the late P.L.H.), this band is bound to become one of S.F.'s hottest properties.

While the East Bay scene has been salvaged by a cool new place to play (New Method, a cooperative effort that both Mark and Lori take part in), it's been much harder for city bands, with the Mab and On Broadway no longer supporting the scene. Many bands have broken up, with few to take their places, partly because of a lack of venues. Of the few remaining gigs, Lori says: "I wish people would go to more shows (there are a few at Sound of Music, The Farm, and occasionally the O.B.) and not be influenced by the past (violence, drugs) and live in the present...inject positive, forward motion. That's what we're trying to do."

Mark is one hot guitar player, tasteful but powerful. On guitar playing he says: "It's not how many notes you play, but which ones you play." Hearing him is testimony to that.

Mark and Lori went through a lot in searching for the right replacements in their band. Mark: "It's worth it to make sacrifices to get what you want. There's always the missing pieces out there. We auditioned people from the audience for 3 gigs, playing without a singer." And sure enough, they found a great one in Dave. Hopefully, their good fortune and attitude will be symptomatic in San Francisco, signaling a resuscitation of the scene. CLOWN ALLEY will be going into the studio soon to record what hopefully will become a record. In the meantime though, go see them, or write them c/o 235 17th Ave/ San Francisco CA 94121/ (415)668-4258.

"Progress"
Poison the land
Poison the water
Poison your sons
Poison your daughters
Strip mine the earth
Tear down the trees
Pour more concrete
Build more factories

All in the name of progress

Cut down the forest
Bulldoze the hills
Pour on the chemicals
Build a land fill
Tear down the old
Put up the new
Put up the squares
Put up the cubes

All in the name of progress

Poison the animals
Poison the fish
Pump up the oil
Pour on the gas
Burn up the fuel
Blacken the sky
Society crumbles
And you know why

All in the name of progress

SHORT DOGS GROW. Hey, loosen up the strap on that thinking cap. Wipe that look of concern for humanity off your face. We know where your priorities lie. We know you care more about not burning your strawberry sparkle pop tarts then you care about foreign affairs. It's time for a little honesty. We are not here to condemn, we are here to entertain. It's not a question of volume or vegetables, it's a question of attitude. So forget flowers, forget mohawks, forget metal. Your prayers have been answered. SHORT DOGS GROW.

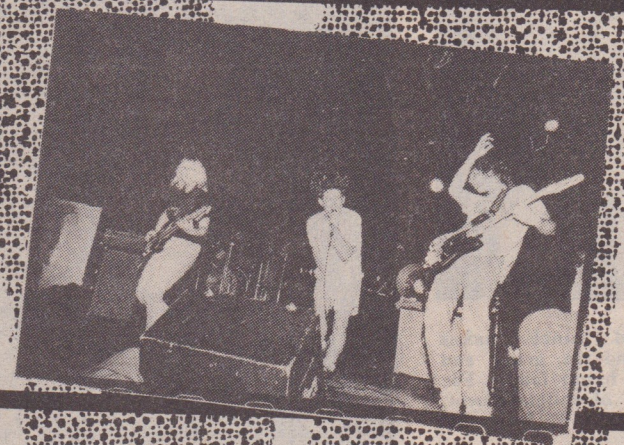

photo by Jeanie M

"On Time and Wastage"

A man comes up he's standing next to me
clutching a steak knife
He says he's looking for a case of infidelity
So I say I'm on God's side
All I wanna know about that cat now is
did he did he did he waste my time
We only got so much time
So why do you have to waste mine
Another man comes up and he's breathing
quite heavily
His mouth is parched and white
He says he's had it with theology
And he is gonna study physics at night
All I wanna know about that cat now is
did he did he did he waste my time
We only got so much time
So why do you have to waste mine
What have you got against reason anyway
You don't have to tell me that it's raining
today
Can't a fella even drink anymore without
spilling his lip
Can't a fella even drink anymore without
spilling his lip!!

BURNING WITCHES

BURNING WITCHES by Kamala

Melisa- vocals, Sara Bellum- drums, Blanche- bass, vocals, Deborah- guitar

"Burning witches in ancient Spain,
Answer the question, taste the pain,
Burning needles pierce the tongue,
Screaming eyes, bleeding wild;
Boiling water fed through a tube,
Crown of thorns in honor of Christ,
Stretched on a rack,
The truth doesn't matter;

(chorus) No eyes open,
No tears to cry,
No wish for tomorrow,
No voice of today...
(Excerpt from "Burning Witches")

The BURNING WITCHES have, for the most part, remained unrecognized, even in their own hometown of San Francisco. Their name and song come from the comparison of burning witches from history and the persecution that punks and "individualists" receive in our times. They formed in 1983 by Melisa and Sara. Melisa, who writes poetry, took to songwriting. Sara and Blanche write the music.

The first demo BURNING WITCHES put out contains a lot of aggressive, angry, and political lyrics. "I'm glad I got those ideas and that aggression out," says Melisa. But the band feels a strong need to progress, incorporating jazz, blues, and other types of music. "I think we now sound more like the ROLLING STONES than anyone," describes Sara.

BURNING WITCHES stopped gigging about eight months ago, exhausted by personnel changes and hardcore in general. "It got to the point of 'How fast can you go?..' I was finding, especially when we were playing, that it was impossible to hear what we were saying," Melisa states. After going through five guitarists in six months, they've finally found Deborah, a permanent guitarist. They've also decided to incorporate different musical styles into their music.

Trying to get gigs was another problem they encountered. They didn't fit into a certain mold. They were often told that they were either too hardcore for some bills, or not hardcore enough for others. They also ran into a lot of prejudice because they're an all-female hardcore band. The little praise they received was often, "You're a good band, for being female." This often frustrated the members and gave them the feeling that punk is just as sexist as any other trend.

But, they're a good band. Period. How this talent has gone so long unrecognized is beyond me. For a demo or for bookings, call (415) 285-2234 or write to 1390 Utah St., San Francisco, Calif. 94110

VIOLENT COERCION

VIOLENT COERCION by Rachel

First, let's talk 'bout fuzzy heads, namely Dave of the flowing golden locks. His stylishly shaped and meticulously combed silken tresses would be the envy of any Barbie doll. Oh...by the way, he can rage on the bass. Then there are Jasons 1 & 2: both have fuzzmatic Q-tip do's. They front and back the band. Jason 1's melodic soothing voice is competent enough to wail sweet lullabies to small children. Jason 2 is a multi-talented dude; he can beat on drums and juggle x-mas trees simultaneously. Ryan is always a good one for stimulating conversations 'bout grinding bone-crushing toe-jamming rawdacious guitar riffs, the meaning of life, or how to pack poop (I think I know what you're thinking, and if I'm correct in assuming that, you all have sick minds. Let me set something straight...Ryan isn't that kind of guy. "Packing poop" is another term for scooping ice cream, ok?). Scott is good for spiking hawks and smoking pot and he jams on guitar too.

Together, this odd bunch makes VIOLENT COERCION who rip, grind, and frolic together like one big happy family. For t-shirts, stickers, or words of enlightenment, write to: Scott Kelly/ 1160 36th St/ Emeryville CA 94608.

P.S., they are going on a brief West Coast tour in late December, so if they play in your town, check 'em out 'cause, in the words of the immortal Kent Jolly, "they rip!!"

Sacrilege

SACRILEGE by Kamala and Rachel

Matt- drums, Moose- Bass, Tim- guitar, Gary- guitar, Strephon- vocals

Music to Beef-N-Bang by. SACRILEGE hails from the ever-so-exciting East Bay, bringing their crossover metal-punk soundz to the raging sea of bobbing heads (not too unusual these dayz). Founded in 1983, SACRILEGE got together for the simple reason of playing in a band. Their songs vary in topics, including the usual metal satanic themes to songs about baby harp seals. "They're (the songs) are not too structered; maybe as we go on, we'll get more into what they're about," says Matt. Hum!?

In any case, SACRILEGE is a brother band to VIOLENT COERCION. Yes, they often play musical chairs with members of each band. Dave from VIOLENT COERCION sits in for SACRILEGE every once in awhile and Matt bangs on skins for VC sometimes. Oh, well, share and share alike.

And what is the band philosophy? - Matt replies, "We don't like Rock Star bands who take the whole stage and treat us like shit... We're anti-Rock Star." Yep, folks, a liberal metal band.

Anyway, these guys are God. They're great musicians (Matt absolutely murders on drums) and they successfully mix up the confusing sounds of metal and punk, and make music out of chaos. For their demo, Party With God, or bookings, contact Strephon Taylor/ 2639 Ellerhorst, El Cerrito, Calif. 94530. Phone: (415) 233-6420

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FOR INFO, INTERVIEWS, OR TO BE ADDED TO OUR MAILING LIST, WRITE TO THE DESCENDENTS AT:

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THE VALLEY

DEATH TRAP

photo by William Crane

Interview by Bruce Irvine and Pat (DEATH TRAP)

Pat Grindstaff - guitar, vocals
Jody Elzey - bass
Pat P.S. Lampo - drums
William Crane - vocals

MRR: When did the band start?
DT: We started this form of DEATH TRAP about 7 months ago. We've had a punk band in King city in one form or another for a year.
MRR: Have you played out lately?
DT: The last show we played was in King City with local bands. All the bands showed, but the dick who runs the hall said no at the last minute. I think he freaked on the people. We ended up playing in a shed to about 70 people. During the summer, we had some good shows with bands like MIA, DOGGY STYLE, JUSTICE LEAGUE, AOD, and the awesome INSURGENCY from Morgan Hill.
MRR: How would you describe your sound?
DT: I think we have a sound of our own, although the other day someone said we sounded like 7 SECONDS. We've been playing more stop and go stuff like MINOR THREAT, UNIFORM CHOICE and the Reno Boys
MRR: Who write most of your lyrics? Why do you choose positive lyrics?
DT: I (Pat) write most of the lyrics, especially the positive ones. I like to let people know that they can get out and do things no matter how bad it might seem.

MRR: What are the goals of the band?
DT: We want to play alot, so call us. We want to do a tape and then an EP, but hey, we're from King City, so it's hard to do much. This summer we would like to play alot of places, but our location and parents are holding us back.
MRR: What do you think of speed metal?
Pat: We like bands like C.O.C. and other PUNK bands with a metal sound, but I don't like many of the metal speedcore bands like SLAYER because all that Satan stuff gets to me, but HIRAX seems pretty cool.
MRR: Your influences?
DT: We all like different bands. Pat L. is into alot of 70s rock & roll, but he likes some punk. His favorite in BATTALION OF SAINTS. William digs GBH and Jody like YOUTH BRIGADE and THE FACTION. Pat G. loves SOCIAL DISTORTION, 7 SECONDS, UNIFORM CHOICE, and MINOR THREAT. We also dig on rap, reggae, ska, and some so-called new wave like WALL OF VOODOO , old OINGO BOINGO, B52s, and of course, DEVO. We also like THE RAMONES and the SEX PISTOLS alot.
MRR: Any last comments?
DT: First, we are not a straight edge band, but we don't, well, at least some of us don't, abuse anything. We don't like to ruin things for others and we like to have a good time, like UNIFORM CHOICE puts it, *STRAIGHT AND ALERT*. Every one should go out and do something for the scene and their life. Remember, the future is yours!

For info:
Pat Grindstaff
45065 Merritt St.
King City, CA 93930
Promoters, call me at (408) 385-3869

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SACRAMENTO-Yes, it's been a long time. First off, a new issue of Spam fanzine should be out by the time you read this. I owe a massive apology to all you who've been waiting, but due to a financial crisis....

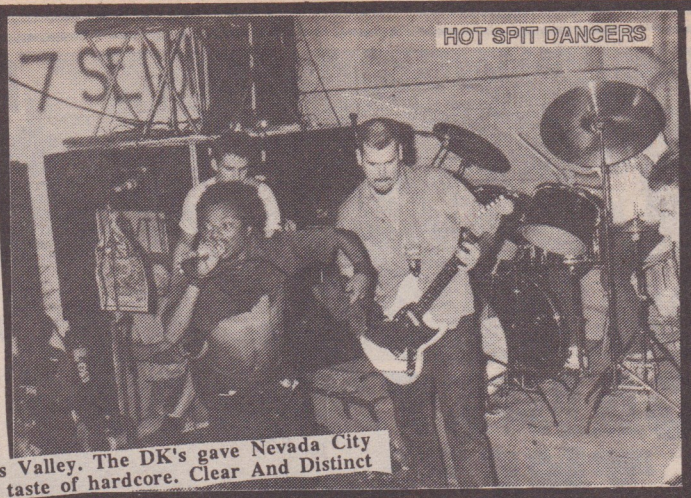
We were also planning to put out some cassette comps, but... All bands who sent me stuff will get something in return though.

The biggest news is that TALES OF TERROR are now history. It seems as though Trip fell in love in the Lone Star state and has decided to emigrate there. Dusty is now playing harmonica for VAGINAL KUNG-FU, who made their debut at the Chart Room. Ex-TOT vocalist, Rat's Ass, is now playing drums for Sacto's newest regurgitation, POTATO SALAD. A PRIORI made their debut a few months back, opening for SLAYER and DRI. They got a mixed reaction to their MOTORHEAD gone punk with heavy political lyrics. INDUSTRIAL HATE has been through more drummers than Nancy has china. Their current drummer is ex-SACRILDGE, ex-ACK! drummer Richy. ACK!, composed of ex-DANNY POO & THE ROTO-DOGGIES members is currently looking for a drummer to provide the beat in their pop punk/surf combo. After 2 years absence, the VACANT is reforming under their original name, The V.A. CUNTS, much to everyone's dismay.

Stockton's HOT SPIT DANCERS have a new drummer and are supposed to have a disc out by now. NEBULOUS STUCCO THING has a cassette out. Another new band, BOCH NOCK, made their debut recently. Shows have been happening in the foothills, and a number of bands have played in Grass Valley. The DK's gave Nevada City its first taste of hardcore. Clear And Distinct Ideas is still doing shows in Sacto, as well as in Nevada City and the Bay Area. For weekend gigs call (916)444-3133. Beware of Club Can't Tell. Bo, who books/owns the place, does an inadequate job of publicizing shows, so turnouts are real low. He mostly handles new wave, but has shown interest in punk. If you do play there, make sure you get a guarantee in writing and get a hold of someone to flyer for you. Other than that, he's not that bad.

Well, that's about it. Until next time...
Scott Sumpy Soriano/ 8651 Everglade Dr/ Sacramento CA 95826

P.S. Finnish readers: any info on address of the band SMACK?



LAYTONVILLE-If you've ever wondered what it would be like to be a Vietnamese or Central American peasant, you could try spending a little time up here in the northern California mountains during the marijuana harvest season. Almost daily low-flying planes and helicopters come screaming over the horizon, and though they haven't started machine-gunning or napalming us (yet), it's a pretty terifying experience, even if you're not one of the farmers who the CAMP (Campaign Against Marijuana Planting) terorists have targeted for extinction.

Now some of the more hardcore straight-edgers out there might say "so what, who cares about stupid dope growers, anyway?" Well, it's my opinion that no matter what you think about drugs, marijuana is not the real issue; freedom is what's at stake here. The anti-marijuana pogrom is really just part of a larger push to rid the hills of counterculture and alternative-type people and turn our land into merely another colonial preserve to feed the insatiable greed of Industiralized Amerika, Inc. We who live here, and who through great struggle and sacrifice have created for ourselves a way of life that no longer seems possible in most of this country, are regarded as an annoying obstacle standing in the way of "progress", the same position native peoples throughout the third world are constantly finding themselves in. Will the Amerikan governemnt go so far as to wage all-out warfare against ints own citizens? The feeling around here is that it's headed in that direction.

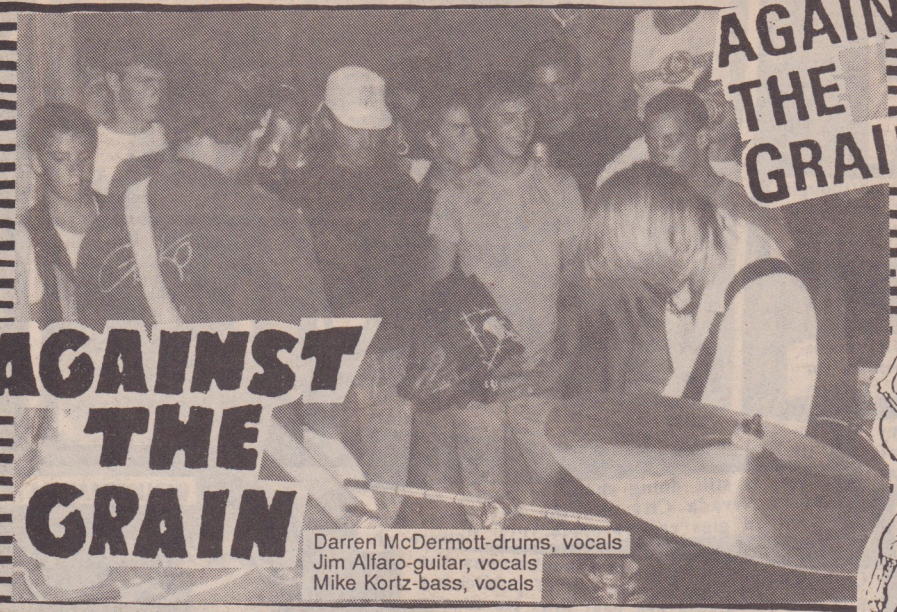
But there's more to the "Emerald Triangle" (the federal government's Vietnam-style nickname for our region) than hippies and marijuana. People come here from all over the world, and all kinds of artists and musicians have taken up residence in the mountains. But maybe because we're so remote from such so-called cultural centers as San Francisco and Los Angeles, or becasue so many hippies have a deep, built-in prejudice against anything originating after, say, 1969, punk has yet to make much of an impact here in the Redwood Empire (the old name for the Emerald Triangle).

That's finally starting to change, or at least we hope so. There are now two bands playing hardcore and/or thrash, both of which feature a good deal of political and topical material, and both of which carry on at least some parts of the spirit of the 60s while forging ahead with the music of the 80s. SHOT IN THE DARK come from Garberville, a somewhat larger town 40 miles north of here that is famous all over the world for being the center of the marijuana growing industry. But it also has a small but growing punk scene, and at a recent SHOT IN THE DARK show, there were about 30 thrashers (believe me, that's alot for around here) and about 50-75 interested spectators.

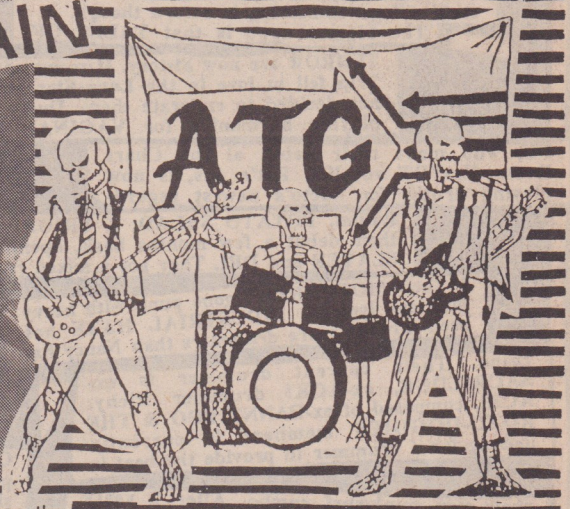
My band, THE LOOKOUTS, has a harder time of it; here in Laytonville, which is not really a town so much as an unsightly collection of gas stations and a couple of stores, there is no punk scene except for what we've been able to create. We've played mostly for hippie audiences so far, with real mixed results; our best show by far was stopped in the middle by some enormous pony-tailed bearded dude who barged up on stage and pulled the plug. I guess we weren't mellow enough.

But alot of hippie-types like us, too, especially the way we thrash up some 60s material like DYLAN, STONES, and VELVET UNDERGROUND. Also, our drummer and bassist go to elementary school and high school, and they've been playing our tape and making some fans for us among the younger, more open-minded crowd. SHOT IN THE DARK's main group of fans seems to range in age from about 8 to 20, though I met a woman at their show who was 40, and she loved them.. And the day after the LOOKOUTS got chased off stage, I got a letter from a woman of the same age who saw the show and said it was the first time she had ever heard any punk rock and it made her feel great! So I know we can reach people if we keep trying, and besides, judging from my last few trips to San Francisco, our scene up here isn't really that much more pathetic than what's left of that once great scene down there.

Anyhow, you can write to SHOT IN THE DARK, c/o Krissy (I'm not sure that's how she spells it, but she'll get it anyway), PO Box 233, Redway, CA 95560 and to THE LOOKOUTS at PO Box 1000, Laytonville, CA 95454 (send $4 or $2 plus a blank 46-minute cassette if you's like a copy of our tape). I also publish a monthly zine which you can have a copy of if you send me a 22¢ stamp.


AGAINST THE GRAIN

Darren McDermott-drums, vocals
Jim Alfaro-guitar, vocals
Mike Kortz-bass, vocals



Interview by Mark Dead of the Bone Society

MRR: Let's start with a brief history of A.T.G.
ATG: Well, we've been together as a band for a little more than a year, but we've known each other since high school in '80-'81. We didn't play any instruments back then, but we were into the music, so it was just luck that we picked up on different instruments, and three years later we got together and formed AGAINST THE GRAIN.

MRR: How's the scene in South Orange County?
A.T.G.: Life behind the Orange Curtain is struggling. Clubs are scarce, and the punks are hungry for some gigs. The Flashdance was the closest thing until the city closed it down, and that was still a good 20-minute drive up north from our area. South O.C. will let punk happen as long as it's not in its own backyard. As for the kids in the area, San Juan Capistrano, Mission Viejo, and El Toro, the attitude is optimistic and the energy is strong. Everyone is pretty much united, and what we do, we do for ourselves because nobody else is going to do it for us. The San Juan punks have gotten us some ranch gigs with bands such as DECRY and MIA, but the cops are too macho and now that O.C. has that Sherriffs Dept. helicopter it's just getting harder and harder to find somewhere to play. What we need in the area is an organized club that has city permits, etc., so that the O.C. coppers don't hassle. It gets to be a drag to always have to drive to L.A. or Long Beach to see the shows, but we have no choice.

MRR: Are there any other hardcore bands from your area?
A.T.G.: Yeah, AGAINST THE GRAIN, TURMOIL, AGAINST THE GRAIN, HANGOVER, F.R.I., HAGS, and of course, AGAINST THE GRAIN.

MRR: So tell us about your cassette.
A.T.G.: Well our 14-song cassette "Lost in a Maze" has been out for a couple of months, and it's selling pretty good. We put it out ourselves, so we try to keep the price down. What we're really stoked about is the great reviews we got from MRR, Flipside, and other fanzines. It's hot to get good feedback from respected magazines like that. It just makes you go one step further. One step over the edge.

MRR: So when can we expect some vinyl from AGAINST THE GRAIN?
A.T.G.: Soon, very soon. We're gonna record for a couple of Mystic compilations this month, and for the Who Cares Part II comp. After that who knows, but we eventually want our own album.

beliefs, confusion, etc. We all compose the songs, it's a total team effort. Someone will have an idea for a song and we'll just experiment with and polish it up.

MRR: So what other interests do you have when you're not against the grain?
A.T.G.: We're always against the grain, but when we're not performing we all work. Darren is a silk-screener, Mike hangs drywall, Jim plumbs for a spa company. During the winter, Mike and Jim attend U.C.I. For fun Darren skateboards, Mike sails and Jim surfs.

MRR: What bothers you most about the scene today?
ATG: It's hard for new bands to get started. There are a lot of good bands out there, but they lack connections and so they don't get gigs or the notoriety they need. It seems that you've either gotta be English or have a big name to get anywhere anymore.

MRR: Is that why you're members of the Emergency Broadcast System?
ATG: Exactly. EBS helps us out with some of our connections. We all exchange phone numbers and try to get each other booked. There is definitely strength in numbers, and if everyone works together things can happen. EBS has really helped us out in planning our tour, so it works when you've got friends.

MRR: What are the pros and cons of only being a three-man band?
A.T.G.: The pros are that there is one less opinion to argue with, and since we all three trade off singing, the listener doesn't get molded out on one singing style. The cons are that we have to try harder to put on a hot live show. Which I think we do!

MRR: Yeah, I heard you smashed your guitar at the Flashdance.
A.T.G.: Yeah, the audience was few and we wanted to leave with a bang. It worked though, cuz after that gig we were pretty much getting booked a couple times a month there. It's all in fun, but when the audience gets into it, so do we, and sometimes you just can't control the adrenalin.

MRR: Who is A.T.G. influenced by?
A.T.G.: Musically we are influenced by bands such as SOCIAL DISTORTION, BAD RELIGION, U2, BAD BRAINS, ADOLESCENTS, CIRCLE JERKS, and YOUTH BRIGADE. However, our disorderly showmanship is entirely influenced by the DETONATORS, those guys rip it up live!!! That's what we're shooting for, just to get the crowd's adrenalin pumping and keep the energy high.

MRR: What are your songs about, and who composes them?
A.T.G.: They're about teenage life in general. You know, boredom, authority, egos, strong

MRR: What about the tour?
ATG: We'll be touring the Western and Northern parts of the U.S., so if anyone can help us out, we'd appreciate it.

MRR: Any closing comments?
ATG: Yeah!! Live life against the grain!!! Write us c/o EBS/ P.O. Box 2126/ Redondo Beach CA 90278. Send us $3 and we'll send you a tape and stickers. Also, don't get AGAINST THE GRAIN mixed up with AIR TIGHT GARAGE. We both have the same initials!

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Houdy from So Cal all and here's what's happening (Some of what's happening at least)

First, downtown, Charley's ***OBSESSION*** is doing hot shows with some of the more avant-gaurde acts at the Alexandria Hotel (501 South Spring St. (213) 683-1929) every so once and awhile. A couple fridays ago Husker Du, Angst (Risk mon), S.W.A., and DC-3 played killer sets to a packed hall. November 2nd he did Broken Homes. That same night Hatchetman [Prod.(805) 831-8624] raged Hirax, Excel, Final Conflict, and Fatal Vision in Bakersfield (Just another example of unity through underground music).Mark Stern (Babble- On attractions (714) 991-6666) did a show with the Dickies, 7 Seconds, Doggy Style, and Uniform Choice at The Skateway Theatre in Placentia. Speaking of The Dickies, they'll have played with Agression, Don't No, Falling Idols, and Final Conflict at Fenders. That same night Ron Peterson of P.R. Productions is doing a locals only "Battle of the Bands" (what a concept) show at the very happening Balboa Theatre in downtown L.A. The show includes the likes of Don't No, Entropy, Excel, Doggy Style, HVY DRT, Subculture, Scared Strait, Descention and The Grim. On November 10th, Creative Anarchists Networks held a rally for Big Mountain in Bellis Park (in Buena Park) with DA Omlits, Creeps, Pig Children, Sacred Hatred, and Public Humiliation. Big Mountain is sacred land of the Hopi and Navajo Tribes located at the Four Corners Reservation in Arizona. The rally was held to help stop the Government from evicting these tribes from their land. Bruce from the Detonators called me from Canada- said that they're putting together their European trip while on the road. Joy Akoi from 12XU has joined (or started?) The Sleestaks, which is probibly the most happening event of the year to date (well, almost. Hi Joy!) Arab and the Suburban Turbans and Satin's Cheerleaders played recently. There was some guy sitting at the front of the audience with a dead catfish, smoking cigarettes throughout Arab's set. And rumor has it that Steve and Joe Ink Disease are having an affair and are having a baby (this couldn't be true). Dave from Y.F.P. is working with Against. On November 17, The Vandals, Plain Wrap, Against The Grain, and Hangover played The San Juan Creek Saloon. You might call Jim Alfaro of A.T.G. (714) 768-1955 or write him: 27406 Via Olno, Mission Viejo, CA., 92691, for more info on that scene. NOFX has a new drummer (skinhead Scott Aldhal) and a singer, Dave Allen, who will be touring to Texas with Entropy (my band). We incidently played Abatoir Tees and a party in The Bu with No Reaction a couple weeks ago. Abatoir might start doing gigs regularily. Call (213) 671-2192 for more info. Erik from Abatoir told me that they might also go into the record business they got their hands on 2000 assorted singles (God knows how) that include, oh boy, Iggy Pop's "Give Me Some Skin" and The Weasels "Beat Her With A Rake". Definate 77' classics. New zines include The S.M.P.S. (Santa Monica Pool Service) Manual, a Rip City Skates short with all kind of skate stuff. (12717 Marlboro St., L.A., Ca., 90049. There are a couple of new O.C. zines- S.F.T.G. (2000 W. Binnacle Way, Anaheim, Ca., 90630) and The O.C.Post (P.O. Box 2333, Cypress, Ca., 90630)- They look cool.From Venice is a new zine- Intent (POBOX 5533, Venice, CA., 90296) The first issue has interviews with Hirax, Excel, The Apocalypse and The Original Atom Bomb (KXLU). Motorhead plays the S.M. Civic with Wendy o' on the 27th and The Damned and 45 Grave on December 12. P.R. Productions is having a skate-gig on the 30th of Nov. with J.F.A., Die Kruezen, S.W.A., The Faction, and Mighty Sphincer. Well that probibly doesn't wrap this up so stay tuned.

Dave UXB.

P.S. P.R. Productions is: P.O. Box 1922 / Covina CA 91722 (818) 915-2722

Southern California bands, zines, promoters, artists, photographers (Video and Stills), underground record companies, managers and any and all of you involved with the scene- I'm putting together a collection of the people involved in this scene in magazine format. If you are interested send me two pages of information about yourselves (pictures, history, views, etc.) by January 31. For info on the final project, write me: 1651 Amherst, L.A., CA., 90025.

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HOUSTON-It's been a while since someone sent in a Houston report, and since a lot's happening.. Cabaret Voltaire moved its location into a bigger hall, but a questionable neighborhood. Just have to wait and see.

Bands: STARK RAVING MAD are calling Houston home and are in the studio with a new bass player. Nicky Sucky (ex-VERBAL ABUSE) has a new band called AFTERBIRTH. My band, DESPAIR, play thrash with a slight metal edge. We write only political, intelligent songs. S.N.O.T. (Slime from the Nose of Texas) play intense thrash. ANARCHITEX now have the ex-REALLY RED drummer. KEEL HAUL have a raw punk/funk/blues/rock sound with inteligent lyrics. CONTORTION SESSION play skatecore with slight metal. Such a shame that stupidity spreads: four fellows calling themselves FASCIST YOUTH OF AMERICA are fronted by a huge skinhead. They are barned until they change their name.

Our HC radio show on KPFT FM 90.1 was moved to Mondays and got cut one hour. Out-of-town bands coming through Texas, call Ronnie Gaitz at (713)521-3293. We have a good zine and anyone that sends me a dollar gets it. A big hello to Jim Bradford who does a radio show in Dallas. Anyone wishing to communicate or trade flyers contact me.
Keven Harr/ 13137 Berwick/ Houston TX 77015

Photos by Phil Krieg unless otherwise noted

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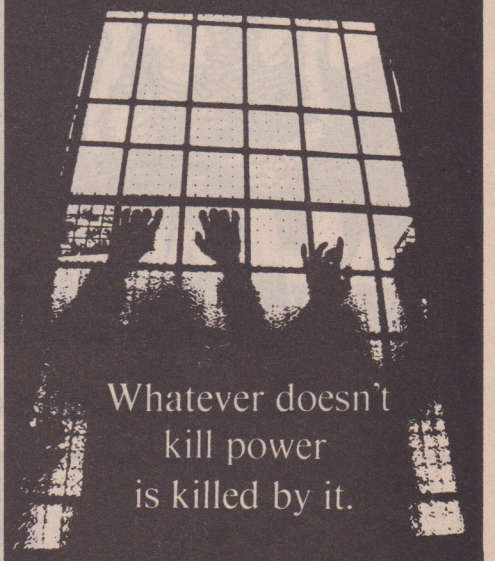

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Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6R 4G5

With winter just around the bend, there are gigs still happening every once in a while in Oklahoma. It looks as though the HC scene in Tulsa will be revolving around the Club Nitro and the 424 Club until other places can be found. Tulsa has recently hosted such bands as CAPITOL PUNISHMENT and DECRY. Oklahoma City still has gigs fairly regularly at the Native American Indian Center with recent shows by COC, SOCIAL UNREST, and NOTA. Any bands interested in playing Oklahoma should contact the following people: Tulsa (Roger) (918) 241-2970; Okla City (Bill) (405) 634-2725; Norman (Michelle) (405) 329-5982. A word of warning to all bands: Avoid calling Mark Mathews in Tulsa because he has fucked over several bands by setting up shows with them and not bothering to tell any of the locals or advertise the shows or even rent a hall. All bands should contact the above numbers; they are reliable.

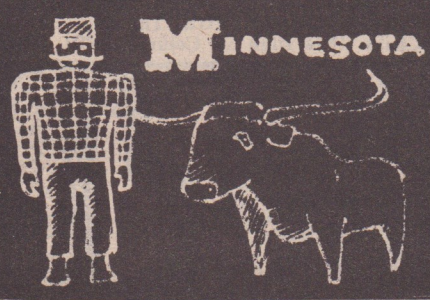
NOTA will have completed a several week tour of the East Coast by the time you read this. Their tour is hot on the heels of their intense debut LP on Rabid Cat Records. The bad ones, BROWN 25, recently reformed and did successful gigs in Fayetteville, Arkansas and Tulsa with NOTA. Hopefully, we'll see some kind of release from this great band. Also, another new band has reared its ugly head in Tulsa: The ANTI-SOCIALS recently opened for DECRY and fuckin' ripped!! It's great to see new bands like this popping up.

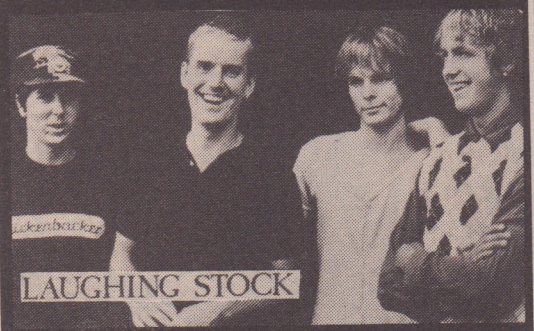
The FLAMING LIPS from Okla City have repressed their 12" on red vinyl and recently did a psychotic show at Club Nitro. The best part of the show was when the singer's coat caught fire and the band never noticed. Wow. They should also be touring the East Coast soon. The LIPS have been approached by a couple of the larger indie labels, so we'll see...

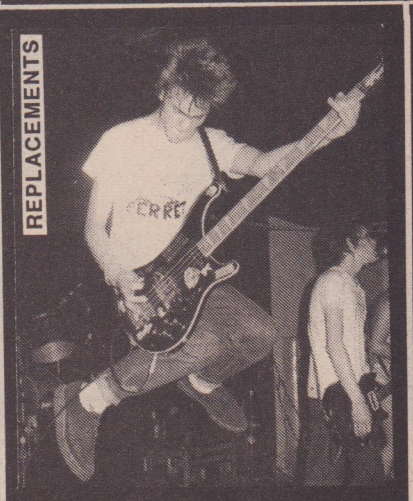
Another new band that's been playing the Okla City area is BLEEDING NUN, who have a SOUND reminiscent of CRASS and HUSKER DU!?! DEATH PUPPY from Norman are still gigging around and you can still get their tape for $3 from the address below. There are still loads of zines here, so write to them and find out what they're all about. Okay Dave, you do the next one.
Roger Morgan/ Unclean Records (East)/ P.O. Box 725/ Sand Springs OK 74063.
Bands: DEATH PUPPY/ 503 Miller/ Norman OK 73069... NOTA/ P.O. Box 9863/ Tulsa OK 74157... BLEEDING NUN/ 2525 NW 114th Terr/ Okla City OK 73120... FLAMING LIPS/ 2412 N Robinson/ Okla City OK 73103.
Zines: Blatch/ 501 Castle Rd/ Bartlesville OK 74003... Bad Meat/ Mark Tyler/ 412 Fleetwood/ Bartlesville OK 74006... Unzine/ P.O. Box 725/ Sand Spring OK 74063... Third Rail/ P.O. Box 1576/ Stillwater OK 74076... False Pseudo/ Matt Foster/ 1004 Newport Ave/ Moore OK 73160... Silent Scream/ 4523 E 40th/ Tulsa OK 74135.

Well, we haven't frozen to death here in Minneapolis, but the cold weather is starting to set in. It's been 7 months since the last scene report and quite a lot of things have been happening. This summer lots of out-of-town bands came through with excellent shows. Locally, LAUGHING STOCK broke up (gee, bummer), along with OTTO'S CHEMICAL LOUNGE. HUSKER DU and The REPLACEMENTS continue to do well. The REPLACEMENTS played 5 excellent nights in a row at 7th St Entry, selling out every one. They prefer smaller shows, so they chose the 5 over one big one at First Avenue. There's also talk of Europe for them. As for the HUSKERS, I'm not sure where they are, but they haven't played in Minneapolis since June. OUTCRY, those MINOR THREAT-influenced kids, are still around. They play out occasionally. PROCESS BLUE, kind of HUSKER-sounding, have opened for a lot bands this summer but haven't played much since. IRON FIST haven't played much either. MOTORHOME, a band from St Paul, has played Mpls a few times. I don't know anything about them, but I hope to hear more. DARK CARNIVAL and HEATHEN are dark, bat cave stuff. HEATHEN are ex-FATAL MYTH minus the singer, and hopefully we'll see records from both bands in the future.

Enough about that. Where do all these bands play, you ask? Well, at the 7th St Entry (all-ages & ID shows, call Chrissie or Steve at (612)338-8385) 99% of the time. But wait, there's the Whole Music Club on the University of Minnesota campus. There's 45,000 students and only .02 % attend the shows there, so we're giving up trying to attract university people. The Whole is doing shows from now til the end of June. All out-of-town bands coming this way should try playing here first. To play the Whole, call me at the number below. We also need local bands, so you call too! We can provide places to stay too.
Angie/ 3249 2nd Ave S/ Minneapolis MN 55408/ (612)823-1425.







Leaving underground behind: signed to major

CHICAGO

Well now, seems I'm the new kid on the block. My first MRR scene report, kinda taking Val's place. Anyway, there's some good and bad news from here. Sorry, the bad comes first.

What's going on here is kind of like AIDS, in which the bad virus invades the body and tries to capture the white blood cells, thus crippling the body to the point of death. Nazis are the virus; the crippled body the Chicago scene. Well, I had written about the incidents, but then saw that J.J. had already, so I'm writing a possible solution and an update. My solution mainly deals with the Nazis in terms of the punk scene. They've been heard to say that they want to ruin the shows and the scene, then try to do this by spurring on fights in front of venues to cause tension and get them closed down. Unfortunately, Chicago punks seem to be feeding them what they want. Like at the Wellington Church show, the Nazis didn't start the riot, some anti-Nazi punks did.

I think it's imperative we oppose them, but shows don't have to be ruined to do it. Even though those anti-Nazis think that they "showed them Nazis", they actually helped the Nazis toward their goal. I feel it would work to ignore them (at shows only!). Don't pay attention to what they holler. Don't throw things at them and please don't buy the SCREWDRIVER tapes and t-shirts they try to sell. Ignoring them can work because a) if you start a fight with them, then they just plead self-defense and get away scot-free; b) they can't risk or financially afford being arrested because most of them already have police records. If there are ever to be successful independent shows (meaning ones not at the money-hungry Metro that books thru Jam Productions) and cheap, fun ones, then the violence in and out of shows must stop because the owners won't tolerate it.

Still, there's another problem that faces a lot of other people. They are "terrorized" by the Nazis at their houses and on the streets. I've heard that some of these people have organized and found a possible solution. So, if you're one of those terrorized people, write to me and I'll get you in touch with them. Also, if anyone anywhere has solutions/something to say about this, write me and I'll have it printed here on request. Finally, I want to stress that people should go out to demonstrations, etc., to oppose the Nazis and anything else they feel strongly against. Here are some addresses/phone numbers of some active organizations: John Brown Anti-Klan Committee/ P.O. Box 7239/ Chicago IL 60680/ (312)769-8159; All People's Congress/ U.S. Out Of South Africa Committee/ (312) 342-1314; No Business As Usual Committee/ P.O. Box A3510/ Chicago IL 60690.

photo by Mike

And now for the good news. Lots of positive things have been going on within the scene. There are new venues popping up all over, such as the Blue Gargoil on the UofC campus. They've had 1 show so far and are planning another on Nov (NBAU benefit with I.D. UNDER, SCARRED FOR LIFE, FUDGE TUNNEL, X-MEN, and EYES ON TROY--go and support!). Also, Steve Albini's Panther Club has had some shows but is now out of commission until early Jan. Another thing in the works is a place run by ex-Kaleidescope people. And yep, I've been up to no good too. I've just gotten a new place, Antoines, with help from my friend Stevo G. We had our first show on Nov 8th with RIGHTS OF THE ACCUSED, PAX AMERICANA (from Minneapolis), NO EMPATHY, and FUDGE TUNNEL. It's a fun, big place that doubles as a disco. More shows are coming up, including DETONATORS/ URGE OVERKILL, a Landmine benefit with GOD/ BLATANT DISSENT/ DENIED REMARKS, and others. So, any touring bands that want to play Chicago, write me or call (312)525-6673.

Records, you ask? Here goes: the POLITICAL JUSTICE EP is out on Landmine, with the BLATANT DISSENT EP out soon ($3,50 each ppd from 4708 Seeley/ Downers Grove IL 60515). URGE OVERKILL's first record, Strange, I..., out on Ruthless, avail from Dutch East. I.D.'s UNDER tape is available for free if you send tape & postage to Douglas Ward/ 615 S Lincoln/ Hinsdale IL 60521. 8 Heads Are Better Than One comp tape will be out sometime in the future with 8 bands. Write to FUDGE TUNNEL/ 2715 N Bosworth/ Chicago IL 60614. And finally, BIG BLACK's new LP, Atomizer, will be out by Jan, as well as a re-issue of their first 2 EPs.

I hope the people of Chicago go to these shows, buy these records/tapes, and support the local & suburban scenes. It's up to you to see that the scene survives, even through the Nazis and the sometimes lethargic attitudes people have. Even Jello Biafra, not from Chicago, was willing to help by reading the anti-Nazi flyer at the DK's show here (thanks!). If he can, I'm sure you can too. Cheers, Monkey/P.O. Box 578401/ Chicago IL 60657.

P.S. Thanks to Stevo, John, Russ, Ula, Val, bands that got me news (keep it comin'!), and the people who support local shows and bands. Whatever happened to James and Natz?

COLUMBUS- Our scene has grown tremendously in the last year. We now have about 2 or 3 shows per month with crowds between 50 and 200 people. Of the 3 biggest local bands, only PAINFUL DISCHARGE is still together. HUMAN SUFFERAGE broke up after their 2nd LP last winter. NO AMERICA has also broken up. They were great for the short time they were together. They recorded a tape before breaking up, but it is unlikely that it will ever see the light of day. Too bad. Their singer, Dina, puts out a fanzine called Easy Death. You can write her at 17 E Tompkins/ Columbus OH 43202.

PAINFUL DISCHARGE just celebrated their one year anniversary and are going strong. They have really improved in the past year and are now the best band in town. They have a powerful (sometimes fast, sometimes slow) sound with a distinct metal influence which isn't overdone. They are recording a tape right now and will have a 7" out by the New Year. Check these guys out. Write them for free stickers at: 627 Kerr St/ Columbus OH 43215.

The second oldest band on the scene is D.I.U.H. They have a slower, heavy sound and feature the funniest singer and guitarist around--worth seeing just for the humor. They, as yet, have no recording plans. Thre newer bands on the scene are SILENT MINORITY, AUTOPSY, and NOCTURNAL EMISSION. SILENT MINORITY is really good, but pretty generic. They feature two 15-year old girls on guitar and vocals, and will surely get better. AUTOPSY is just standard punk, nothing special. They've only played out twice, however, so I really can't judge them. NOCTURNAL EMISSION have only played once, but they show a lot of potential. They have a total metal guitarist and should be good.

Also worth mentioning is I.D.F. They play experimental dirge-type stuff. They just recorded a tape but have gotten a lot better since. If you like that kind of material, check them out.

Our scene is really growing, so touring bands don't pass us up. Mike, the singer for Pd, and another guy put on all the shows, so if you want to play Columbus, call: Mike (614)461-0783 or 299-3753, or Greg (614)294-7766, or write Mike care of PAINFUL DISCHARGE. Thanks,
Chaos/ 1994 High St/ Columbus OH 43201

CONNECTICUT

"Wake up and live, breath every breath
wake up and live, until my death..."

"'Wake Up And Live' is about living life 'deliberately'. It's about never wasting any time in your life because of the vast amount of shit we can do. It's not about sitting home all day watching TV, but rather going out and 'doing'. There are so many things I want to do in my life, I feel guilty when I sit home complacent."

So says Ray Cappo, the rubber-faced master of expression/singer of YOUTH OF TODAY, a band that hails from Connecticut. Or New York, depending on which band member you talk to, as a few come from each state. But where they're from isn't important; what's important is that YOUTH OF TODAY (formed when ex-VIOLENT CHILDREN Ray and guitarist John "Porcell" Porcelly got together with bassist Graham and drummer "Pesce") don't "sit home complacent." In their 7 month existence, their explosive NY and early Boston-influenced "mosh" music and Ray's growled/sung unity lyrics have managed to win the hearts of a fairly large-sized following, as well as some critical praise. Along with the praise have come a few not so kind words from some of the "older elements" of the scene who seem a bit put off by YOT's Straight Edge attitude and age-exclusionary name. But YOUTH OF TODAY isn't about age, it's about the youth that's in the heart today, tomorrow, and the next day... I ran into these guys on a trip back east and was so impressed by their emotional and physical on-stage energy and exhuberant, fun, full-of-hope attitude that I know you want to know more about them, so here goes bros..... Bessie

MRR: Do you think it's important for you to be known as a "straight edge" band? Don't you think that sort of alienates some people?
Ray: Being straight edge is a label that we're proud of, but we don't want to scare anybody off from our music because of it. If people want to categorize us with other bands who think and live like we do, then fine. When straight edge starts becoming a label to seperate people, then I won't be a part of it.
Porcell: Our band is about bringing people together, not seperating them. We see straight edge as a choice that's left up to the individual, but what's important is that there is an alternative to all the bullshit pressure to drink and with kids becoming more and more aware, maybe they won't fall into that trap.
MRR: In your song "Just Might" you seem to advocate intervention as a means to stop fighting. When do you think violence is necessary? You don't seem like the fighting types.
Ray: Our song was written about a particular incident, but it's pretty much the way we'll always feel. It's not about belligerantly going out and beating up anyone with a beer in his hand; it's about not letting violent drunks start shit.
Porcell: Being drunk at a show and just hanging out enjoying the music is one thing, but when someone gets outta control and decides to go into the pit just to kick some ass, the line's gotta be drawn. It's just not fair to have one drunk ruin everyone else's fun and all we're saying is that a person is gonna hafta realize that if he's looking for a fight, he might just get one.
Ray: I think 95% of the time most fighting can be avoided, but our song is about that other 5% and how we're not going to back down, especially if we're in the right. Man, by nature, is non-violent. No one likes fighting, but usually alcohol is sort of a catalyst. It's too bad. Passivity has its time, but not in the instance our song was written.
MRR: Do you tend to place more emphasis on your lyrics or music?
Porcell: I'd say we tend to emphasize the lyrics a little more because when it comes right down to it, the lyrics reflect what the band is about. Then again, without the music to back up the message, a band just won't cut it. We work hard on our music, trying different ideas, using creativity, but hey, a band can have the greatest music in the world but if the lyrics are meaningless they stand for nothing.
Ray: We definitely feel music is as important as the lyrics. That's a problem with the HC scene today, so many kids are getting turned on to these inane halfwit metal bands who don't have shit to say but play their instruments great and get great production on their records. Hardcore always meant more to me than that.
MRR: I've seen you talking to NY skins, so what are your feelings on the whole skin "movement" in NY?
Ray: We're friends with some of the older skins in the scene who we just know from going to shows and stuff. From my point of view, I'm in no position to say if the shit that goes on is right or wrong. I don't live with them and I can't see all the shit that goes on living in the city. It's also hard to generalize. In fact, in this case it's impossible. Now, being a skin is a trend; kids changing their attitudes and appearances to be accepted. If being a skin unites skins and seperates them from everyone else, then I think the whole idea is wrong. As far as AGNOSTIC FRONT goes, we've been friends with them for about 2 1/2 years and they were always cool to us. They help a lot of CT bands get shows at CB's and we always try to get them shows here. I mainly hate when people use AF as a scapegoat for all the problems in the scene.
Porcell: People don't realize that in every scene there's bound to be a few screwed up people, but in NY this sometimes gets exploited and the sad part is that a lot of great HC bands get overlooked in the process.
Ray: To sum it up, all people are different and not living in the same atmosphere with most of them gives us no right to come to conclusions about how they conduct their lives.
MRR: I know you guys are all fans of the old Boston bands. What did you think of the "end of hardcore" show there last year? Do you think there'll always be a place for HC?
Ray: I guess our band and Al (SSD) have 2 different ideas of what HC is all about. It's sad to see people's fire burn out because they're getting too old. In my eyes, HC is a feeling I could never see it "dying". It sucks to see all these people wishing the days of 1981 were back because HC today is great, strong and new. I see a great future and all these people just want to live in the past. They're just as bad as the people in my school wishing they were in the 60's during the time of Woodstock. Face the facts, today is here, so make the best of it. Anyway, saying something is dead is just a copout for someone who wants to back out of the scene.
MRR: Don't you think that bands have the right to grow and progress?
Porcell: Not only do they have the right to grow, but I think bands should constantly try to improve. Bands that turn their backs on what they stand for just to make money or obtain more listeners are a different story. Instead of playing to an audience, these so-called HC bands are just out to impress people and I don't call that progression at all.
MRR: Give us the line on up-and-coming East Coast bands, if you would be so kind.
Porcell: A band I see becoming real popular is VERBAL ASSAULT from Rhode Island. Then, of course, there's one of my favorite bands, CRIPPLED YOUTH from right around my home town. They're just real cool kids who have a good attitude as well as playing great music. They've got plenty of time to develop though since they're only 14 years old. But man, there's so many up-and-coming bands like TF NUMSKULLS (NY) and FIT FOR ABUSE (Albany) that have so much potential. I definitely think some awesome material is gonna come out of the East Coast.
Ray: ABUSIVE ACTION are an intense thrash band from Poughkeepsie, NY.
MR: Any plans for the future with YOUTH OF TODAY?
Porcell: As far as the band is concerned, I'm really looking forward to a successful tour this winter and would like to record a 12" by summer and start touring again. Basically, I just want to take the band as far as possible and reach kids who are willing to listen to what we have to say. Personally, I hope to be getting more involved in Futile Effort from Albany who are a crucial bunch of really dedicated kids that put on shows, do fanzines, etc., and who are currently working on a straight edge comp that is looking great.

OK kiddies, there it is, straight from the mouths of these great guys. If you want to hear them, check out their just-released EP (Can't Close My Eyes) on Positive Force Records, and lucky Californians can catch them on the Cal mini-tour with 7 SECONDS the first 2 weeks on 1986. Write 'em c/o Positive Force/ P.O. Box 9184/ Reno NV 89507.

BOSTON

Happy holiday season! Still no real pickup in terms of all-ages shows so I've been travelling a lot to Providence for shows, but the few that we've had have been well-run and attended. GANG GREEN have a new 12" coming out soon on their own label, and they've been playing out on a constant basis and are starting to build a name for themselves on the club circuit. The NOT are out on tour, yet again. PTL KLUB, PSYCHO, and CANCEROUS GROWTH have all been doing out-of-town dates, as well, to enthusiastic responses. The GROWTH may be looking for a vocalist, as they did their most recent gig as a 3-piece. EXECUTIONER's LP will be out in Feb, on New Renaissance Records. BLOODLUST have changed their name to AFTERMATH and have a new demo in the can.

Some amazing new bands are on the rise. WRECKING CREW expect to be playing out in a few months and SLAPSHOT, with Choke (ex-LAST RIGHTS, NEGATIVE FX), Jon Anastas (ex-DYS) and Mark and Steve (ex-TERMINALLY ILL). They make their debut on Dec 23 in Providence. From Salem, NH come a hot new band, The SCAM (11 Alexander Ave/ Salem NH 03079), favoring a slower, but extremely intense attack featuring Eric's insane, hoarse vocals. They have a basement demo recorded and just purchased a 4-track, so expect more. Andy Steele from Citizen's Arrest zine is the vocalist for VOID WHERE PROHIBITED, who have 1 gig under their belt. CAPTURE THE FLAG, a local pop/punk band with a penchant for writing catchy melodies laced with a message, have released a 4-song demo, yours for $3 from Barbara Burten/ 2 Howard Pl/ Charlestown MA 02129. MOVING TARGETS are set to record their debut LP for Homestead. Also out on that label are new local releases from SSD, SALEM 66, and DREAD FOOLE AND THE DIN (which features members of VOLCANO SUNS and MOVING TARGETS).

DISARRAY

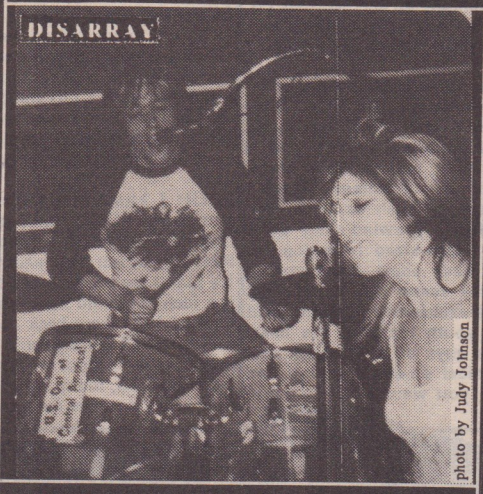


photo by Judy Johnson

A bit of clarification from my scene report in #30, where I said The EDGE were in limbo. Victor has moved back to Cincinnati and The EDGE has been reformed with original drummer Tim Brookshire back in the fold and Karl Meyer (ex-SLUGGO, SS-20) on bass. Their LP is due out in a few months. LAST STAND's new 12" is out on Taang, with upcoming releases on that label slated from The OYSTERS and KIL SLUG. Bob Cenci (ex-JERRY'S KIDS) has a new band, FRIDAY'S ANGELS.

EXPANDO-BRAIN have released a cassette. For info, write to Steve Davis/ 34 Harness Ln/ Sudbury MA 01776. DISARRAY are back in commission, a band that combines a number of influences, from HAWKWIND to MISSION OF BURMA to FLIPPER. They've released a 90 minute cassette comp spanning their entire history, dating back to '79. It's available for $5 c/o Woodburn/ 3 Pleasant St/ Middleboro MA 02346. Finally, the NO SYSTEM demo, Dead Bands Tell No Tales, is out at last. 5 songs from our old set and 1 cover, with yours truly handling vocals, ably backed by 3 of the guys from PTL KLUB. To get a copy, send $3 ($5 overseas) to the address at the end of this report. Suburban Voice #17, after many delays, is also out and available from the same address for $1.50.

This really has little to do with music, but much to do with personal rights being eroded. As of Jan 1, the state of Massachusetts will have a new law requiring mandatory wearing of seatbelts. I know it's not the issue of the decade, but it ticks me off--another assault on our personal liberty and freedom of choice and one more infringement by government into our daily lives. So if you're coming into the state after the first of the year, be forewarned. The governor has his state and metro cops out in full force. Just a friendly warning.

Have a great holiday season and see ya in '86.

Al Quint/ 76 Park St #2/ Lynn MA 01905/ (617)596-1570

PSYCHO

By Mike Gitter/ XXx Fanzine/ 11 Sheldon Rd/ Marblehead MA 01945

Boston's PSYCHO redefines the word thrash. Careening rhythms, punctuated by red hot leads and a virtual back bone of drumming and bass work make up for some of the hottest power thrash on the East Coast today.

Formed in late 1981, by guitarist Johnny X and bass player Bill Normal, PSYCHO then employed the drumming talents of Denny Disorder and the vocals of Mick Keddy. Together, they quickly became one of the first Boston bands playing over-the-top thrash with elements of both '77 punk and heavy metal in their overall sound. Mid '83 was to see the departure of Keddy who left the band to what John felt were "just too many musical differences". Enter Joe Glassman, ex-vocalist of Cincinnati's RAYGUNS, as well as a general speeding up of PSYCHO's overall assault. On their debut vinyl, a self-titled "eight song EP" with Keddy on vocals, the band showcased a unique flair for strong musicianship and creative song writing, but with Glassman's joining, a speed factor became highly apparent.

Gigging out on a regular basis and playing to both all-ages and over-twenty crowds, PSYCHO were quick to become an indestructably tight unit. However, by early '84 drummer Denny Disorder left the band to go on to what John feels were "greener pastures" and he was quickly replaced by Charlie Infection of CANCEROUS GROWTH. Continuing to this day in both bands, Charlie's drumming has added immensely to the band in terms of both speed and power. By this point, early punk influences were to be replaced by traditional hardcore influences such as DISCHARGE, DRI, SLAYER, BAD BRAINS, MISFITS, and CRUCIFIX.

In what is sure to be their final membership change, Joe Glassman was replaced by new vocalist Mega who currently holds the howlin' and yelpin' duties. Since his joining in mid '84, PSYCHO has become increasingly potent in their fist-forward thrash attack. As showcased on their newly released 6-song 7" on Unclean Records, it's plain to see that hardcore is by no means dead in the town by the fish. PSYCHO will also be on the upcoming Mystic Party Comp Vol III and the We Can Do Whatever We Want B.C.T. comp album due out soon.

For info on PSYCHO, and Ax/ction Records write: John Wolfe/ P.O. Box 623, Kendall Square/ Cambridge MA 02142. T-shirts (med or large) $6 ppd and Zany Adventures (12 song tape LP) $3.50 ppd. Also, stickers are FREE with SASE.

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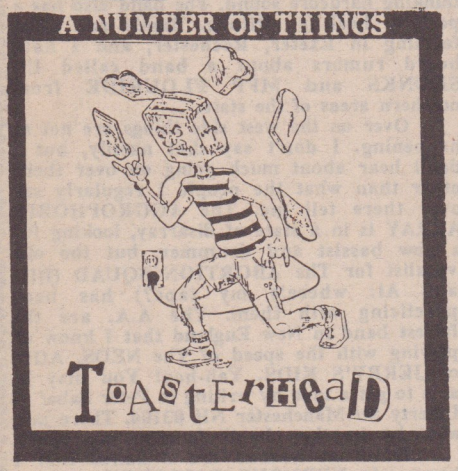

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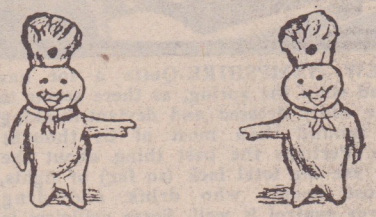

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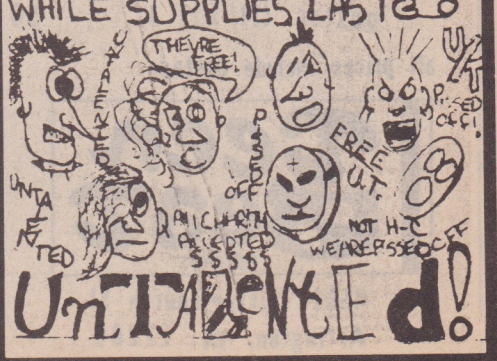
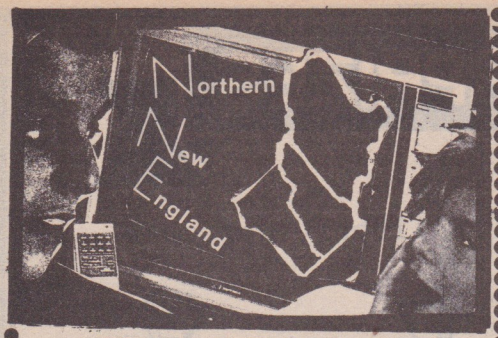
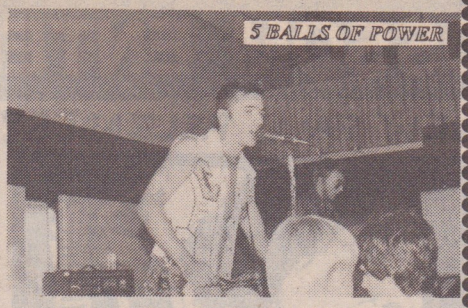




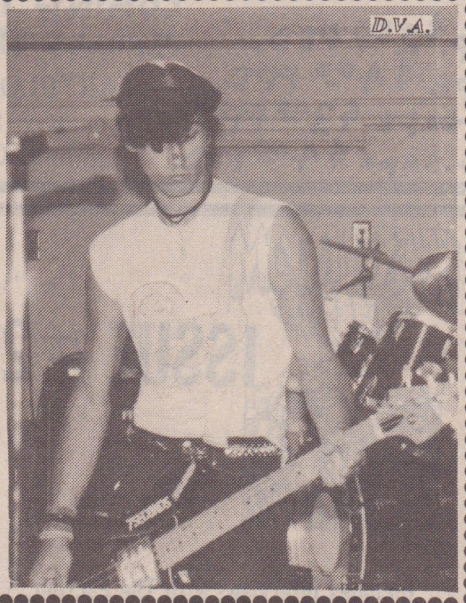
NEW HAMPSHIRE-Quite a lot has happened since the spring, as there seems to be more oddly dressed and deviant-thinking people around than most of us thought possible. Perhaps the best thing about the "scene" are the total lack (so far) of fights, and most people who drink and drug themselves control it well. Some criticism is that not enough women are getting involved beyond taking money at the doors, which is essential, but a band or zine can put ideas and creative expression across better (hint, hint).

The most important thing in the area is probably the formation of Positive Direction, which is a University of New Hampshire student group consisting mostly of high school punx. So far, we've put on 4 shows with more planned, and some of the group are starting an independent area high school newspaper. We are also going to have poetry readings, art shows, video festivals (anybody out there who can help me obtain good punk video, please write), and probably the most important goal from an international perspective will be the formation of an indie record company. We got enough bands around here for two easy!

photos by Jim Hildreth



Most of the action right now is on the eastern side of the state. 5 BALLS OF POWER, from Gilford, are probably the most helpful band and probably the most popular. They combine a raging '77 sound with the speed and integrity of MINOR THREAT. They should soon have a demo out that will rock your socks off and would love to play anywhere in New England. Write the 5 at: 12 Dyer St/ Laconia NH 03246. Another very popular local band is D.V.A. Lead singer Alex graced the photo section of the Boston scene report a few issues ago. They have finally got their drummer problems sorted out and played one of their best sets ever that featured newer influences from reggae and rock'n'roll which didn't detract in the least from their thrashy positive sound. D.V.A. c/o Alex Barr/ 421 Pleasant St/ Portsmouth NH 03801.



Two NH hardcore bands that had broken up a couple of years ago have reformed. First, The MURDERERS, currently a 3-piece with a deadly aural assault. This is blasting stuff in the tradition of the first MDC or DRI albums. You can write to Bobby at: 4 Leonard St/ Rochester NH 03867. Also reunited are The QUEERS, but with only one original member, and they may be changing their name. When they were first together they released 2 7"ers that had a fast, humorous approach. Their style has refined from what I saw at a recent 8-band Positive Direction benefit show into a bit slower vein.

There's also shitloads of new bands on this side of the state. INSIGNIFICANCE is from Durham, and we feature a weird/noise/art/hate/death/kill/metal/speed/grind/core sound. We really suck and we definitely want to do an East Coast tour during Spring Break. Also from Durham are the very new AMATEUR GYNECOLOGISTS. While the band members may look like preppies and even if lead singer Brian plays on the high school basketball team, they are a great band to see live. They become absolutely frantic on stage, attacking their instruments and bodies with a vengeance I haven't seen since I saw KILLDOZER '85. From the Dover/ Portsmouth area come PLEDGE OF RESISTANCE, who produce an aggressively thinking hardcore sound. The band also has a positive healthy attitude. Bands are alsao forming in Exeter, Rochester, and I have heard rumors about a band called US SKUNKS and MFP FLOURIDE from northern areas of the state.

Over on the west side things are not so happening. I don't say that nastily, but I don't hear about much going on over there other than what the people I regularly see over there tell me. The AGGROPHOBIC ARRAY is in a state of disarray, looking for a new bassist and drummer, but the old vocalist for The ABORTION SQUAD (RIP, and Al: where's my tape?) has been practicing with them. The A.A. are the fastest band in New England that I know of, playing with the speed of The NEOS, AOD, or JERRY'S KIDS. Yah-hoo! You may be able to get a tape by writing to Peter Saba/ 78 Liberty St/ Manchester NH 03104. There may also be another band forming up there.

Down in Nashua are 3 bands that I know of: NERVOUS DISORDER, a fun, high-powered rock'n'roll band who've been fairly inactive lately; INCEST REPELLENT, a band I like to call New Hampshire's answer to FLIPPER, but I think INCEST REPELLENT are better but need more new material; and EUNUCHS OF INDUSTRY, a not very well-liked band for many reasons. They are one of the most experimental bands in the world today, their live shows are totally unstructured industrial noise at mind-blanking volumes and their forthcoming tape should be no different. Interestingly enough, there is no real band lineup either; it sort of rotates. While you won't get much out of their lyrics, I promise they'll make you think a bit. Write to: WHA/ Box 250/ Hollis NH 03049. The SCAM are a new band to the scene who are awesome. They have a slower but incredibly hard sound with scary lyrics. They plan to record soon, so write Eric at: 11 Alexander Ave/ Salem NH 03079.

As far as I know, there is only one HC radio show and that is mine. I air each Thursday from 11pm-2am on 91.3 We're heard in 3 states, and I play lots of stuff but I'm desperate for new, really good, powerful hardcore. I really need stuff bad, and I play lots of tapes. God will be with you if you send stuff to "All-Ages Show"/ c/o WUNH/ Memorial Union Bldg, UNH/ Durham NH 03824.

Not much new in the fanzine area either. Lisa Carver from Dover says she puts out a zine but I never see it (hint), although I did see the layout of her first issue. She's at 93A Washington St/ Dover NH 03820. Nate threatens to do a zine, and I continue to produce Trendy Rag. Issue #6 has VICIOUS CIRCLE, VERBAL ASSAULT, and POSITIVE OUTLOOK, plus strange art. It's $1.50 ppd to me, Jim, at P.O. Box 901/ Durham NH 03824. In late Dec we'll be compiling a 10+ compilation of all the bands that have played live on my radio show, so beware. Thanks for reading this.

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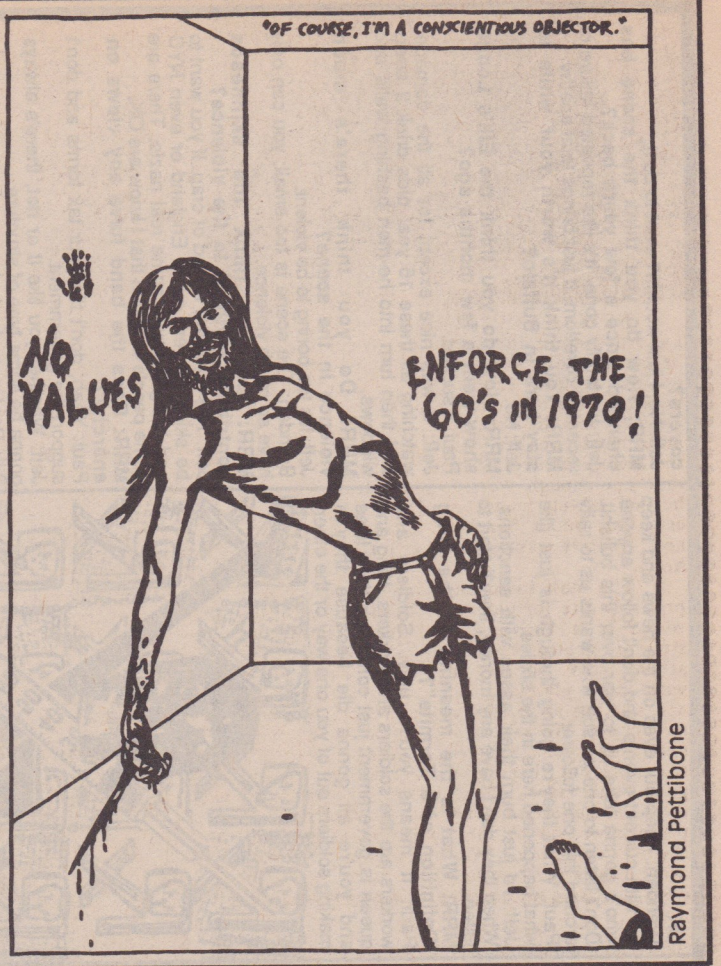
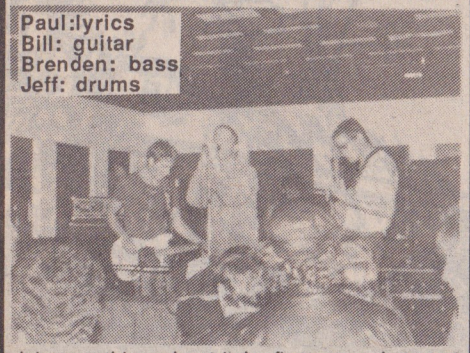


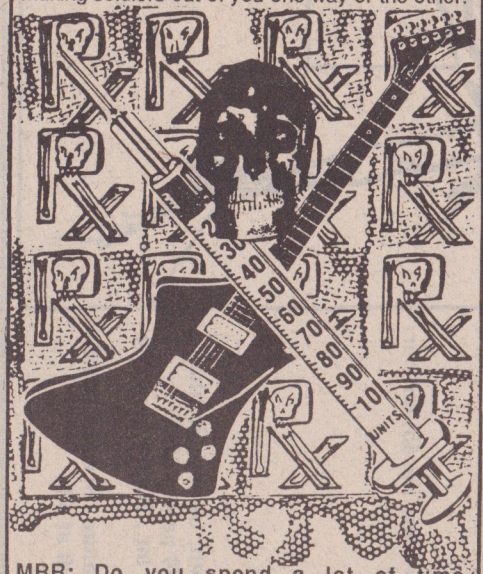
PAINKILLERS

By Phil Furdell and Joe Sager

MRR: Does everybody contribute to the song lyrics?
All: Yes, but they're almost all Paul's.
MRR: Would you consider the band a political one?
Jeff: No.
Brenden: We don't like to classify ourselves.
Paul: We're unclassified.
Brenden: If you wanna exist, you gotta classify it and organize it.
Paul: Thet's why we don't exist. That's why there's no market for our music.
MRR: Who's idea was it to start the band?
Paul: When I first started I just got kicked out of the attic of the O'Grady's house. I met these 2 guys and said "Who are these two crazy people?" Then they asked me if I wanted to jam. Then we went downtown and jammed and I joined the PAINKILLERS and the chaos started.
MRR: How long has the band been around?
Paul: With the members now, about a year and a half.
MRR: Who were the original members?
Jeff: I was in TRIANGULAR NELSONS. I wasn't doing anything . I got itchy fingers, so I started playing with them.



Brenden: Bill called me up and said we need someone to play bass, come over and join our band and I was unemployed and the REAGANUTS broke up a while ago so here I am.
Paul: We had some girl play for us on drums, Candi Gallant.
Brenden: I don't think she could take the pressure.
Bill: She couldn't play on school nights.
MRR: Do you think the scene in Buffalo is dead?
Brenden: If you don't go out of your way to make it, the scene isn't going to be anything.
Bill: The scene is what you make it.
Jeff: Last night we got bumped off.
Paul: Yeah, but we're used to that. The owner of the club (we won't mention the name of the club, but it starts with a "C" and ends with "L") said we could play, but when we showed up he said the PAINKILLERS could play just as long as I didn't sing.
Bill: I had to loose my head and started to insult the owner.
Jeff: And he was asked to leave.
Brenden: I plan on making a great musical career here in Buffalo.
Paul: Well, as soon as my contract is up I'm leaving.
MRR: Are you planning any gigs outside of Buffalo?
Brenden: We have to; we have no choice.
Paul: We're banned from Buffalo.
Brenden: We've got to get our songs out.
MRR: Any plans to get out a record?
Jeff: Sure, if ya got some money.
MRR: Do you experiment with different styles of music?
Paul: Yeah, sometimes I take coke when I'm singing; sometimes it's acid.
Brenden: That's why we're unclassified, because we take all kinds of painkillers.
Paul: Yeah, Brenden is really the only drug addict. Just kidding.
Bill: As for musical styles, we don't worry about material we create and we don't even know the style or care. It's just what it is.
Paul: If I wasn't in the band, they'd be probably be playing every night. We played the "Rock Wars" at September's and we got the plug pulled.
Bill: They cut off the vocal mike; it's censorship.
Brenden: What we're saying about censorship is you either become a victim to the censorship and do what they want you to do (you can stoop to their standards), or you can do like we have and stop altogether or move to somewhere else.
Jeff: We draw cops like shit to flies.
MRR: What do you think about trends, musical or fashion?
Jeff: They're nice.
Brenden: They're OK if you do up-to-the-date things, but if you just do them on the weekends, it's stupid.
Jeff: We're a trend.
Paul: I think trends suck, really, people change so much they won't even know who they really are. They just follow these trends and think they're a punk. What is a punk?
MRR: What do you think should be done about the problems in South Africa?
Paul: Kill all the honkies and everything will be OK.
Brenden: Keep our eyes on the news and keep up with current events and don't follow anyone who's gonna take us to war over this bullshit. Don't listen to one person who wants us to rally around this one follower.
Paul: What they're going through is just like what happened here in the sixties.
Jeff: I'd just burn their asses with sanctions. When they don't have any money, they'll start to listen.
MRR: What is the meaning of the song "Definition of a Termite"?
Paul: It means you're ugly. Soldiers and workers are the soldiers and workers. King and queen is government just controling their lives and you're all gonna die because they're making soldiers out of you one way or the other.



MRR: Do you spend a lot of time practicing?
Jeff: Not as much as we should.
Brenden: We should be practicing more, but if you look at it in someways, we really don't need to practice because we're pretty loose. We like to keep it spontaneous performing in front of people who are gonna review you and make or break you.
MRR: What's more important: money or performing?
Brenden: It doesn't matter how much money you have in your pocket, it's maybe more the integrity you have with your audience and other bands.
Jeff: It's nice if they don't run away.
Brenden: If you have a reputation, that's more valuable than anything. Right now our reputation isn't probably too good with our audience because they haven't really had the opportunity to see us play.
MRR: Do you think there's anything wrong with a band starting out just doing covers?
Jeff: No, I just wouldn't want to do it.
MRR: How do you think the scene has changed since a few years back?
Jeff: It's totally gone. It's like repeated failure or repeated boredom. It just brings total apathy.
MRR: You think it's worth your while to stay here in Buffalo?
Jeff: No.
MRR: How do you think the Elk's Lodge show went a few months ago?
Paul: it sucked.
Jeff: It was nice except for all the damage, watching all these 15 year olds drink 2 beers and then turn into he-men bashing walls and windows.
MRR: Do you think there's much violence in the scene?
Jeff: It's too boring to be violent.
Brenden: The scene is too small; you can only have so much violence.
MRR: Do you think the skinheads contribute anything to the violence?
Jeff: The skins are a load of crap. If you want to be skins, let 'em go to England or even NYC and hang out with some real nazis. There are some people into skin that I know are OK.
MRR: Does the band have any views on anarchy?
Paul: Yeah, don't file your tax forms and don't support the government.
Jeff: Whether you like it or not, there's always gonna be some type of structure.
Bill: Real anarchy is too scarey to even think about.
MRR: Any final statements?
Jeff: If you have a party, we'll play there.
Paul: What are we doing?
Brenden: What we're doing is just rotting away here and there is no market really unless we make it so wht we're doing here isn't really right, but also we're one of the current underground bands trying to exist and live here in Buffalo. We provide a service. Once they're healed, they don't follow us anymore. This is the ultimate sick capitol of the world. That's why we're here. Once our mission is completed we'll move on to other cities, but our mission isn't done yet. We have to "Rx" them all right on the forehead.

Painkillers/ c/o Brenden Findlay/ 123 Palmer Ave/ Kenmore NY 14217

THANKS for supporting our band. The PAINKILLERS are an active independent part of a alternative music movement. We realize there is a demand for our music, reguardless of what narrow minded hypocrits cry. The minority can only temporarily scare us with there censorship tactics.

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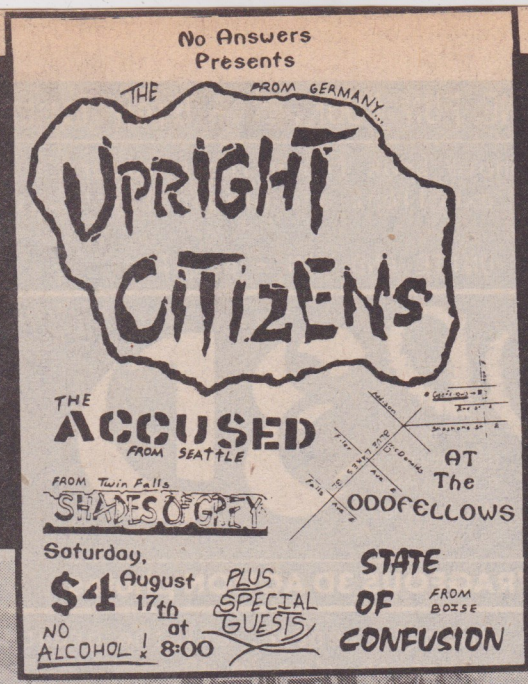

The following discussion with Dave Gregg of Canada's D.O.A., Shawn Stern of L.A.'s YOUTH BRIGADE, and Crocker of Germany's UPRIGHT CITIZENS (now in TU-DU HOSPITAL) was conducted by Jason Traeger.

MRR: What do you, any of you, see as the single most beneficial aspect of traveling abroad?

D: Wisdom...gathering wisdom. It helps build character when you realize the misconceptions you've had. I found that traveling expands the sense of oneness when you realize people are people no matter what part of the world you're in.

MRR: Are there any specific misconceptions that you encountered in, say, Europe? What's the European image of America?

S: Let me tell you, most of the Americans that go to Europe are like that fat, pot-bellied tourist type with a camera around their neck, a nagging wife. Most of the Americans we encountered over there, they're the stupidest people. We were ashamed at times, like "This is what represents us!?!"

D: Luckily, when we were in Europe, we found most of the people don't judge America by its government and its leaders. We met a lot of really hip people!

MRR: Did you find any anti-American sentiment in Europe? Or anti-you because of Reagan?

S:Dave's Canadian.

D: I'm American!

MRR: Well, any anti-America/Canada then?

S: In Spain, they're real down on America. It varies though. In most places they're smart enough not to lump you in a big category: "Oh, you're American. You suck!" They hate their government, so they figure you might hate yours too. Treat you as an individual, mostly.

MRR: Now, directed to the UPRIGHT CITIZENS: Do you encounter any anti-foreigner sentiments here in America?

C: Those two bands (YOUTH BRIGADE and D.O.A.) encountered many punks and people like that who knew they do not support Reagan, and so it is with us. There are people who know what we're about. But there are still Germans who dislike America for differing reasons.

S: From my observations in Germany, it's a totally occupied country. Not just militarily, but totally American. Militarily, it's not just by America. I can't remember driving for more than 10 minutes without seeing some soldier in some uniform--American, Swedish, Italian, French, English, German. The place is completely occupied. It's not so much scary as it is offensive. I wouldn't like to live like that; I doubt those people do.

C: You're talking about East Germany?

S: No, the West! That's what was so surprising about it. It's expected in the East, but not in West Germany.

C: There are a lot of soldiers, but your daily life is not interrupted. No, compared to here (U.S.) perhaps, but... Different areas have more soldiers. Of course, along the border you have soldiers. But otherwise, just near bases.

MRR: How would you suggest traveling, in what frame of mind, to get the most out of the trip?

S: You can stay in hotels and such and have a great time, or you can get a backpack and stay at youth hostels. Either way, but you've got to <u>want</u> to meet the people, take the road less-traveled, and experience the culture. To me, the purpose of travel and life is to experience, meet people, exchange ideas, and understand. It was great for us; traveling allowed for all the misconceptions to disappear. There were a lot too; you'd be surprised.

MRR: Does the language barrier in Europe create a problem for an American with typical knowledge of Europe? I noticed that all the UPRIGHT CITIZENS speak English. I doubt that any of us speak German.

C: Well, coming to Germany you'd have no trouble. Germans speak English, for the most part. I think if you're not from an English-speaking country... Well, most of the kids, at least, know it's important to know English as an international language.

D: Bands have no trouble. Rock'n'roll is an English-speaking phenomenon. It transcends language. That's the ideas, to transcend all the barriers, to even transcend rock'n'roll! Shit, look at us. A bunch of hacks up there, D.O.A.....Rock, it's nothing new under the sun. We're trying to transcend the fact that we're a rock'n'roll band.

MRR: Become an experience?

D: Exactly, become an experience.

S: Though it may sound overly idealistic, it's true. It's our language.

MRR: And equating that idea to traveling, you can "see" or you can "experience", go to a place and see it or go to a place and <u>be</u> it...

S: Yes, it's what you want to do. I used to say everyone should travel and it'll change their life. It's not so. There are people who could go everywhere and it wouldf do nothing for them.

C: People are helpful. But we don't just take pictures. Traveling the way we have, in a van, has been great,. You see and meet people!

B: MRR: You (Crocker) mentioned that people are helpful. As punks, do you find the police in different countries are better or

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B: MRR: You (Crocker) mentioned that people are helpful. As punks, do you find the police in different countries are better or worse?
S: Police are fucked everywhere. The only difference being in countries they're less antagonistic. They don't carry guns. Li Amsterdam, the squatters and stuff fight with the police and sometime The police here never lose; they shoot before they do!
C: I was talking to the bass player of DETOX and he said he was surprised when he ran away from the cops in Germany. He got awa said he would've been shot here, in L.A. That would never happ Germany. Or very rarely.
D: The pigs are pigs. The character-type, in any country, becomes a p will act within boundaries that are "accepted". The same guy is a pi Salvador that is a pig in Vancouver. It's just that the guy in El Salvad get away with murder; in Vancouver, only beatings are accep Anything beyond that is questioned.
MRR: The media plays a role in setting society's "standar acceptability". Do you find America is more "shoot 'em "A-Team" oriented than elsewhere?
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C: We like American food! The Taco Bell, the... But we always eat the thing though because of money.
S: I didn't like German food. Italy was the best.
C: I don't like German food and I'm German!
MRR: You (Crocker) said earlier that you're traveling by

ou're talking about East Germany?
, the West! That's what was so surprising about it. It's expected in the
but not in West Germany.
here are a lot of soldiers, but your daily life is not interrupted. No,
pared to here (U.S.) perhaps, but... Different areas have more soldiers.
ourse, along the border you have soldiers. But otherwise, just near
s.

: How would you suggest traveling, in what frame of mind, et the most out of the trip?

ou can stay in hotels and such and have a great time, or you can get a pack and stay at youth hostels. Either way, but you've got to want to the people, take the road less-traveled, and experience the culture. To the purpose of travel and life is to experience, meet people, exchange s, and understand. It was great for us; traveling allowed for all the onceptions to disappear. There were a lot too; you'd be surprised.

: Does the language barrier in Europe create a problem for American with typical knowledge of Europe? I noticed that all UPRIGHT CITIZENS speak English. I doubt that any of us ak German.

Well, coming to Germany you'd have no trouble. Germans speak sh, for the most part. I think if you're not from an English-speaking try... Well, most of the kids, at least, know it's important to know English n international language.
ands have no trouble. Rock'n'roll is an English-speaking phenomenon. nscends language. That's the ideas, to transcend all the barriers, to transcend rock'n'roll! Shit, look at us. A bunch of hacks up there, A.....Rock, it's nothing new under the sun. We're trying to transcend the hat we're a rock'n'roll band.

: Become an experience?

tactly, become an experience.
ough it may sound overly idealistic, it's true. It's our language.

: And equating that idea to traveling, you can "see" or you "experience", go to a place and see it or go to a place and ...

es, it's what you want to do. I used to say everyone should travel and hange their life. It's not so. There are people who could go everywhere t wouldf do nothing for them.
ople are helpful. But we don't just take pictures. Traveling the way we in a van, has been great,. You see and meet people!

RR: You (Crocker) mentioned that people are helpful. As s, do you find the police in different countries are better or worse?

S: Police are fucked everywhere. The only difference being in some countries they're less antagonistic. They don't carry guns. Like in Amsterdam, the squatters and stuff fight with the police and sometimes win. The police here never lose; they shoot before they do!
C: I was talking to the bass player of DETOX and he said he was very surprised when he ran away from the cops in Germany. He got away. He said he would've been shot here, in L.A. That would never happen in Germany. Or very rarely.
D: The pigs are pigs. The character-type, in any country, becomes a pig and will act within boundaries that are "accepted". The same guy is a pig in El Salvador that is a pig in Vancouver. It's just that the guy in El Salvador can get away with murder; in Vancouver, only beatings are acceptable. Anything beyond that is questioned.

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S: Fly out of NY t $200 and other ex
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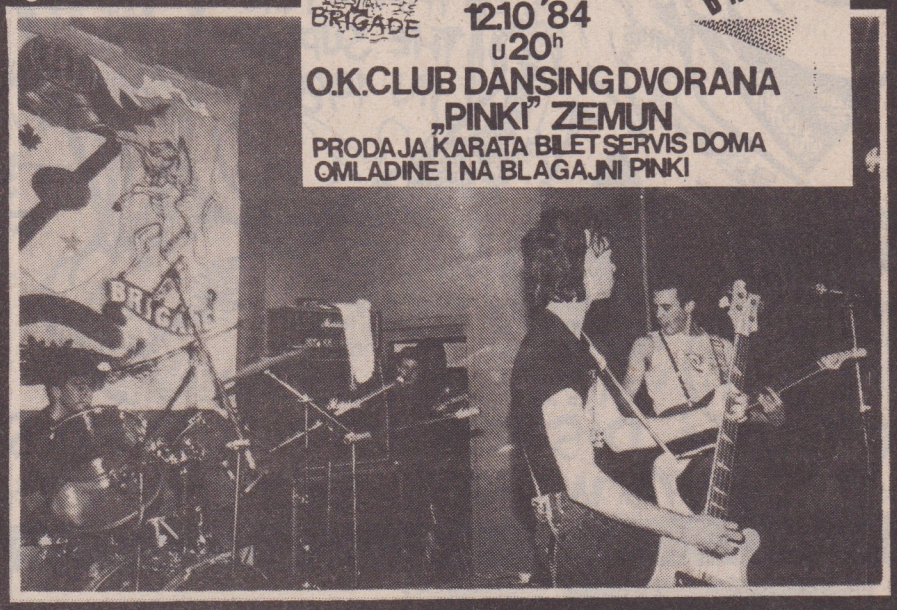
D: Well, I gotta go "Join a punk rock
All: Bye!
S: A lot of people take it for granted obstacles and wor
C: We must leave

MRR: Shawn, la

S: Like Dave said great!

"Join a band

and see the world !!!"



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MRR: You (Crocker) said earlier that you're traveling by van. Rented?

C: Stolen! Ha Ha!

MRR: So you suggest that when bands tour America they steal a good van?

C: Oh no!

MRR: How would any of you suggest touring abroad?

S: As a band, get a record out, of course, released in the country or continent. Hopefully you'll make some money off the record so you can buy a van once in Europe, and equipment. If you know a band who's equipment you can use, great. You can always bring guitars, but never drums. They're too big. You should never tour with a band in Europe, financially speaking. You'll lose money because you won't draw any more with another band (than you would alone), and it will have to be divided in half.

C: We found that when we played with American and English bands in Europe, we were usually ignored by the crowd.

MRR: How did YOUTH BRIGADE tour?

S: We got a good rental, and we had a guy over there booking. We found that a lot of writing and calling is necessary, like any tour. You also have to understand that from scene to scene it differs widely, where you'll play.

MRR: Examples?

S: Say in Amsterdam, it's a very underground scene, lots of squatters. Then there is also a more professional scene. There's a way you use both: both the ideals and the D-I-Y sense of the underground scene, and the very necessary money of the pro outfits.

MRR: Speaking of money, how much did you all make in Europe? How much did it cost on the whole?

S: Fly out of NY to London, People's Express, British Airways, it'll run about $200 and other expenses, of course.

C: It cost us more because the dollar is strong.

D: Well, I gotta go hit the road. I gotta load up the van! So I exit by saying: "Join a punk rock band and see the world!"

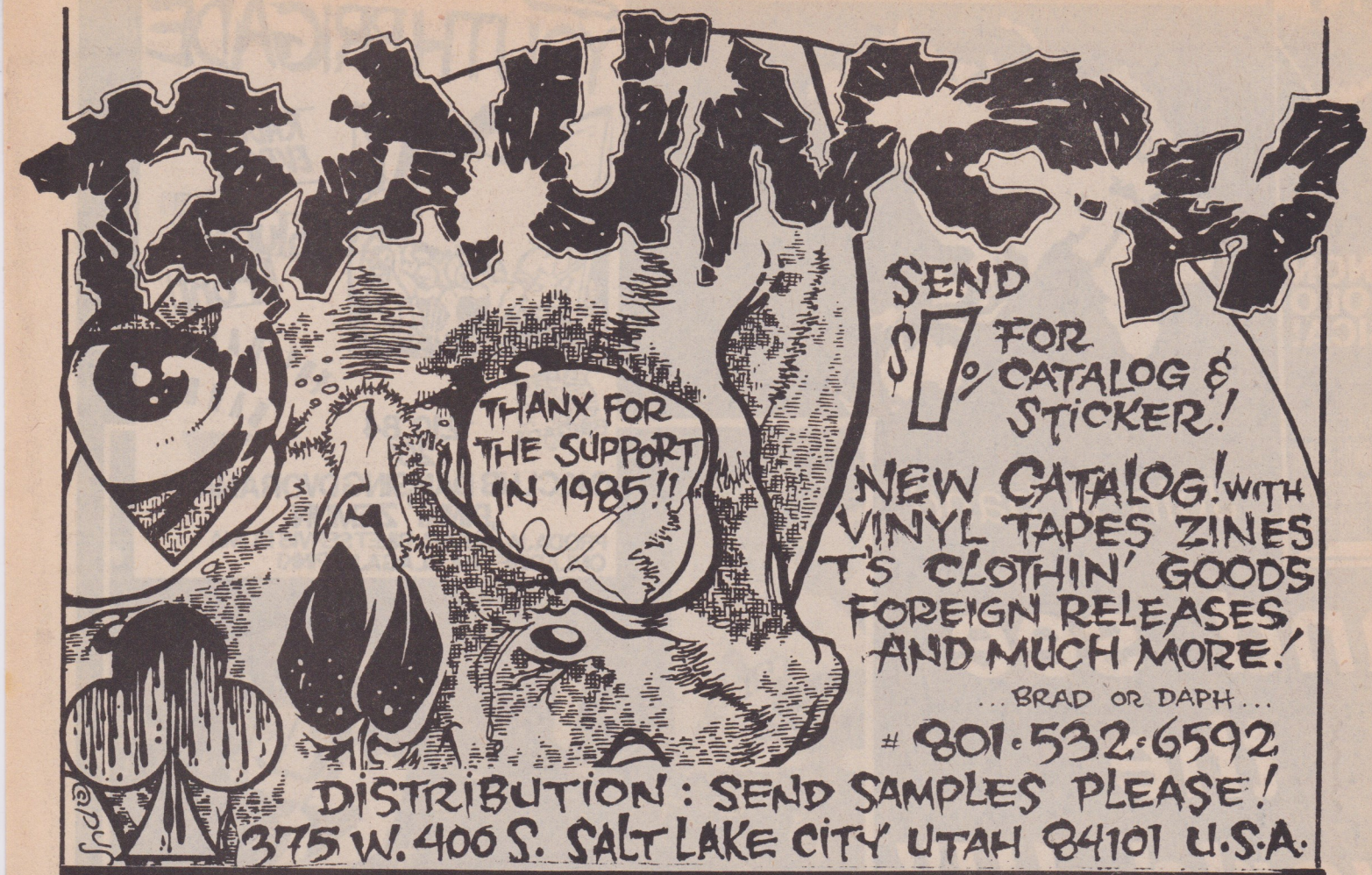
All: Bye!

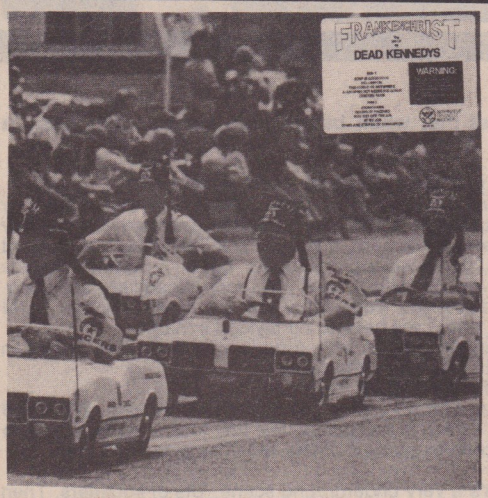
S: A lot of people are naive to the rigors of touring and the hassles. They take it for granted that bands pull through and they don't often realize all the obstacles and work it takes!

C: We must leave too, bye!

MRR: Shawn, last words?

S: Like Dave said, see the world! If you go in the right frame of mind it'll be great!





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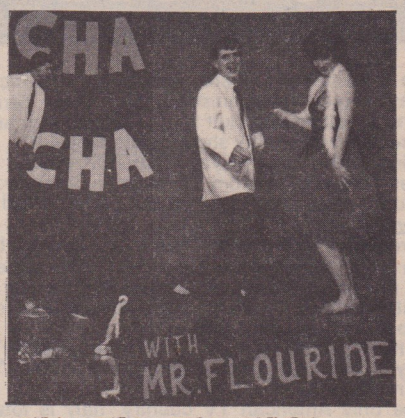

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With this issue i complete a year of writing this scene report, long enough for anyone to hold this hotseat, to be sure. I long for a good replacement, someone to conscietiously carry out the duties while i explore the joys & mysteries of writing a free column, singing, and tending to my new job as Coordinator (read:unpaid staff) of the Alternative Press & Radio Council For Greater New York.

A NEW HOPE

This has been the best thing to happen on the scene all year. As of its 5th meeting (Nov 17), the Council now has 40 voting members from 6 radio stations & 14 zines, an Upcoming Shows Service (you bands out there, notify me as soon as you have a NY-area show booked!), a Directory (zines, radio, & clubs) going into its 2nd edition, a Band Directory in the works, a benefit coming up in Jan., and a full slate of "officers" headed by ace deejay Pat Duncan as President. If you want a Directory, send a SASE to Jersey Beatsman Jim Testa, Correspondent, at the Council's new address: 151 First Ave #A/ NY NY 10003. The job of chairing meetings rotates; Convenor is Cindy Aiello (Attitude), John Bello (WBAI) is VP (Radio), i'm VP (Press) as well as Coordinator; there are asst. coords for NJ, LI, CT, & NYC; and we're up to our necks in the community/political relations problem in order to save our clubs.

It would be easy to write a whole page on the Council as a focus of positive energy, a rallying point, a colection of doers, a voice for the whole diverse community, a galvanizing influence, an inspiration to other scenes, a sign of maturity, an example of leadership moving into a vacuum, organized anarchy, a political forum, proof that punx can cooperate, etc., etc.

Having discussed the subject in 4 meetings, the Council unanimously adopted a "Declaration of Freedom of Speech, Press, and Intimidation From Within". It's text appears in MRR since its message applies far beyond NY. Besides declaring "that a physical assault against one of our members is an assault against all" and calling for a community-wide discussion to treat those "who continue...to attack our freedoms as infiltrators...", the Council also calls on musicians to speak out on this issue and influence their fans. It will be interesting to see how many leading bands, whose failure to exercise leadership on this issue created the need for Council action, will respond. Will it once more be shown that the pen is mightier than the sword? The issue is now joined, and we have put it squarely before the whole community.

THOSE OLDIES BUT GOODIES

The Council is also beginning to sponsor press conferences; 17 members turned up to grill the DEAD KENNEDYS on Nov 16, and we'll be looking for DOA and SUICIDAL TENDENCIES soon.

The DK's played 3 shows (2 Ritz, 1 Show Place), there were no fights, and Jello spent much of his time criticizing stage divers.

The DEAD BOYS gave a magnificent reunion show for their 10th anniversary to a larger audience at Irving Plaza whose average age must've been around 30. Where have all these punk-attired DB fans from the old days been hiding? A good source told me IRS was dropping LORDS and Stiv Bator's commitment to the band was only thru this spring; afterwards he'd be free to join with Cheetah Chrome, Jimmy Zero, Johnny Blitz, & Jeff Magnum in the DEAD BOYS. For those who just tuned in, the DEAD BOYS are one of the bands that created punk rock and one of the best that ever was.

In general, it was a god autumn for veteran punk bands here, with 999 and the revived UNDEAD (make your own jokes) bringing joy to old fans. (Alas, the NIHILISTICS tried & failed with new metal, leaving the crowd frozen). FALSE PROPHETS played around and got a deal for an LP with Alternative Tentacles. BAD BRAINS, AOD and KRAUT were also active, now where's The MOB?

Speaking of oldies, i'm convinced that people who are serious about punk rock should know more about the history of rock & roll. As a public service, i'm making available to radio stations a series of tapes drawn from my own extensive collection of records and giving a running historical commentary, fast songs & social commentary will be favored. Deejays, send SASE for details.

TRANSMITTERS

Hello to Long Island: WUSB, 90.1, with Steve Kaye doing "Turmoil" Weds 11-midnite/ P.O.B. 174/ Stony Brook NY 11790; and WBAU, 90.3, with Tom Uhl on Weds 10-1am & Bill Nubile Thurs at same time/ P.O.B. 365/ Garden City NY 11530. A special hello to pirate mates back on air with WCHE at 90.9 in north Jersey. Can't give names & addresses for these brave buccaneers, but write c/o the Council. WSIA, 88.9, has added Ken Black Fri nites from 10-2am. WFMU, 90.1, has had transmitter problems since being struck by lightning. Former "Hellhole" digger John Fox is now on WNYU, 89.1, Mon 8:30-9:30 & Fri 4-7:30. And i'm on WFMU, Thurs at 8:30pm.

AND THE BAND PLAYED ON

MURPHY'S LAW has found a new drummer in CFA refugee Robbie Crypterasher... MALIGNANT TUMOR becomes FOE... Allen Ginsberg, perhaps the most famous poet in America, told me he's ready to record with a punk band again; previous credits include the CLASH and GLUONS ("Birdbrain"); Allen & i both managed to get kicked out of Columbia U. and we're both Buddhists...Speaking of which, DAMAGE singer-guitarist Ted Warner got hitched in a Zen Buddhist ceremony & went to Japan for his honeymoon with Anne...AGNOSTIC FRONT signed with Combat, better known for metal, and a new LP is being recorded using CARNIVORE drummer Louis Beatto. Happy New Year's everyone!

Donny the Punk/ 233 E 3 St #1C/ NY NY 10009/ (212)982-3075

November 17, 1985

THE ALTERNATIVE PRESS & RADIO COUNCIL
For Greater New York

D E C L A R A T I O N
on
FREEDOM OF SPEECH, PRESS, AND INTIMIDATION FROM WITHIN

--Unanimously Adopted--

One of the values which most unites us is our devotion to the cause of freedom. We would not be involved in non-commercial/underground/alternative media if we did not especially cherish the freedom to publish or broadcast free of censorship, and we resolutely oppose censorship in all its forms.

Whether it comes from government or from the power of corporate money or from individuals and groups, any pressure to suppress ideas, information or opinions on public questions (rather than subject these to the test of a free exchange of public debate) is a matter of utmost concern. Attempts to censor publications and broadcast media run directly contrary to the values which created the music we love and helped attract us to it.

Furthermore, we believe that the beacon of freedom which illuminates our community is vital to its very survival, and that any threat to that freedom imperils as well the music we love.

It has now become apparent that threats to our freedom of speech and of the press can come from within our community as well as from without. We have heard too many of our zine editors and writers share with us their feelings of intimidation and examples of violence and threats of violence directed against them from within our scene because of what they have written or said.

The few who are doing this to us have demonstrated that at best they do not understand what freedom means, and at worst have become as much the enemies of freedom as the foes we already know from without.

No free press can long survive when the community it serves tolerates a situation in which a small number of unthinking goons can, through physical assault or threat of it, censor what would otherwise be printed. Such a situation is at hand, and it is a threat not only to all of us, should it remain unchallenged, but also to the very heart and soul of our community.

We, the Alternative Press & Radio Council For Greater New York, declare that a physical assault against one of our members is an assault against all of us and will not be tolerated, and a threat against one of us is a threat against all of us.

We urge all our own members to publish and broadcast this declaration and to initiate a public discussion of the issues it raises.

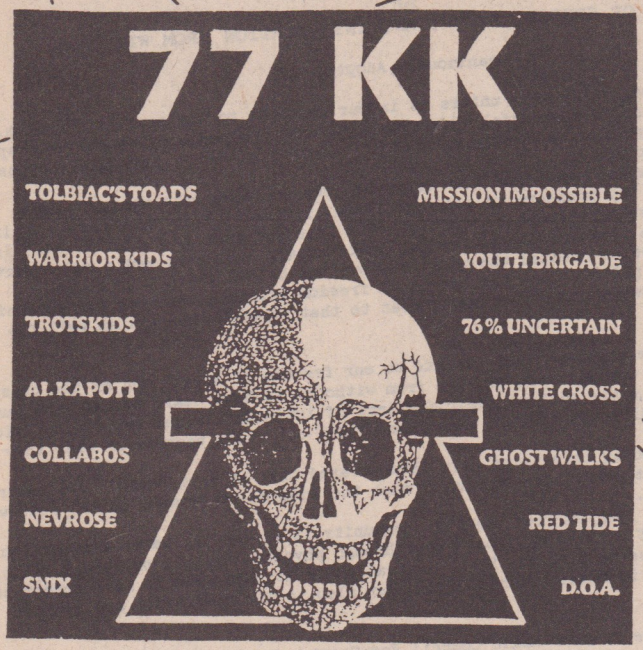
We call upon the musicians (whose views are at least heard by, and are often influential with, their fans) to speak out both from the stage and off it; to make clear where they stand on this matter; and to join us in supporting freedom of speech and press against all forms of intimidation against writers and broadcasters in the scene.

We are available to discuss any grievances bands and others may have with our members.

Finally we call upon everyone in our community to join in discussing privately and publicly what freedom means to all of us; we call upon everyone in our community to resolutely join together in making clear that censorship by intimidation is intolerable and will not be tolerated; and we call upon everyone in our community to treat those who continue nonetheless to attack our freedoms as infiltrators who seek to destroy our music, our scene, our community--everything we together hold dear.

Pat Duncan/WFMU

77 KK



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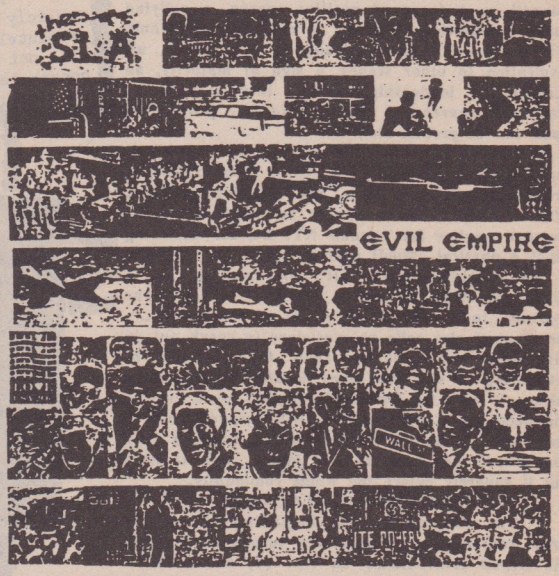

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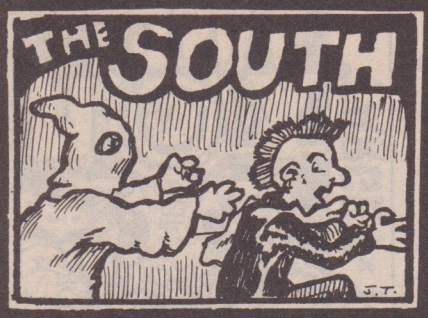


JACKSON-There have been several developments here lately. First of all, The HOODLUMS (c/o Greg Etheridge/ 132 Stonegate Dr/ Madison MS 39110) have added a vocalist and became a 4-piece; it's a big improvement and they've developed into a very good HC group. However, Terry (owner of W.C. Don's) cancelled a Saturday gig they had booked because they couldn't guarantee him $350 at the bar, and The HOODLUMS refuse to ever play there again. This asshole of an owner almost categorically refuses to book HC bands on weekends now (especially locals) because he says he doesn't like the crowd they draw and they don't buy enough beer.

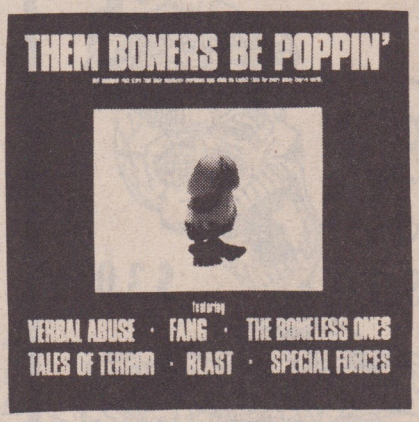
Our speed funksters, MEN WITH NO I.Q.'s, added a 4th man on drums, but they kicked him out because of attitude problems, according to guitarist Booger Man White. They also released a 7".

A new band (P-HOLES) has emerged here, a 6-member conglomeration with Yukki Gipes, formerly of The REPELLANTS and PRIMATES (of Midwestern fame) on drums. We play a combination of HC, psychadelic industrial noise on various junk, scrap iron, and one guitar. We have a 30 minute tape available with 5 songs on it for $3.

There is a new HC band from Laurel called DANGER FROM MARS (c/o Bruce Powell/ 409 Pine St, Lot 17/ Ellisville MS 39437), a 5-piece playing at the Country Girl Kitchen, believe it or not.

Only one fanzine in Jackson currently, The Common Level. Issue #3 is out now, put out by Kevin Mason and I. Chad is trying to start a new one called The Fiend Zine, no address as yet. Rock on!
Matt Longabaugh/ 411 Manship/ Jackson MS 39202

PUT THE PEDAL TO THE METAL.



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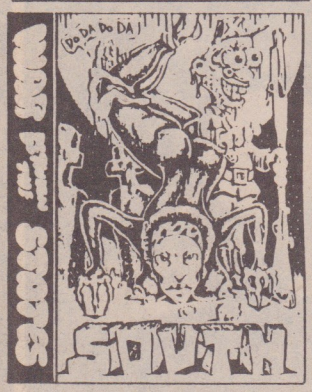

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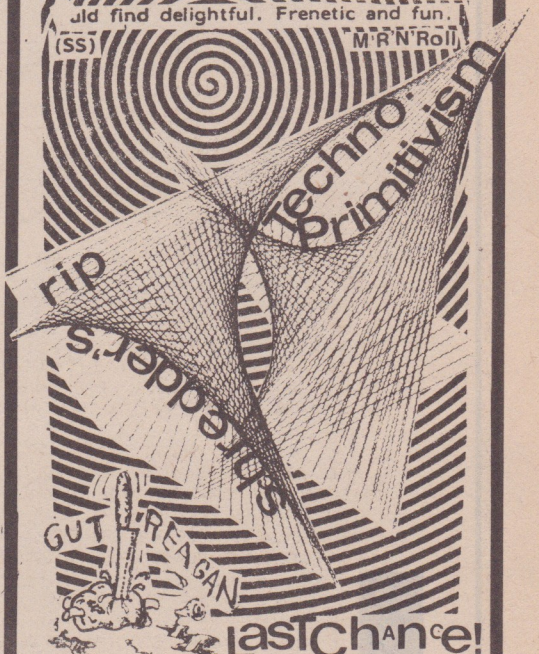

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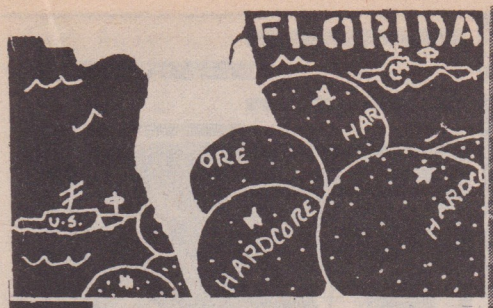
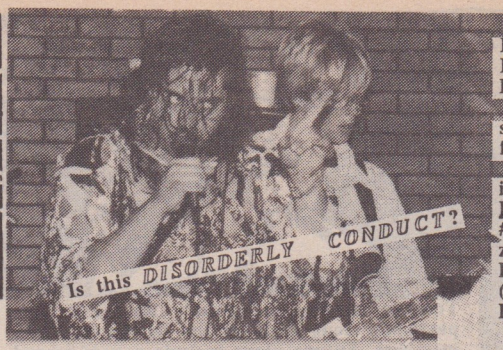


First off, I'm going to say some stuff about central Florida and Pensacola, as Miami was done lately.

Merrit Island has a new wave club called Screech McVaze. It usually has Duren Duran disco fashion stuff, but late at night I bring hardcore records in and the DJ plays what he thinks the kids will have fun with. This place will also book various bands, including HC. The management has been worried that the patrons of the nearby Holiday Inn will be offended by punks, so how long HC exists here is anybody's guess. It's a decent place for now, better than a 4-wheel drive and a pit bulldog, I guess. For bookings, write: 260 E Merrit Island Causeway/ Merrit Island FL 32952/ (305)453-2127.

One of the best bands anywhere, DISORDERLY CONDUCT, is responsible for keeping HC alive in various Florida cities. They play their hearts out, whether it be for 5 or 500 people. They have 1 song on the Flipside Vinyl Fanzine #2 and 2 on the Florida Explosion comp tape, plus will have an LP out within a month...entitled Amen. If you like the MISFITS, MINOR THREAT, SOCIAL DISTORTION, and AEROSMITH, then you must have this...unbelievably intense and state-of-the-art production. Write 'em: Casey Chaos/ 112 Seneca Dr/ Melbourne FL 32935.



Orlando has a large number of people that support bands and shows, though clubs open and shut fast. NOISE FOR THE NEEDY is a fine band from there, and their singer, Ed, does a lot of work in keeping Orlando going and helps out many bands with shows, places to stay, etc. They have a good LP out and do a great cover of the DAMNED's "Drinkin' About My Baby". It's $5 to: Aytab Records/ 364 Northwestern Ave/ Altamonte Springs FL 32714. Also, call Ed for booking at (305)298-3259.

DAMAGE is a unique synth-punk band from Orlando, and have a fine tape and 7" that are worth getting. Good lyrics too. Mike Brown/ 1727 Barcelona Way/ Winter Park FL 32789. Tape is $3 and EP is $2.50.

FOUL EXISTENCE has also played locally to a good response and have a song on the Florida Explosion tape.

From Pensacola comes MAGGOT SANDWICH. They are real good, with a tape ($3) and 7" out. They have 2 songs on the Wally & the Beav North Vs South comp tape. Singer/guitarist Vik Kaos of M.S. is responsible for putting on shows in town. A fine and dependable guy, he's someone touring bands should contact. It's P.O. Box 9391/ Pensacola FL 32513/ (904)433-7504. Their zine is had for 2 stamps.

Other bands that play Pensacola are REDNECK MEATWAGON, NME SAINTS, KONCRETE KOMMANDOS, and The BLEEDING NUNS (from Oklahoma).

The club situation is going through some changes in Pensacola, so contact Vik for updates.

Here's some more sources of information:

Florida Scene zine/ 1000 River Reach Dr #316/ Ft Lauderdale FL 33315... Guillotine zine (speedcore)/ P.O. Box 20581/ Orlando FL 32814 ($1)... Florida Explosion tape ($6)/ Alter Reels/ 7541 Biscayne Blvd/ Miami FL 33138/ (305)754-0355...

Thanks,

Buddy Bass/ 121 N Indian Circle/ Cocoa FL 32922

P.S. I review tapes, records, etc., for various zines.

Photos by Mike Weber

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DOWN SYNDROME

SNFU

Photos by Bill Albers

EDMONTON- No one's heard from here in a while, so I thought I'd relay some happenings. SNFU arrived home safe and sound after a 3-month road trip that took them through the wilds of North America. Their debut LP has sold very well in the U.S. on the BYO label and here in Canada on the newly-developed Better Youth Canadian label. It'll be pressed in England as well, with another track (Warren Zevon's "Poor Poor Pitiful Me", which'll also appear on a soon-to-be-released Canadian comp out of Toronto on Psyche-Industry Records). This particular song features the band's two new members. Future plans include a new record and a trip to L.A. to play with the DK's.

WARTOYS have been around for over a 1/2 year now, but you wouldn't know it due to the infrequency of their live shows (not the band's fault). Their sound recalls JOY DIVISION or ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN with a harder edge. They're soon to be releasing a radio tape. Probably the best new band in town.

DOWN SYNDROME are definitely back at it (see last issue). They plan a whole slew of t-shirts, stickers, etc., as well as a 12" in early '86 (any labels interested?). A very talented band.

EUTHANASIA are one of the city's best bands but, unfortunately, they play so infrequently it's hard for them to get a decent following. They did play a few shows this summer (most notably the SNFU homecoming) though, and their presence in being recognized by a few more people. Their sound is a mixture of dense, moody post-punk with raw, vibrant pop and their stage shows are generally mesmerizing. Up and coming on their roster is a vinyl project, as soon as they can secure the funds.

ENTIRELY DISTORTED have played their fair share of shows lately, getting crowds moving to their pop/metal/HC amalgam and to their frenetic stage shows. They recently travelled to Regina and Calgary for gigs and have plans to do a more extensive tour this summer with the release (hopefully) of a 7" EP (again, any labels interested?). A much improved band from their earlier thrash-o-rama days.

JR. GONE WILD are easily in the top three of this city's best bands, playing a style of pop that has so much fervor and catchiness that it's, in a word, irresistable. They haven't played for a while (members away, clubs closing, etc.) but will return for a gig in mid-December that'll include a whole batch of new tunes. Demo tapes are also being sent out and one label that's interested is BYO, so let's keep our fingers crossed.

Newer bands around include CHINN CHILLA, FETISH (featuring Scott of DOWN SYNDROME and Dave of SNFU), DISSIDENCE, EAGER POWER, and a re-formed SCATTERED BODIES under the banner CRUXES.

CHIPS and Schism are basically the city's only 2 zines that publish on a semi-regular basis. Schism #6 ($1.50 ppd) should be out by December, and should carry on in the zine's tradition of thought-provoking articles. Their address is 11537-102 Ave/ Edmonton Alta/ T5K 0R2 Canada. CHIPS #9 (40 pages on newsprint) was released in early Sept and includes interviews with DOA, 7 SECONDS, and RED TIDE, among other things. This issue is now sold out, so please don't order any more copies. The next issue should be out by Jan/Feb and hopefully will include a few changes (both graphically and content-wise).

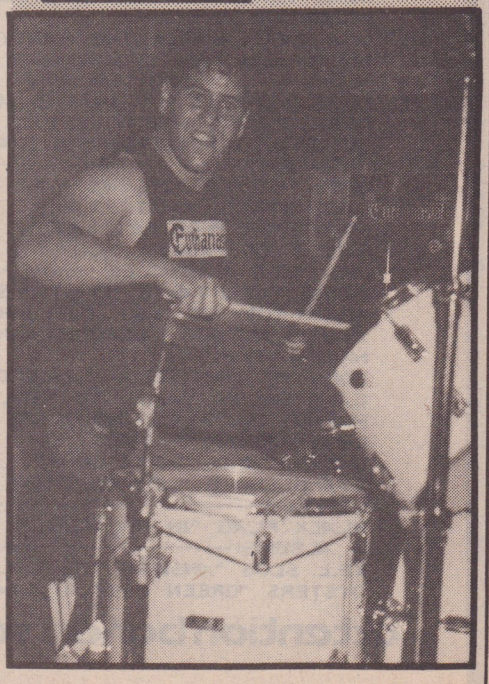
Shows here are handled mostly by Gubby, who has been doing a fantastic job for years now. For gigs in Edmonton, phone him at (403)429-2217. Since the condemnation of Spartan's Hall in Sept (the venue we had been using for 5 years), there hasn't been a permanent replacement, but there are many different places we are trying out. Should be interesting to see what we'll find.

Bands! True, it is a fairly long drive from Vancouver to Edmonton, but we can usually set up a good guarantee for you, plus we can get you phone numbers for shows in Calgary, Regina, and Winnipeg. And you won't get fucked around by dishonest promoters in these parts either.

Not much else to report. Hope this article has been of some interest to you and, if not, then you're a pencil-necked geek (just kiddin', eh!). I'll chat with ya later.
Creighton/ CHIPS/ P.O. Box 516/ Edmonton, Alta/ T6J 2K1 Canada.

ENTIRELY DISTORTED

EUTHANASIA



Compiled by Jeff "Cadillac" Thompson

DEATH SENTENCE are a loud, raunchy, 4 on the floor (plus reverse) band hailing from Vancouver, B.C. Canada. They were on a Western tour of the U.S. of AIDS. Look for their Not a Pretty Sight 12", available through Underground Records. This interview was conjured up by the band somewhere in the Mission District of San Francisco, Oct 9 1985.

MRR: Who's in the band and when was it formed?

DS: Four of us. We've had many changes in the past, but in the last year it's been Pete (guitar, vocals), Tim (bass), Donut (drums). We've added Jim on bass and Tim plays a mean guitar. This lineup sounds the hottest yet, and will stay this way for some time it seems because Cadillac Ferguson (road manager) will make us stay together.

MRR: How has the band changed since the last U.S. tour?

DS: Definitley a lot tighter. Also, we've dropped some of our older thrash songs and filled up the space with some slower, heavier sounding material. For a while, actually a year, we were a 3-piece. Then we had a personnel shuffle.

MRR: Why?

DS: It added to the sound, especially for leads. You can write more complex songs if you have more instruments. Also, it's a little easier on everyone involved if there's four of us. Less tension!

MRR: Do you have any vinyl out?

DS: Yeah, we've got an 8-song 12" EP that is on its way to the States, if it clears customs. Also, the Shindig compilation album, Tales From the Western Shores tape, and the Undergrowth comp tape. We are half finished with a new single as well , which we'd like to get out just after New Years.

MRR: A lot of hardcore bands seem to be turning Heavy Metal. How do you feel about this?

DS: We've played a couple of metal shows in Vancouver and got a good response. Heavy metal types come out to our shows, and that's good. We've acquired a thrash metal sort of name in Vancouver. I don't know how thrash metal works here, but like Tim says, it's good in Vancouver. Those shows are fun to play. You get a lot of different people showing up. Also, I like the idea of playing heavy metal, but using our kind of lyrics. Political lyrics with heavy metal music sounds fuckin' great to me. None of this "Satanic Shit". Also, everyone in the band listens to heavy metal; it's slower and it rocks.

MRR: Does the band have any political views?

Doug: Yes, we all ride politics, but we don't let it make us unhappy by pissing and moaning about Reagan or something. In Canada we have a social democracy. There's not much to be angry about in Canada except the usual (cops, no work, stupid laws). If I lived in the States, I'd be in jail. If I lived in Russia, I'd be dead. I live in Canada and I play in a rock band.

Jim: Yeah, I think that all the major superpowers are fucked. They all just play games with the people's heads and try to make you think things about the other side, which is absurd bullshit. The thing to do is to try to destroy ignorance. If everyone would just wake up and not just accept what they're told, I think things would be a lot better.

Tim: I believe in the right to earn money by using money and work, which is capitalism. But I think that no one (especially corporations) should be allowed to rip people off or damage the environment. Government should regulate large business more than they do now, and should encourage and support small businesses. Also, nationalism sucks and militarism is a waste of good technology. The system will change, but only from within.

Pete: I can't say too much, on the count of different beliefs between us, and propaganda that goes on in Canada, but in the U.S. it seems even worse. A lot of people, even the ones in alternative bands, seem to get brainwashed by Reagonomics. People here always seem to be talking about "freedom in the U.S.A.", "yes, you are free here"... but no one I know is, because no one I know is a millionaire.

MRR: What's it like in Vancouver?

DS: Vancouver's not bad, except there isn't enough places to have shows and everyone is on welfare, so the only good time to do shows is around welfare day because any time after that nobody has any money.

MRR: What would success be for the band?

DS: Uhh, I think once we start making money to live off and show all these assholes that we are good for something besides getting fucked up. When you have more money you can make better records and put more money into videos and a better product.

MRR: How does DEATH SENTENCE get along on a personal basis?

DS: We get along pretty good considering what we've been through. A lot of ups and downs. But after all the shit, we all have stronger personal ties, respect and love for each other. We're all in the same fine mess and now know to stick with it and each other. This shows up on the live stage very well, where if you're pissed at each other, there is no communication.

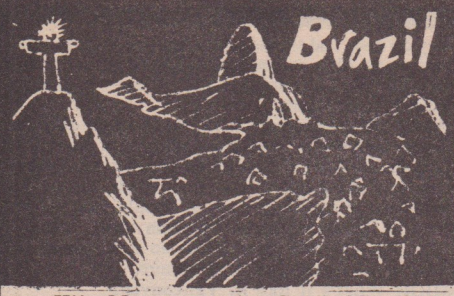
DEATH SENTENCE/ 1334 E Georgia/ Vancouver BC/ V5L-2A8 Canada

MRR: Do you play a lot of shows in Vancouver?

DS: Yeah, almost too many for a while there. We'd play big all-ages shows and club shows. We placed 2nd out of 27 bands in a local Battle of the Bands this spring. It was good for us, as we got some fine recording time and we got some live stuff on a compilation album of the finalists. The best thing about it was that we weren't expected to win at all because we were too raunchy.

MRR: How do you like playing in the U.S.A.? Is it different from Canada?

DS: Well, beer's cheaper here, but nowhere nearly as good as Canadian beer. The people down here seem to be a lot wilder than in Canada. They also appreciate the fact that you're from another country and I suppose they pay more attention to us than to a local or other American band... but it's not that much more different.

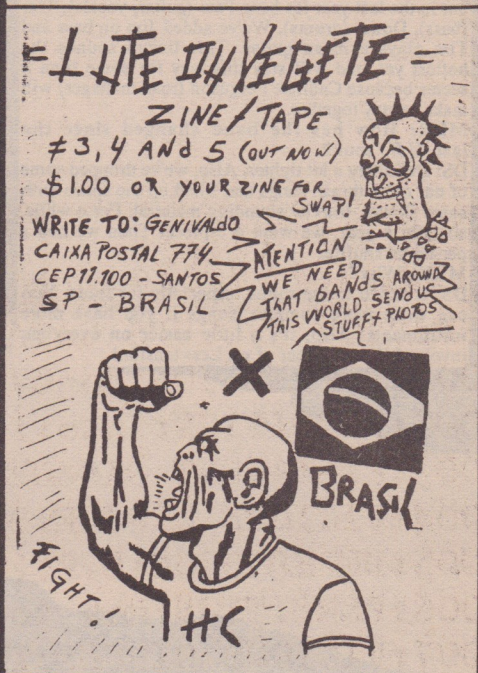


Hi! My name is Genivaldo from PESADELO. I'm here to let you know about the scene in Brazil today. There's quite a lot of places to play and some gigs in Rio de Janeiro, Santos, and Sao Paulo. Some recent gigs took place in Paranapiacaba, SP (a polution/ecological show). After a few sleepy rock bands played, GAROTOS PODRES

opened the fun. They play oi songs and are great. CARECAS DO SUBURBIO (skin gang) made some real fun dances and various knockdowns. Then DECADENCIA SOCIAL played, but only did 3 songs because of new personnel. Behind the stage some skins were fighting and smashing boys. The police arrived and jailed some skins. By the time PESADELO played there was confusion all around and more cops arriving. We played only 3 songs too because the cops invaded the place. More skins get jailed.

There was another gig in Sao Paulo with GAROTOS PODRES and VIRUS 27 (great oi) with no fights and lots of fun.

In Sept there was a show with KAOS 64, VIRUS 27, and PESADELO, with HC/oi unity and no fighting. If you're interested, I have a tape of this show for swap or $4. I also do a zine, Lute ou Vegete. Number 3 and 4 are available for $1 each or swap. PESADELO's demo is $5, and I have other bands as well.

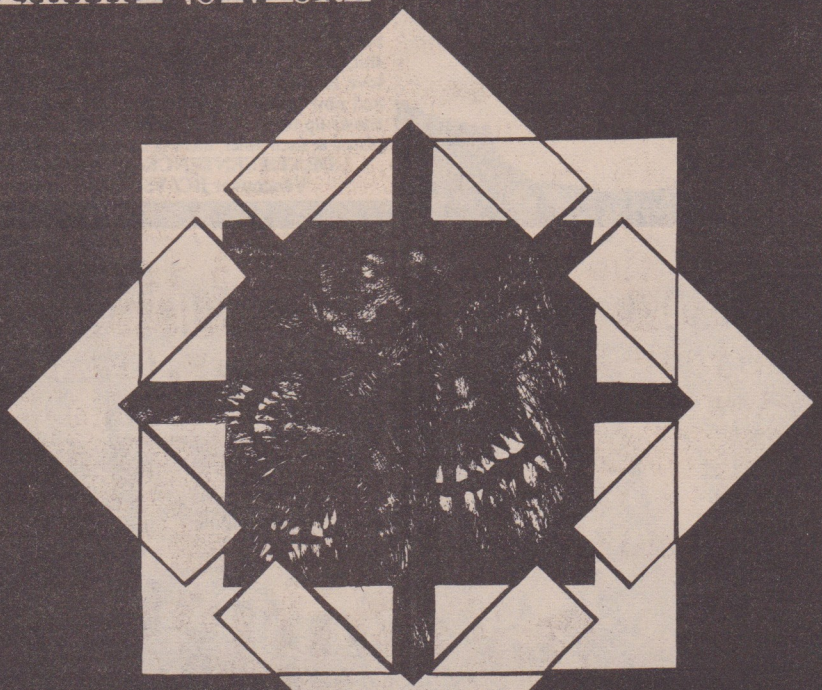


In December we'll have a great gig in Santos called Dezembro Negro 85 with various bands from all over the place. If you have an non-capitalist band and wanna play here, let me know! The hell with rock star bands and idols. We live in a poor land and we're fighting for our hard reality. Kill Reagan and the I.M.F.---conscientization between punks all over the world!

Genivaldo/ C.P. 774/ CEP 11.100/ Santos, SP/ Brazil

P.S. Other bands, like OLHO SECO, are changing their lineups and are getting more powerful, and there's lots of new bands forming, such as ERECAO FATAL, SPHC, LEUCEMIA from SP, AUSCHWITZ, DESGASTE MENTAL, and DESORDEIROS from Rio, BATIDA MORTAL from Atibaia, CAMBIO NEGRO from Recife, INSOLENCIA PUBLICA from Para.

FAITH NO MORE



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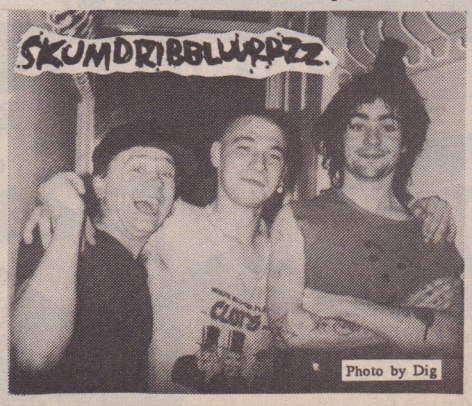
BRISTOL- Bristol is in the southwest of England with about 600,000 people living here. Some bands here are DISORDER, CHAOS UK, LUNATIC FRINGE, RANCID, IDIOT STRENGTH, and RITA AND THE PISS ARTISTS. We organize gigs at the Demolition Ballroom which is a squat venue self-managed by anyone who feels like doing anything. In May '84, two buildings were squatted on Cheltenham Road and the Demolition Diner was founded. It's a cafe which provided a meeting place with cheap vegetarian food and an information centre for activities such as squatting, demonstrations, direct actions, etc. The project was running quite successfully (if a little erratic at times) for about a year, but this summer when DISORDER went to Norway and everybody else went to Stonehenge to fight the police or went on holiday or to prison, the place fell apart, left virtually unattended, and people stole the water pipes for scrap metal. SAomeone set fire to it and it became a mess. The Council took away the electricity and water supplies and are now threatening to close the place on the grounds it is unfit for habitation or other use due to the fact it is a health risk because of lack of sanitation and electricity. So, the cafe has been given up as lost but a new cafe is planned in some different building which will be squatted. We have been attempting to kep the venue going again but it is very difficult with no electricity or water or money to have it re-connected. A gig was arranged for STENGTE DORER (Closed Doors) from Norway, DISORDER, SONS OF BAD BREATH, and SKUM DRIBBLUURRZZZ. We built a new stage and got a generator, but forgot the lights, so the gig was done in candlelight which was really romantic for us all to waltz to the SKUMDRIBBLUURRZZZ, who play fast thrash in the mold of DRI and ADRENALIN OD but less tuneful, faster and shorter songs (would you believe). SONS OF BAD BREATH play mid-tempo heavy metal punk with improvised lyrics from Monty McHaggis on vocals, they have played with CONFLICT and ANTI-SECT before but are not too serious and will probably split up as soon as people start to take them seriously. The gig was going really well, but then a mini-riot started outside with a gang of black disco kids beating people up who were coming from the gig. There was a lot of fighting and the police came and the gig had to end.

Recently, the newly-formed right wing British National Party were due to hold a rally in Bristol, so we made a lot of posters to oppose this and about 100 anarchists went and joined the socialists' peaceful demonstration so we could kick the nazi scum out of Bristol. We went to the location where they were to hold the rally, but the fascist scum didn't show up.

Back to music, DISORDER just returned from a tour of Norway and Sweden (after being refused entry to Finland and held by the police for 30 hours on no charges and finaly being deported to Norway along with STENGTE DORER). There are a lot of good bands we met in Norway, such as KAFKA PROCESS, STENGTE DORER, DEAD SWINGERS, and BANNALYST (who just did a quite mini-tour of England and made quite an impact on people, judging by things I've heard. It seems to me the "foreign" bands have more raw energy and enthusiasm than a lot of English bands who are drifting away from hardcore and playing straight heavy metal with meaningless lyrics about Satan and blood, etc. ONSLAUGHT are a good example of this, as are many other clones. However, there are some promising new sounds coming from bands such as HEX and GENERIC from the north of England. Also, STATE HATE from London and AD NAUSEUM are still thrashing away and unfortunately staying fairly underground. But there are still a lot of good punk bands here. It is best to check out the independent tape labels and of course C.O.R. Records which has some radical music (apart from the pathetic VENOM impressions of ONSLAUGHT, which I guess is just a money-making attempt to finance the releases of more worthy and honest bands who have something to say).



We've had some bands here from over the Atlantic recently. Both DOA and HUSKER DU have been playing the straight, commercial night club type venues, complete with bouncers and managers, etc. We played with DOA in Leeds and it cost £3 to get in (which is quite a lot when you consider most of the people there were unemployed and just getting £21 a week to survive on. It usually gets spent all in one day). I asked the singer of DOA why they played at these places and not the self-managed squat places and he told me it was the decision of their manager. I later read a press release of DOA proclaiming that everyone can manage their own lives, which is contradictory to say the least.

There was a good gig last week in London at the Blue House in Hackney. It is a squat venue and run by punks/alternatives on a non-profit making basis, making it cheap admission. DISORDER, STATE HATE, SLAVE DANSE, and SONS OF BAD BREATH all played to raise money for Class War, which is an anarchist group dedicated to anti-rich direct action and also pay the electric bill for Molly's Cafe, which is a squat cafe in Islington, also run on a non-profit making basis. Here in England now, the punk/hc scene is finally sorting itself out as more and more bands are saying "Fuck off!" to the promoters and rip off shops and are actually trying to do something for ourselves (in the words of FLUX OF PINK INDIANS: "Punk belongs to the punks, not the businessmen. They need us, we don't need them."

Love & flowers from Taf/ DISORDER/ 47 Hallam Rd/ Clevedon, Avon/ BS21 7SE/ England

Photo by Jenny

Editors note: I just talked with DOA's manager, Ken Lester, who shed some light on DISORDER's assertion. Ken said that he had contacted people well in advance of DOA's arrival in England about getting gigs, but got very little response in terms of solid shows. As to Bristol, he said they wanted a show there but couldn't find one. As to DISORDER playing at Leeds, Nic Toczek arranged that gig and wasn't even going to pay DISORDER and STENGTE DORER because they had failed to show up at a gig the previous week. DOA contributed £70 out of their take to them. Also, DOA says most of their UK gigs were for £150 or less including a benefit. Because their van broke down, they decided to take trains to all their gigs (at a big financial cost, and missing only 1), arriving back in the U.S. with just $50. Tim

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ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER
Ranting At the Nation (More Songs About Flatfish And Russians) Cherry Red A RED 46 Distribution Pinnacle Attila's style of prose owes more to the likes of stand-up comics such as Alexei Sayle than fellow 'punk poets' like the overrated John Cooper Clarke and the over earnest Patrik Fitzgerald. Attila's observations are astute - sometimes hilarious, sometimes tragic - and he manages to avoid the 'racing commentary' style of JCC for one. This should be a good indie seller.

Fish and Quips

After SEETHING WELLS' bit in a recent MRR, I'd write in and tell all you folks about the latest developments in the ranting poetry scene here in Airstrip One. In February of this year, I organized the Ranter's Cup Final, a three and a half hour extravaganza of performance poetry in a modern style, at an old theatre in East London and a packed out audience of 450 people saw blistering performances of modern, hard-hitting relevant verse from 21 young poets plus a great set from the NEUROTICS (formerly NEWTOWN NEUROTICS and one of the best bands in the world, no sweat). It was such a success that the theatre manager has asked me to organize another similar event, which will take place early in 1986.

The primary aim of ranting verse is to entertain, inform and inspire; for the first time poetry--performance poetry--is seen as a vibrant form of entertainment on a par with with rock music by many young people here in the UK. And the numbers of people getting up on stage and performing is forever increasing because the other thing about ranting verse (and one of the ways in which it differs from much of the stuff which preceded it) is that it aims to do for poetry what punk did for music and that means, among other things, encouraging and helping new performers with gigs and opportunities. Ranting verse has absolutely nothing to do with the vacuous acid trips of people like Gregory Corso, the Beat Generation et al and everything to do with what's happening NOW. And I try and do my bit to help by publishing the best stuff in my fanzine Tirana Trash.

Look on the flyer and you'll see the names of many of the best ranters on the circuit at the moment. My personal favourites in a great bunch include the witty and incisive PAT CONDELL, lunatic PORKY THE POET, and the excellent Dutch poet COR GOUT who writes and performs in perfect English as TRESPASSERS W. Very soon, on a personal note, I aim to follow SEETHING WELLS' example and come to the U.S.A. But before that, further news: Unwin Paperbacks published "The Rising Sons of Ranting Verse", a collection of poems by myself and SEETHING WELLS illustrated by PORKY and JOHN LANGFORD (guitarist for THREE JOHNS). There should be some copies in the shops where you are, so check it out if you can.

Excuse the personal plug, but this new development in English, ah, culture is a very important one, especially at a time when the vast majority of music being churned out is undiluted wombat vomit. We all hope to see you soon. Til then, signing off for free beer and ranting verse, ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER (the John Riggins of poetry). By the way, if anyone wants a copy of Tirana Thrash, they can get one for 2 IRC's from me at: 161 Spencers Croft, Harlow/ Sussex CM18 6JR, England. And I love Eric Bogosian, your new Lenny Bruce.

ONE MAN AND HIS LOBOTOMY

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Firstly, in response to R. Kavanaugh's report: when you're right you're right. Through omission I'm guilty of MEDIA DISTORTIONS (Gasp!) by not clarifying that everything I wrote about Sydney was from a couple of conversations with a few punks who were from/have visited Sydney. I'm glad to see that someone cares enough about a scene to get pissed enough to correct an erroneous image. My only complaints about the criticisms are that my reference to the "riot" was supposed to be a sarcastic/tongue-in-cheek portrait of MEDIA DISTORTIONS outside of MRR (i.e. massive media), also I didn't write the Australia wide synopsis of bands.

As to the status of the Melbourne scene I can't add much to the last report on the punk rock side of things except some bad news, worse news and good news. The bad news is that gigs at the Sydenham hotel aren't as frequent as they were a month ago. The worse news is that I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVY broke up. Massive media said that singer/drummer Fred Negro is off to join the LITTLE RIVER BAND (??!!). Must be some kind of a typically sick GRAVY joke. The good news is that the break-up didn't last long, but I don't know if any changes to the line-up have occurred.

A few 'fringe' bands are gigging frequently and putting out vinyl. Faves like FUNGUS BRAINS, COSMIC PSYCHOS, and THE WRECKERY to name a few. THE SHOWER SCENE FROM PSYCHO, whom I can leave more often than take, put out a fantastic EP 'Exploding Hits' that works over some acid drenched works from the sixties like JEFFERSON AIRPLANE'S 'White Rabbit' and 'Georgey Girl' (after they get a hold of it, it IS psychedelic) . X's third LP to date, 'At Home with You', is pretty good but fails again to live up to the impossible task of matching the energy they have live. They still blow anyone and everyone off the stage. THE WRECKERY has released a great neo-BIRTHDAY PARTY/BAD PARTY/BAD SEEDS EP 'I Think This Town is Nervous'. THE STEMS from Tasmania (?) released a real mind-burning single 'Tears Me in Two Ways' and will be touring with THE JOHNNY'S who also have a new single 'Injun Joe'. PRINCE NYAH AND THE SLAVES OF SIN, a reggae outfit, were gigging like mad to raise enough money to go to Uluru (formerly Ayres Rock) to participate in the ceremony that returned it to its traditional owners. THE WARUMPI BAND have put out a single 'Black Fella/White Fella' and toured the big cities as well as the outback, and while they may be a bit poppy, the twist is that half their songs are in aboriginal dialects and the subjects are unemployment, alcoholism and land rights. Waiting, with baited breath, for something from THIS IS SERIOUS MUM, the band that won the 3RRR battle of the bands (prizes included studio time). Their whose demo, 'Defecate on my Face' is a touching love song for Adolph Hitler to Eva Braun, and how her chronic constipation lead to the decline of the Third Reich. Stick them up the BUTTHOLE SURFERS and see what comes out.

Of course the BIG news was that The Royal Morons came down for some slumming and graced the rock world with a fabulous (I guess) show featuring some utterly forgettable mainstream haircuts. For those poor unfortunate commoners who simply could not afford a mere $52.00 for a ticket, they could pay $2.50 for the privilege of watching it all on video, outside, on the Alexandra Avenue underpass, in the rain.

Some ancient history. On Hiroshima day, punk rock types were at the forefront of a small, wet, abused by the police, but vocal protest that, instead of the usual No Business As Usual tactic of hitting the morning commute, hit the pawns of corporate greed as they tried to get home. Traffic out of Melbourne was snarled for about an hour as we marched, blocked intersections, posed for the massive media, etc. Then, instead of the usual speeches (the p.a. wouldn't work in the rain) we decided to march back to the city Watch House and demand the release of those arrested and Surprise! it worked. So much for The National Times (a fairly left leaning weekly newspaper) article dismissing punk rock as being 1) dead and 2) never much of anything political in the first place. DEATH SENTENCE, now CONDEMNED TO DEATH SENTENCE, or C2DS (which sounds like a tear gas they'd use in South Africa) is organizing a benefit for any legal expenses incurred by the arreseted protesters. Still, the "Nuclear Free" South Pacific treaty is a joke, with uranium being sold to W. Germany, who in turn sell it to France, who still carry out tests and whose agents in New Zealand may be home for Christmas. And Oz's one and only nuke reactor is being 'up-graded', even after a few leaks and an almost Three Mile Island event.

A-demo violence —police grab 12

TWELVE anti-nuclear protesters were arrested in the City last night during a violent Hiroshima day protest.

Peak-hour traffic banked up for more than 1 km as the protesters blocked major intersections.

Police grappled with demonstrators when they tried to break a police cordon blocking the entrance to the Shrine of Remembrance.

Police estimated the rally crowd at 700, but organisers said the protest, to commemorate the 40th anniversary of the Hiroshima atomic bombing, attracted about 1500 marchers.

Many protesters were dressed in punk clothes, but alongside the chains and pierced noses were several people in three-piece suits. Many mothers took their children along.

The march started in the late afternoon after small groups of protesters gathered at selected intersections around the City.

Rally organisers distributed pamphlets telling protesters what to do if arrested. They claimed State Government money was used to produce the pamphlets and posters which advertised the march.

The protesters marched down Collins St to the Western Mining Corporation building, chanting "jobs not bombs."

When police blocked the entrance, they crossed the road to the Stock Exchange then moved back to the City Square.

At the City Square, the demonstrators met other anti-nuclear groups and voted to march along St Kilda Rd to the shrine.

Police told them to march on the footpath to minimise disruption to traffic.

Some protesters resisted and were arrested.

A wall of police blocked the entrance to the shrine and a senior sergeant warned protesters they would be arrested if they entered the shrine grounds.

Protesters grappled with police before voting to march to Russell St police station to demonstrate against the arrests.

Police laid five charges of assaulting police, seven charges of resisting arrest, four charges of indecent language, three of obstruction, one of assault by kicking and one of offensive behavior.

All 12 arrested were released on their own undertaking.

The Premier, Mr Cain, criticised violence in peace marches.

"There is no subject more worthy of our attention than the quest for peace . . . but we must always be careful to act within the law," he said.

A People for Nuclear Disarmament project officer, Miss Robyn Gregory, said she was concerned at police behavior during the rally.

"I would like to express my abhorrence at the violence of the state at a peaceful demonstration. Nearly all the violence was by the police or by us in self-defence," she said.

Earlier yesterday, demonstrators in Melbourne joined a world-wide protest project by stencilling more than 1000 "shadows" on footpaths to depict people who were vaporised at the centre of the Hiroshima blast.

Two men carrying stencils and brushes were detained by police in Exhibition St.

Police grapple with a demonstrator. Pictures: DREW FITZGIBBON, MARK GRIFFIN and JANINE EASTGATE

By NEIL McMAHON, ANDREW EDDY and MARK BRICKWELL

Two spike-haired punk protesters at the march last night . . . and a group of more conventionally attired and coiffed women are hustled off the street.

Finally, among all the burned-out, aging rock "stars" (as if there is any other kind) to hit town, two people who were definitely ahead of their time are now gigging with local talent as support bands. SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS, the original horror rocker, is touring (on and off) with NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS, and THE LEGENDARY STARDUST COWBOY is performing with a supporting band made up of members from THE CORPSE GRINDERS and THE SHOWER SCENE FROM PSYCHO. Both of these guys owe a little to something close to videos for the renewed interest. SCREAMIN' JAY's resurgence in popularity is due, in part, to the success of the low-budget flick "Stranger than Paradise". And THE LEDGE's smash hit, paralyzed, is used often on a kid's show down here, on which he performed it live. The same show that made bad jokes about a 300 kilogram woman up in Queensland, the night after she died of course.

And speaking about bad jokes, the latest trendy crime is hacking off penises. Three reported cases in the last two months, including one self-inflicted wound. Yet I'm still unable to find any copies of the S.C.U.M. manifesto.

Jerod Poore

The following interview was created by a friend of mine, Ruben Dann. It is loosely-based on his experiences in the field during a tour of duty in Vietnam (Quan Tri province, 1969-1970, in a "free-fire" zone, an area where anything that moved was "the enemy"). Ruben, like most draftees, was fresh out of high school (a low rider from North Torrance, CA) and was meat. It was only many years after his Vietnam days that he was able to understand what his (and others) role was--a process of consciousness-raising that many others never got a chance to go through.

At a period of time when the government and mass media seem intent on whitewashing those painful, hard-learned lessons of just why the U.S. <u>really</u> goes to war against the peoples of small, impoverished nations, and seems to be brainwashing and preparing (Reaganizing and Ramboizing) future Rubens for combat with a romanticized and so-called patriotic version of war, MRR felt it time to present a small taste of the real face of war: boredom, idiocy, paranoia, physical and psychological injury, and meaningless death. War is a waste, especially wars of imperialism, wars designed to keep the poor poor and the rich rich. Before you move on to this interview and the accompanying pieces on the subject, I'd like to cite these lyrics from one of the greatest songs ever, the Soft Boys' "I Wanna Destroy You": Tim

the author: RUBEN DANN ('69)

I wanna destroy you
I wanna destroy you

A pox upon the media and everything you read
They tell you your opinions and they're very good indeed

I wanna destroy you
And when I have destroyed you I'll come picking at your bones
And you won't have a single item left to call your own

I wanna destroy you
I wanna destroy you
Wanna destroy you
Wanna destroy you
Wanna destroy you
I wanna destroy you
I wanna destroy you
I wanna destroy you
I wanna destroy you

I feel it coming on again just like it did before
They feed your head with boredom and they lead you on to war
The way you treat each other really makes me feel ill
Cause if you want a fight then you're just dying to get killed

THE YOUNG, THE DUMB, THE NUMB.

(We've Got A Million Of 'em!)

Interview with 3rd Squad, 3rd platoon, Co. A
Quan Tri Province, RSVN, February 1970

After being outfitted with a set of jungle fatigues, a gas mask, a rucksack, M-16, rubber jacket, and helmet, I was flown to the interview sight by helicopter where a lieutenant met me, then escorted me from the L.Z. on the top of the hill, down the slope some thirty yards to an area on the perimeter occupied by 3rd squad, 3rd platoon.

The "perimeter" was an imaginary line that wrapped itself around the top of the hill. Foxholes were dug on this line, and in and around each hole sat heavily armed teenagers, most of whom sat facing out towards the surrounding bush like the wary members of an encircled wagon train. Immediately upon arrival at 3rd squad's area, the lieutenant introduced me:

Lt. Wagner: Okay, listen up. This is Barry Dobbs; he's a journalist who's been sent here to conduct an interview with a "typical squad of grunts." You men were chosen by random drawing back at battalion, so don't think you're anything special. Now I don't much care for the idea of this interview. Personally, I think the news media should keep their noses outta things that don't concern them and let us do our job, but word on this came down from higher-higher, so I don't have much to say in the matter. Now, Sergeant Barns, Mr. Dobbs has specified that he wants no officers or NCO's present when he conducts this interview, apparently he feels we'll get in the way, so I'm taking 1st squad out on a short security patrol. 2nd squad will cover both 1st squad's position and their own. I want you to pull security for 3rd squad's area of responsibility from a position down over here a few meters; I don't want you to interfere in any way with this interview, got that Sergeant?

Sgt. Barns: Yeah, sure Lt.

Lt. Wagner: Now while I'm gone I don't want this interview to turn into one royal cluster-fuck. Mr. Dobbs may have clearence from battalion, but I'm still platoon leader and I don't enjoy writing long, sad letters, so keep this thing spread out, got that?

3rd squad: Yeah, sure Lt. Got it, Lt. What's this guy's trip?

Lt. Wagner: Alright, give Mr. Dobbs your fullest cooperation; he'll only be here an hour 'er so, so cut the horseshit, answer his questions and get this thing over with, oh, and Smitty....SMITTY!

Smitty: Yeah, Lt?

Lt. Wagner: Top wants you on the slick that's coming out to pick up Mr. Dobbs. He wants you to talk to the medic at battalion aid station, so get yer shit together and be ready for that chopper in about an hour, got that?

Smitty: Yeah, sure, Lt.

Lt. Wagner: Alright, Sergeant Barns, take your position, you men introduce yourselves. I'll be back before the chopper arrives.

With that the lieutenant departed, leaving me alone with 3rd squad, the bulk of which sat on their helmets, and, as the ground was wet and muddy, so did I. One man stood in a nearby foxhole, heating a canteen cup which was filled with instant cocoa. The grass in the immediate area had been trampled flat by the comings and goings of men in combat boots. Scraps of trash were strewn about, and in a shallow hole, garbage burned, producing a thin, acrid smoke.

The members of 3rd squad were filthy, having worked, eaten, and slept in the mud for over a week without a bath or change of clothes. The prevailing wind was from the west, and it carried with it the scent of human defication; apparently, the hundred or so men of 'A' company had been relieving themselves in the surrounding bushes for the three days they'd spent on this hill. No one but myself seemed to notice these smells or the ripe aroma that arose from each of the squad members. After a brief round of introductions, during which I took a few snapshots of the group, we began the interview:

BD: So, what's war like?

Williams: It's fucked.

Dial: It sucks a big green 'un.

California: Numba ten, G.I.

BD: Okay, I guess I should be more specific; what do you dislike most about it?

Williams: It's fucked.

Gilkey: It's number ten.

California: It's boring as hell.

BD: Boring? Did you say 'It's boring?' I should think if anything it's exciting.

California: Oh yeah, it's exciting alright; we sit around on a hill, then we beat the bush fer half a day with sixty pounds on 'er backs, then we find another hill ta sit around on, we dig foxholes, put out 'er trips an' claymores, eat canned pigs noses an' cows asholes, and then we go to sleep about eight-a-clock. Real fuckin' exciting.

Gilkey: Yeah, an by that time yer so fuckin' tired all ya wanna do is sleep, but that's when Arty starts it's fire missions an starts lobbin rounds over yer head all night, plus ya gotta get woke up a couple times a night ta pull guard.

Weed: Dig it, an this time a year it be cole and rainin all nie long, ooo-eee! There it is. I wakes up at six A.M. fer stand-to-wit shootin pains in all my joints like I'm a ol man wit arthritis er somethin. Then we gotta fill in er foxholes an start another day jes like the las, over an over an over, ya dig?

BD: Well, but for instance, when was the last time you were shot at?

California: by Charlie er are own dudes?

BD: You mean you men shoot at one another?

Vitalli: Not if we can help it, slick, but it happens. Hell, you know man, those guys in Arty come fuckin close sometimes. I remember one time they dropped a marker round right inna middle of are N.P.D.

California: There it is! Willy-Peat everywhere, bumtrip.

Dial: Yeah, sometimes those guys down aim sa good half asleep inna middle a the night, I mean they do a good job an all tha good shit, but heck, they's firin from a long ways off, they ain't gotta make but a lill mistake at their en ta cause a big 'un at ares.

Williams: Don't mean nothin.

Gilkey: Yeah, an what bout short rounds? Them artillery rouns ain't always got as much powder in 'em as their suppose ta.

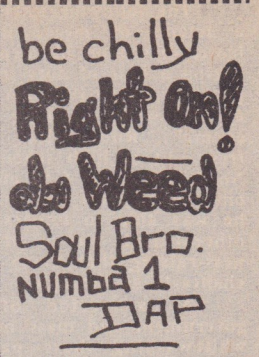
BD: Okay, okay, but when was the last time the enemy shot at you?

Williams: What enemy?

Dial: Oh, 'bout a month ago, what say, Kentuck?

Kentucky: Yeah, a month'd be bout right, that'd be the time back in Janiairy on rocket

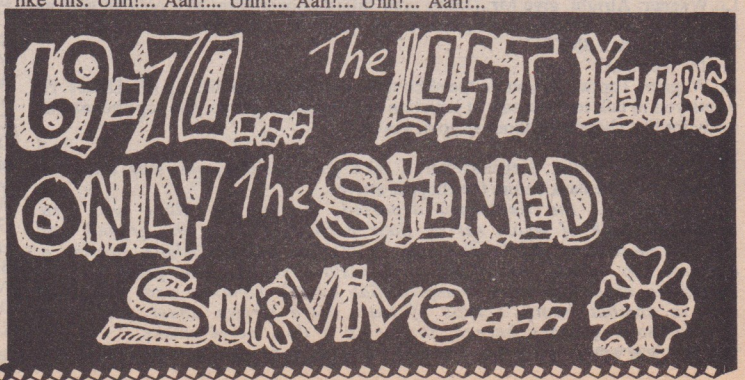
ridge... ol Charlie had are ass inna meat grinder when...
BD: Excuse me, but I'm afraid we digress.
Williams: Die-what?
BD: We're getting off track again. So listen, I'm shocked, you mean you haven't seen action for a month?
Dial: Yeah, thas right.
California: Whas amatter, you think we should be getting shot at everyday ta prove we're inna war?
Nash: You're just like all the rest, next you'll be askin how many people we've killed.
BD: Well, as a matter of fact I do have that question in my notes.
Vitalli: Fu-ck. Listen man, nobody in this squad has a confirmed kill, may have killed somebody, but who knows? Hell, most of the time you don't even know where the rounds are coming from. Like they set up a tube a klick away, lob a few rounds at cha, an by the time you've got yer shit together they've dee-dee mau'd.
Dial: They owe it ta theyselves ta dee-dee mau, cause thas when Arty brings the pee ta bear.
BD: What do you mean by that?
Vitalli: Hey, that's the whole reason we're out here, slick, ta get shot at so Arty can get a fix. Then the Big Brass back at Battalion can put a finger on the map and say "we've got contact here," then comes Arty an gunships an skyhawks an...
Moss: An Puff the Magic Dragon, Puff's bad, pissin' red, rock-steady, put Charlie's ass inna sling, Jack!
BD: Did I understand you to say the reason you're here is to draw fire?
California: You got it, how else you suppose they gonna get a chance ta use the big stuff? You think everybody in the Nam's humpin' rucks? No way, ten percent, that's it.
Weed: Thas it! Thas it! ten percent, outta a half million dudes ten percent's humpin rucks. The res all support. Now how ya gonna use tha big, expensive support if you don't even know where Charlie is? Ya dig? Ya gotta tempt em out inna open: thas where we come in.
Moss: Dig it, homes, we sorta like a goat tied to a stake inna big tiger hunt. Charlie's the tiger, airforce an Arty's the big bad hunters, an we's the goat.
Weed: Right on, brotha me, an tha stakes right inna heart a em blood suckin bastards what sen us here, there it is!
Note: at this point, Weed tapped his clenched fist to his chest, then extended it to Moss, who sat nearby. Moss repeated the gesture, then hit his fist against Weed's, then they launched into an elaborate one-potato-two-potato sort of handshake that lasted the better part of a minute. All through the handshake they muttered oaths I couldn't quite catch. None of the others took much notice of these proceedings, but as I was thoroughly intrigued, the interview stopped for moment.
Dial: A dap; soul power handshake, thas all, down mean a damn thing.
BD: Oh. Yes, sorry, never saw anything quite like it. Now where was I? Um... okay, so let me get this straight, you guys hike around until you're shot at, then support takes over and your job is through, is that right?
Weed: You got it, Slick. Well, not quite; if you call layin' inna bush wit hell rainin' down, 'job done', but hey, I call tha hazardous ta ma health.
Gilkey: An don't forget, we still gotta pull mop-up.
California: No shit, when Arty, an the gunships, an bombers are done, we get ta sweep through and kill who's left an count the bodies.
BD: You mean people actually live through the carnage you've just described?
Dial: Shit yeah! Charlie's got 'is ass dug in sa deep Arc Light cain pull'em loose, sometimes.
BD: Arc Light?
Gilkey: B-52 strike, they drop sa many bombs at once that the explosions look like the flickering blue light of an arc welder, when they pull'em it feels like a big ol giant's beatin drums on a ground.
Kentucky: Shit yeah! I saw dudes jump up an start dancin' like a buncha wile innians durin a Arc Light up onna 'D' back in October.
Chief: You mean like white boys.
California: Dig it, Chief, like white boys, ha ha!
BD: By the way, why do they call you 'Chief'?
Chief: Cause um an innian.
BD: Oh. Well, getting back to my line of questioning; while I see now that death isn't an everyday concern for you men...
Vitalli: Whatta ya mean? You think just cause we haven't hit the shit lately that you don't think about it everyday?
Weed: Dig it homes, it jus hangs there gettin heavier an heavier, sometimes I almost wish Charlie'd make his move...
Moss: Dig it brotha me, when it happens ya ain't got time ta think bout it, ya jus do wha comes natural...cee-why-ay... cover yer own fuckin ass, slick.
BD: Yes, well, as I was saying; what are your feelings on death?
Williams: I can live without it.
Weed: Ha! Dig it Willy boy, tha goes double fer da Weed.
BD: By the way, why do they call you 'Weed'?
Weed: Cause I'm tall an skinny, like all good niggas, an I do smokes ma share a da herb, Ha! There it is.
BD: Charming...well, as I was saying, do you men, who have to live with death, have any particular thoughts on the subject?
Gilkey: Well, that's about a dumb question, whatcha want us ta say, that we're scarred shitless? Ya know just cause ya think about it all the time don't mean yer sa damn fuckin scarred, ya get used ta the thing man. I mean ya can't go round scarred all day all week all month, ya'd go nuts man, shit, it don't mean nothin.
California: Yeah, an death ain't the only thing ya gotta worry about, losin a arm er a leg er a big ugly chunk a yer face is tops on my list.
Moss: Right on! They medivac ya ass sa damn fas, a wound that would a killed ya in worl war two jus leave ya ugly fer the res a yer life, an I mean ooogly!
Williams: You ain't got much ta worry bout, Moss.
Nash: Yeah, an what about gettin yer nuts shot off?
Weed: Ooo-eee! Don even say tha, Nash. Hey, if the Weed get his nuts shot off, well you might jus as well shove a grenade down ma throat cause the Weed ain skyin fer the worl missin his nuts, an thas a fac, Jim.
BD: But how are you men able to supress the fear of death and disfigurement when you're called upon to perform heroic acts?



Weed

Moss

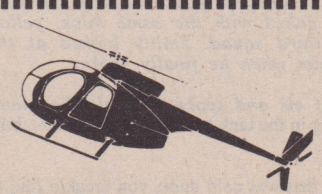
Williams: You asshole.
California: Ha! Heroic acts ain't shit, that's John Wayne horseshit.
BD: John Wayne, what's he got to do with it?
Moss: 'John Wayne' means 'fool', same ta me an California here as ta the ol man.
BD: Old man?
Nash: The company commander, Captain Durant.
Vitalli: Yeah, even the ol lifer sergeants'll call ya a John Wayne if ya fuck up.
Dial: Specially the ol lifers, they down take kinely ta ol John Wayne hisself.
BD: You mean none of you have done anything you'd call heroic during the time you've spent here?
Williams: I saw California eat a can of ham 'n limas last week.
Weed: Jus puttin up wit dis shit's herois, slick, anythin else's yer own damn business, I mean why the fuck should I risk ma black ass fer some damn honky, racist war anyway? I'm jus doin my time here like ma brothas back inna worl doin theys in slam.
Moss: Right on, brotha me.
Note: Another dap between Weed and Moss.
California: Same-same, slick, we're just convicted of being draft age, that's all, don't mean nothin.
Vitalli: Dig it, but what gives me a case of the ass is how some guys gotta do their time out here, an some guys gotta do theirsinna rear, an some guys gotta do theirs in Germany.
Gilkey: Yeah, or not at all.
Vitalli: That's right, why do some guys gotta pay fer freedom, or whatever the fuck we're doin here, an others get it fer free?
Moss: Cause freedom an justus are white mans lies, if you believe it fer a second yer a damn fool.
Vitalli: Hey, fuck you, Moss, how ya gonna show? I'm white.
BD: Do you mean to say that you men view the time you'll spend here as servitude rather than service to your country?
Weed: Right on, Jim. Hey, ya know why they call us 'Grunts'? Cause when we're humpin the bush, up an down them big ass hills, thru the thick shit, you can hear dudes up an down the line gruntin under the weight a they rucks, it souns somethin like this: Unh!... Aah!... Unh!... Aah!... Unh!... Aah!...

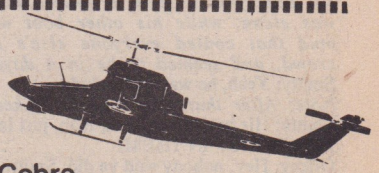


Moss: well don you know...
Weed: Thas a soun of a men, woikin on a chain... chaaain gang... ha! ha! ha!
Moss: Ha! ha! ha! Dig it homes, gimme a pound behin that, brotha me.
Note: Another dap.
Dial: Aw...Gawwad, cut the damned crap!
BD: Alright, next question; does fatalism play a role in your philosophy on life in a war zone?
Weed: Say what?
Moss: Dig it homes, Jodie's askin 'If it's in the stars, can ya change it?
Nash: Yeah, it's like, if a round's got yer name on it ya can't do a thing about it, it's the ones addressed to 'whom it may concern' that ya gotta worry about.
BD: That's exactly what I mean, I like that, that saying, it has a real macho fatalism to it.
Dial: Hey, how bout this 'un, 'We the unwillin, lead by the unqualified ta do the improbable wit little...
BD: Ah, excuse me, but we haven't the time, but thanks anyway.
Dial: Wern't nothin to it.
BD: So, persuing the idea of fatalism as a philosophy for life in a war zone, uh, let's see, uh, volunteer! That's it, what are your thoughts on volunteering for dangerous duty or whatever?
Weed: I don't volunteer fer nothin, I was drafted inta this from the get go.
Gilkey: No way.
Kentucky: I'm too short fer tha shit.
California: I don't volunteer fer nothin, you know why? Cause I hate this fuckin army an this fuckin war an if I get an arm er a leg blowed away I can jus go on hatin this mutha fer the rest a my life, but if I get an arm er a leg blowed away while I'm doin somethin I volunteered for, then I'd hate myself fer the rest a my life.
BD: Very well put. Well I guess I've covered that subject in depth, now for...
Gilkey: Hey but, ya know, this thing about "fatalism" or what ever ya call it, that "to whom it may concern," an all, it bugs me because I've got this buddy over in 161 tracks, and he told me about this dude that went thru a whole year of this shit, got the bronze star, the silver star, saw boo-coo buddies blowed away, and didn't get a scratch. He skyed for the world with a big grin on his face and a week after he DEROSed he brought it onna freeway down in L.A.

California

Kentucky: Hale, I hurd bout a dude what din get tha far, he got hisself runned down by a car jusa crossin a damned street outta a base where he ETSed, thar tis.
Nash: I heard that story too.
BD: Yes, well that's very interesting, but now on to the next question: what do you feel are our chances of winning this war?
Williams: Anybody got a sugar I could borrow?
Weed: Da Weed'll win this war single hand, soons ma boot touch ground back inna worl, there it is.
Williams: Thanks Kentucky.
California: Dig it, war's won fer me soons I drag ma happy ass off that freedom bird, there it is.
Note: California instigates a dap with Weed.
Vitalli: This war is over, slick, ended at Khe Sanh an the Tet Offensive back in '68. We're just markin time till the politicians in Paris can figure out what shape table they're gonna sit at; how they gonna show? We're eatin dirt and they're arguing bout the shape a damn table, hell, make it round I say, and get my ass outta here.
Gilkey: Fuck! Old Kiss-ass-enger an Tricky Dick just gonna let our ass rot, there it is, it don't mean nothin.
BD: But they are pulling you guys out, slowly. I was informed that your numbers are down to about 450,000 from a peak of 550,000.
Nash: Shit, they ain't pullin no one out, they're just taking the colors home, that's all.
BD: What do you mean?
Nash: Hell, there's a number of guys in this company who were serving with the Electric Strawberry down south in Four Corps. They pulled that unit out about a month ago, the colors went home along with guys who were so short they were ready to DEROS anyway. The rest of them got reassigned to other units. They're just not bringing replacements over as fast as they used to, that's all.
BD: So winding the war down isn't affecting the length of your tour of duty?
California: Dig it, I'm still hoping for a drop, but bigger than shit, I'll do my year an they'll still be arguing bout the shape a the fuckin table, it don't mean a fuckin thing.
Vitalli: Yeah, an gettin back ta what you were askin bout heroics an all, what if they do decide ta end the war, say tomorrow, now who the fuck wants ta be the last mutha killed inna war that's over?
Note: Several members of third squad say "there it is" or "it don't mean nothing", and several daps break out, stopping the interview for a minute.
BD: Okay, okay, we have to move on. I haven't much time before the chopper comes out to pick me up. Now let's see, oh yes: is racism prevalent among your ranks, and if so, does it present a problem?
Weed: Ain no problem fer me, slick.
Vitalli: More inna rear than out here inna bush.
Dial: Yeah, every now an then some crazy soul brother goes crazy an starts shootin up houches back at Quan Tri er L.Z. Sharon.
Weed: Crazy! Tha bro's fightin fer liberation from yo honky muthas, an thas a fac! There it is.
Note: Dap between Weed and Moss.
BD: So there is racism, but it's stronger in the base camps than among the field troops?
Dial: Uh-huh, them remf's all fucked up.
BD: Remf's?
Gilkey: Yeah, remf's: R-E-M-F, rear echelon mutha fuckers.
Williams: Clerks n' jerks.
BD: Oh, so while we're on the subject, by looking around, it seems there are a larger percentage of blacks here than are representative of their numbers in the general population.
Weed: Thas it! Thas it! There it is!
California: Yeah, well if ya just wanna count skins yer right, but what percentage of the general population is white working class? If you count that up and count our numbers here, you'll see we're over-represented too, slick. It's you rich college boys that are under-represented, there it is.
BD: Hmmm, never thought of it that way.
Williams: It's cause you're a racist.
BD: Okay, moving right along, Dial, you mentioned that occasionally someone would "shoot up hooches". Now I've heard that over the last year there's been a marked increase in the incidence of "fragging" of officers and NCO's. Can any of you substantiate this?
Vitalli: Sure man, our top was fragged, just got outta the hospital last week. It happened about a month ago while we were out in A.O. Green. Someone figured they owed it ta their self ta frag Top as he was comin outta the latrine one night.
Dial: An you know who that someone was: Vince Buker.
California: Ah, shit, they ain't got shit on Big Vince.
Kentucky: They sure the hale has, found the spoon handle wit his finger prince on it, thar 'tiss.
BD: Wait a minute, what's this all about?
Moss: S'like this, toward the en a January, while we's humpin A.O. Green, Vince...
BD: Who's this Vince?
Moss: He's the king pin a the White-heads, biggest dude in this company, s'lomgshoreman from L.A., big muther, an a cool dude too. Ran second platoon unner a nose a that faggot 2-6, there it is. Now Vince got hisself a sham fer a ear infection, got hisself sen in tasee battalion medic an while he's inna rear he breaks his own rule: no deisel fuel...ya dig?
California: That ain't true, Vince never touches deisel fuel.
Moss: Hey slick, ma homes, Soul Brotha Walters was wit him that nie. Anyways Vince got hisself dinky-dou ta the max an the same nie Tops gets hisself fragged fer a big ass comin out the shitter. Now nobody saw nobody, an I ain sayin who did it, but S-5 says they got the spoon handle from the grenade an it has Vince's prince on it, there it is. Big Vince been shammin down in Long Bihn jail eveh since, don't mean a damn thang, cept maybe Vince got hisself one hellava sham, there it is.
BD: So your First Sergeant was fragged, that sounds pretty serious. What do you think caused Vince, or whoever did it, to do it?
Weed: Sheee, Top's been ridin Vince's ass fer long's I been inna war. Vince run 2nd platoon, slick, everybody know that. That faggoty lil 2-6 cain get nobody ta do shit wit out Vince be givin the word. Faggoty lil 2-6 complain ta Top an Top be jumpin dead in Vince's shit every chance he get. Ma man Vince don be takin shit from nobody, jus like a Weed, there it is.
BD: So, as I understand it, the chain of command seems to have broken down. It sounds almost like, well, mutiny.
California: Mutiny, shit. Just tryin ta get through this thing in one piece, owe it to ourselves. How'd you like some ol lifer ridin yer ass everyday, all day, lookin over yer shoulder and jumpin in yer shit everytime ya turn around? Hell, I almost fired up a colonel's Loach one day. I was just sittin out on O.P. one afternoon an in comes this colonel's Loach. It was getting ready ta land on our L.Z. I took aim on it and figured I could fire it up, they spray a few rounds inna bush an blame it on Charley, nothin to it. But at the last minute I figured I'd never get away with it.
BD: But...that would be murder.
California: Murder? Shit! Murder's the name of this game, slick. Ya know what 3-6 an Sargeant Sikes pulled on me? I walk point fer this squad, see, an last December we


Loach


Cobra-gunship

were pullin an operation out in the west inna national forest, big ass hills an nothin but thick shit. We were pullin patrols everyday on tank trails cause it was so damn steep and thick couldn't move no other way. Now two days inna row, once with 3-6 and once with Sergeant Sikes, they walked me into the rear element of another patrol! Both times I get this feelin that there's another patrol up round the next bend inna trail, an both times I says to the Lt. er Sikes, "Hey, I think there's another patrol up ahead, get me a sit-rep onna radio", an both times they says ta me, "Ah, yer jus hearin echoes, California, there's no one up there, press on G.I.". So I press on an soons I round the next bend, bigger than shit, "click! click!", I got two dudes with M-16's pointin at my ass on full rock 'n' roll, ready ta fire my ass up. Fuckin Lt. wants ta get my shit blowed away, there it is.

BD: But couldn't that just have been a mistake?

California: Two days inna row? Comon man, I ain't buyin that shit. From that day on my ass's been covered, I ain't trustin my ass ta no lifer, there it is.

BD: Guess you "owe it to yourself", huh?

California: Dig it.

BD: So, if what you say is true, this "fragging" business is a two-way street.

Moss: There it is, but there's a lot more of us than there is of them, he! he!

Vitalli: Yeah, officers better have their shit together when we hit the shit, anything can happen.

BD: But you men wouldn't purposely shot an officer during a fire fight. I mean, that doesn't make sense. He is on your side, after all.

Moss: Dig it, don make sense, but allotta things don make sense. Say yer tricky-trottin down some jungle trail an Charley puts yer ass inna a worl a hurt, now you gonna be all pumped up, I cain guarantee you that, an when a man's all pumped up he's actin on instinct, not on what makes sense. Now maybe his inctincts tells him the Lt. ill help save his ass, but maybe, dependin on how that Lt. been actin inna past, his instincts tells him that Lt's gonna cost im his ass. Man may not even think about it fore he finds hisself shootin up his own Lt., who knows.

BD: You mean that men, in a combat situation, might subconsciously want to kill a lieutenant or sergeant who they feel threatens their existence and act on that subconscious desire before their conscious mind can stop them?

Moss: Ummm, maybe somethin like that.

Dial: Ah, shit! These guys is fulla shit. Mister, they's just tryin ta scare ya er some damn shit, that's all. Ain nobody in this company eveh shot no officer er sergeant.

Note: At this point the interview broke down into a mass of petty bickering, daps, head wagging and all manner of agitated disruption which took me quite a while to settle down. What really stopped it was a cold rain that blew up from the east and sent everyone scurrying for their rubber rain jackets, including me. I found it quite uncomfortable to sit in the rain, but as there was no shelter available I could see no alternative and the interview continued in the rain.

BD:Getting a little wet out here, huh? Oh well, next question: There are a lot of people in the U.S....

Gilkey: You mean "back inna world."

BD: Uh, yes, there are a lot of people 'back in the world' that are behind you men one-hundred percent in this thing. What do you have to say to them?

Moss: Tee-Cee yer own damn Bee.

Williams: Get in front of us, one-hundred percent.

California: Yeah, that'd be more like it, they owe it ta their gung-ho selves ya put their ass on the line. It gives me one fuck of a case of the ass ta think bout all those John Waynes back inna world yellin bout "send the marines in here", an bomb em over there", an "land the troops over here," an where the fuck are they? Sittin on their fat asses watchin football.

BD: Well, a lot of them do watch news coverage of you men over here.

California: Sorry bout that shit! I'd like ta see them humpin the bush with us.

Vitalli: Instead of us.

Moss: Yeah, and spend the night inna foxhole up ta they ass in mud, Jack!

Weed: Sure, and you know, they owe it ta they gung-ho self ta come unner fire, if they think it's so mutha fuckin cool. Hey, check it out, big ass John Wayne dude and the fat ass missus, sittin up ta they fat ass in mud wit hell rainin down an they cryin an beggin fer they mamma er the bearded bastard inna sky ta save they lame ass...Ha! See how fas they beggin fer a early-out!

Gilkey: There it is. I'd like ta see John Wayne himself here, cryin, "King X", and "Stop the cameras", and all that good bullshit.

Note: Much laughter and frivolity and at least five people say, "There it is."

Williams: He made a couple a good movies.

Vitalli: Williams, shut the fuck up an give me a sip a that cocoa.

BD: Well, I must say you gentlemen sound rather bitter. My next question is: have any of you men lost friends while over here?

Dial: Yeah, I have.

Williams: Sure, that card cheat, Miles, over in second platoon, he's no friend of mine anymore. SSSlurp! Aaah.

Nash: Smitty did, hell we all did, Streetmaker was a cool dude.

Note: At this statement the crowd fell silent and all turned to Smitty, except for Weed, who said, "How ya gonna show", then winced as though in pain and turned to look out over the surrounding bush. Smitty was a small man who seemed to be very young. So far he'd remained aloof of the interview. He sat, absentmindedly cleaning his left boot with a stick. I noticed that the boot he poked at with the stick was clean, while his other boot was caked with the same thick, yellow mud that coated everyone else's in third squad. Smitty looked at the crowd, and seemed to be in a daydream when he finally spoke.

Smitty: Yeah, he was a cool dude.

Note: After that statement he looked at me and spoke in a pleading tone.

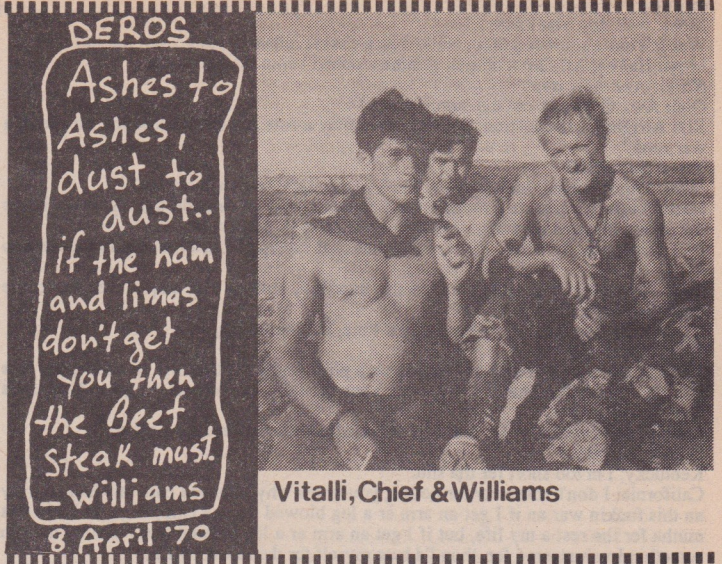
Smitty: His brains were flat, man, just laying in the tank trail, flat as an omelet, but I DIDN'T STEP IN THEM!

Gilkey: Hey, nobody said ya did, Smitty.

Weed: Calm down, calm down. Hey Nash, that was cold dude, you breakin foul on ma man Smitty.

Nash: Shit, this dude asked the question.

Williams: Section-eight, ssslurp! Aaah.



Vitalli, Chief & Williams

BD: Okay, okay, next question (I sensed it was time to move on): you've expressed, if I understand you, some disdain for hawks and big brass...

Williams: Numba ten.

BD: But how do you feel about doves?

Williams: They taste like liver.

BD: No, no, I mean how do you feel about members of the peace movement, the conscientious objectors?

Gilkey: At least they're tryin ta get us outta here.

Weed: Outta here shit! They're tryin ta keep they own lame ass outta here.

Kentucky: An doin a purtty good job a it, I know.

California: Sure, college deferments, notes from daddy's doctor, all else fails, take a vacation ta Canada er Switzerland.

BD: I believe it's Sweden.

California: Yeah, what's the difference? Drink beer an pile blonds, yer conscious gotta be objectin somethin fearse ta put up with that rough duty, there it is.

Vitalli: You got it, conscious is it. All them college students feel guilty cause it's them an their families that are getin over on the war so they protest ta ease their objectin consciouses, an if that ain't a ration a shit, they blame us fer killin people. What the fuck would they do if they were thrown inna crock a shit? I don't know what they'd do, but I'll tell ya what I do; I tread shit ta keep ma face outta it.

Weed: Right on, homes, did I eveh tell you yo smart fo a white boy? Gimme a poun, brotha me.

Note: At this point Weed instigated a dap with Vitalli.

BD: So, what's your sex life like?

Nash: What sex life?

California: Rosie Palm an her five sisters.

Weed: Cock books an a sweet smellin letter from home, there it is.

BD: But what about prostitutes or local girls?

California: What local girls, slick? This is a free fire zone, there ain't no girls or civilians fer a hundred klicks around, cept you maybe.

BD: Huh! well, for instance, when was the last time you had sexual intercourse?

Note: Lots of snickering, arm punching, accusations, and outright laughter.

Vitalli: Yeah, California, when was the last time you got yer dick wet with somethin other than yer own spit? Ha! Ha!

California: Shit! Last time I was back inna world, about five months ago.

Kentucky: Hale, twas las month when I's on RandR fer me.

Gilkey: Hell, I knocked off a little last time we were in the rear, bout two weeks ago.

Vitalli: Yeah, a little blow job from some toothless old mamasan, ya mean, there it is.

Gilkey: Ah, fuckyou Vitalli, I met me a nice little babysan, chop-chop co-lome, boom-boom, and all that good shit. I owed it to myself, there it is.

Vitalli: Oh bite me, you douchbag.

Williams: Hey, it stopped raining.

BD: Let's see, uh, drugs, yes, do you men use drugs?

Note: Again, arm punching, accusations, laughter.

Vitalli: Sure, what else is there ta do?

California: Go fer whatcha know, get yer head bad.

Dial: No way, not me.

Vitalli: Yeah, no way, not you, but I see you sluggin down the diesel fuel with yer juice head homies when we're in on stand-down.

Dial: Hale, beer ain drugs.

Vitalli: It is too, you scumbag.

Dial: Ain so.

BD: Wait, wait, what's all this talk about diesel fuel?

Dial: Oh, thas jus whathe white Heads calls beer, alls they wanna do is smoke their damn dope.

Weed: Thas it! Thas it! Soul Brothas too, we owe it ta areselves. There it is.

BD: What's a white head?

California: It's like this whole company, hell, probably the whole Nam's broke down into groups er gangs er what ever ya wanna call em: the White Heads, the Soul Brothers, the Juicers, an the Lifers. We White Heads an the Soul Brothers party with herb, the Juicers an the Lifers party with diesel fuel.

Dial: Oh, fuck ya California, ya damn smart ass.

California: Well, say it ain't so. But, hey, I don't get high inna bush, not much anyway, makes me paranoid and I'm paranoid enough what with always waitin fer Charlie ta make his move an all.

Weed: Yeah, I won't be gettin high inna bush much either, but when we go in fer stand-down, watch it, Jim, I am da Weed!
BD: So, mostly you men don't use drugs in the field.
Vitalli: No, but them guys over in 2nd platoon do, whew! They're gettin high all day, every day. Last night, I woke up fer my second guard, about 3 AM, and I could smell the herb burnin over at 2nd platoon. I mean, it was rainin fer a big ass an I could still smell the herb, an they're bout four er five foxholes down the perimeter.
BD: Well, what drugs do you use?
Williams: What's this guy, a SID?
Moss: Herb, mostly. Sometimes OJ's. Some dudes drink Obeistol.
BD: Obeistol?
Moss: Vietnamese fat medicine, like diet pills, only it's liquid. Comes inna bottle with a picture of a fat Vietnamese dude on it, if you can dig that, a fat Vietnamese dude, it's speed, man, liquid speed.
BD: What about heroin?
California: No. That's mostly dudes inna rear, remf's are big on heroin, an morphine an acid.
BD: Un-huh. But aren't you men, the ones that do use drugs anyway, afraid of gettting caught?
Williams: Why?
Weed: What they gonna do, slick?
BD: Well, that's what I'm asking you; if a sergeant or an officer caught you, smoking a joint say, what would happen? I mean, what would they do to discipline you?
Vitalli: And that's what we're askin you, slick, what would they do? Sen us to the Nam? Make us hump the bush? It don't mean nothin, there it is.
BD: Oh. I guess I see your point. But couldn't they....

Note: At this point. the interview was interrupted by a small noise that sounded like, "poof!" All heads turned to the top of the hill where the noise came from. Every member of 3rd squad turned to stone for a split second, then exploded into action. Like crabs on a beach they disappeared into foxholes, screaming, "INCOMING! INCOMING!" Sensing something was up, I sprang into action and landed with a "thud" in a foxhole that contained Nash. Hunkering down in the hole, I switched off my tape recorder and began arranging my notes. Nash looked at me with disbelief, then yelled, "You're not even scared, you asshole!" His comment made me self conscious, so I jammed the wad of notes into the baggy thigh pocket on my jungle fatigues and tried to concentrate on our current problem. In the distance, I heard a "Thunk!...Thunk!...Thunk!...Thunk!...Thunk!... Thunk!" It sounded like someone was striking a large cardboard tube across the botttom, not very threatening at all, really. With each "Thunk!", every man on the hill counted out loud, "One!...Two!...Three!...", etc. With each successive numeral, their collective voice hit a higher, more terrified pitch.

Nash turned to me and explained excitedly, "We counted six going up, they won't pop another off until those in the air have fallen, then they'll adjust their fire and pop off another volley. When those six rounds that are up there now start hitting the ground, we'll count em off as they explode, when we reach "six", run for your life."

It was the first time I had heard that old line "Run for your life," when it was meant to be taken seriously. I hunkered down and readied myself for the work at hand. Out of a dead silence, I soon heard a hissing noise which grew in volume, then exploded, "poof", "One!". It was followed by another, "Hissss...Poof!", "two!", and another, "HISSSS...POOF!". "THREE!", "MEDIC!MEDIC!MEDIC!", someone screamed. "HISS...BOOM! "FOUR!". Dirt rained into our hole. "They seem to be getting closer" I mentioned to Nash. He, writhing in terror, replied, "They're walkin the sonovabitch over the hill, they'll walk it right inna our hole!" "FIVE", "hiss ... poof", "SIX", and we leaped from the hole, running for our lives.

Nash moved a good deal quicker than I, and I soon found myself running at a rapid clip down hill by myself, not knowing where I was headed other than off of the hill. "A" company was in a state of confusion. In the background, I could hear the mortar tube thunking at a merciless rate, but with all the confusion and echos from the surrounding hills and ravines, I had no idea from what direction the sound was coming. Someone ran by me with a radio, yelling into the hand set, "...Alpha-six, request dust-off, poppin red smoke at our..." Men screamed commands in all directions, "...off the hill, 2nd platoon, off the god damn hill!"... "hurry doc, hurry, Smitty's going to buy it, it's suckin like crazy doc, hurry.....". Another radio man crouched in the bushed, as I ran past him, I heard him say, "Eight-seven alpha...requesting fire mission...". I kept running.

I reached the bottom of the hill, and not knowing what my next move should be, I froze in place for what seemed like a long time, trying to make some sense of the confusion about me. One thing was clear; everyone was alot more concerned than I about our situation and that troubled me.

It was during this moment of self-doubt that a white cloud exploded overhead with a sound like a Chinese gong which echoed over the chaos below like the announced coming of God. I took this as a cue and resumed my aimless run, tripping over bushes and anything else that got in my way, when up ahead I spied a group of soldiers huddling together. The idea of "safety in numbers" struck me as a good one under the circumstances, so I headed for the group. As I ran, an old sergeant who stood nearby yelled "BREAK UP THAT CLUSTER-FUCK!" Then turning, he spotted me and tackled me. We landed in a heap on the ground. I looked up in time to see an explosion erupt in the middle of the group I was intent upon joining. Little red sparks flew out, two men were thrown up in the air, and the rest fell back from the blast. A second later a mangled finger flopped to the ground three feet from my face and laid like a bloody sausage in the yellow mud.

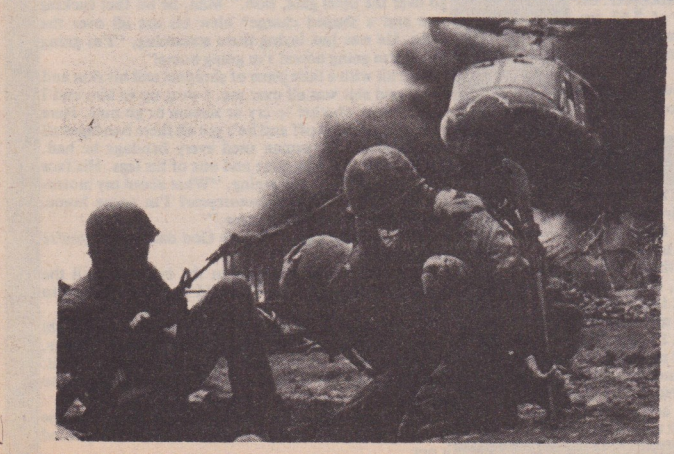
Finally, the reality of the situation hit home.With my gut clenched into a knot of terror, I leaped to my feet, stopping only long enough to jettison my rifle, ruck-sack, and helmet. Then, with the gland at the base of my brain pumping adrenalin into my system in a manner reminiscent of orgasm, I began to bring my knees up to my chest in rapid rotation. Pushing the earth away from myself with strong, steady thrusts I flew over the battle field at a rate that would have impressed a professional athlete. My next move seemed only too obvious as I threw my head back and sprinted for the horizon. In the distance I heard a kaboom!boom!boom!boom! To my right I saw a helicopter landing in a cloud of red smoke. I checked my direction and headed for the craft. When I reached it, the lieutenant who'd first met me when I'd arrived was supervising the loading of dead and wounded. I ran up to him and, recognizing me he yelled, "Get on the damn thing, NOW!!", and then took off in a dead run. I hesitated for a split second, thinking I might be missing a great chance to get some first hand information about war, but four large projectiles, sounding like an airborne freight train slammed into a hill several hundred yards away with a thunderous "KABOOM!BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!". The ground shook and a large, jagged chunk of steel fell smoking at my feet. I hopped on the chopper just as the engine was reaching full speed. Next to me a soldier with blood dripping from a hastily bandaged forehead moaned. The chopper lifted off, slowly, with machine guns blazing from left and right door gunners. I couldn't see what they were shooting at, and I don't think they could, either.

I looked down as the ground shrank below. Tiny men ran in all directions. I saw what looked like members of 3rd squad. They were carrying a body in a poncho, holding each corner as though they were folding a blanket. They were heading for an idling chopper which had landed a moment before. Just before they reached it, it exploded in flames. I saw them drop the body and run for their lives. What happened after that, I don't know because we lifted higher into the air and banked hard to the south-east.

When we leveled out again, I saw three shark-shaped helocopters, all heavily armed, race by heading for the carnage in progress. I turned to the soldier with the bandaged forehead and yelled over the roar of the engine, "That was a fuckin' meat grinder, wasn't it?" He grimaced, but said nothing. "I bet them gunships 'ill put 'ol Charlie's ass inna sling, hey?" I yelled. Still no reply other than a hollow stare. "God, that was exciting!" I thought, still trembling with my adrenalin high.

Looking up through the windshield of the chopper I saw an ugly brown smudge on the horizon; the base camp at Quan Tri. A wave of exhiliration washed over me as I contemplated puting my experience on paper. "I certainly got more than I bargained for " I thought. But I really hadn't. On the chopper ride out I had presumed that my landing on the battle field would be met with heated enemy fire that would continue, unabated throughout my stay. But, in fact, the bulk of the time had been quite uneventful, and if the men of the 3rd squad could be believed (about which I was beginning to have my doubts), it was only by sheer luck that I encountered enemy fire at all. But that didn't matter now, now that I had the experience that other men could only wonder about.An account of that experience would earn me a tidy bonus, that was certain. But even more importantly, with that rare experience under my belt, I was only one of a handful of men in the world with the knowledge and ability to write a really authentic account of war. "I'll show 'em, I'll tell it like it really is; I owe it to myself" I thought.

Then I turned my attention to the growing brown smudge on the horizon; Quan Tri base camp, a place I was now anxious to get as I knew there waited for me a cold beer, a hot meal, and a soft cot, all of which I felt I had earned; there it is. ☮



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BRINGING IT BACK HOME

by Dogtowne

While there are volumes giving facts and figures on the Vietnam War concerning the Tet Offensive, the bombing of Cambodia, and other tactical operations, none of these really have a tendency to bring the war back home. It doesn't personalize the body counts or enlighten the reader to the general atrocity of wasted human lives on both sides of the war.

What I hope to do with this list of books is to give another view, a view of the survivors describing the horror of war on a more immediate, personal level.

Writing about the ordeals of war isn't all that new. Dalton Trumbo had his novel about a World War I survivor published is 1939. Johnny Got His Gun was hailed all over the world as a shockingly real and moving protest against any war.

Historian and journalist Gwynne Dyer has followed up his insightful and horrifying PBS documentary "War" with a companion book of the same name.

Some other worthy books on the subject include:

Dispatches by Michael Herr (Avon)
Vietnam: A History by Stanley Karnow (Viking)
The Killing Zone by Fredrick Downd (Norton)
GIs Speak out Against the War by Fred Halstead (Pathfinder)
Charlie Company by Peter Goldman and Tony Fuller (Ballantine)
Brother: Black Soldiers in the Nam by Goff, Stanferd, and Smith (Presidio)
My Lai 4 by Seymour M. Hersh (Vintage)
Vietnam: The Valor and the Sorrow by Thomas Boettcher
Vietnam: The Unforgettable Tragedy by Joeseph Buttinger (Horizon)
Vietnam: The Unheard Voices by Don Luce and John Summer (Cornell U. Press)
Vietnam: Inside Story of the Guerilla War by Wilfred Burchett (International)
Vietnam: Search and Destroy by Gordon Baxter (Cleveland World Press)
War of the Innocents by Charles Bracelen Flood (McGraw Hill)
Chickenhawk by Robert Mason (Penguin)
Tim Page's Nam by Tim Page (Knopf)
GI Diary by Deavid Parks (Harper and Row)
War by Gwynne Dyer (Crown)
Johnny Got His Gun by Dalton Trumbo (Bantam)
Dear America: Letters Home form Vietnam (Norton)

Still, one of the most vivid and shocking is the book by Mark Baker, Nam. Baker had received college deferment but still wanted to know what went on in the minds of the Vietnam vets. He interviewed many men and women who had survived and collected some pretty incredible stories. Here are a few excerpts:

That first patrol we went to where some Marines had ambushed a bunch of Viet Cong. They had me moving dead bodies, VC and NVA. Push this body here out of the way. Flip a body over. See people's guts and heads half blown off. I was throwing up all over the place.

"Keep doing it. Drag this body over there."

"For what?"

"You're going to get used to death before you get in a fire fight and get us all killed. You're a gunner and gunners can't panic on us."

That first time everything just kept coming up. Scared to begin with, then all of a sudden I'm looking at this shit. I moved some more bodies and after a while I stopped throwing up. But I wasn't too happy about the whole situation.

They noticed that I wasn't throwing up no more and they gave me about a ten-minute rest. They're laughing and joking. They found a lot of funny shit to talk about.

Next, I had to kick one dead body in the side of the head until part of his brain started coming out of the other side. I said, "I just moved a dead body. What are y'all telling me?" The logic, I didn't see it then. I understood it later. At the time I thought, "These fuckers been up here too long. They are all insane." I'm going through my changes and the rest of these guys are laughing.

"Kick it," they said. "You are starting to feel what it is like to kill. That man is dead, but in your mind you're killing him again. Man, it ain't no big thing. Look-a-here." And they threw some bodies off the cliff and shit.

"Go ahead. Pick one up and throw it off. But when you can kick his brains out, you'll know what it is when they say to kick out someone's brains. And you can say, in your life that you have personally kicked somebody's brains out. So . . . Kick." They meant it. The chant started, "Kick . . . Kick . . . Kick."

Here I am just barely touching this clown's head with the toe of my boot. "Kick. Kick. Kick." Then all of a sudden all I'm hearing is, "Kick, kick, kick!" Louder and louder. If you don't kick, they'll get you and they'll kill you. So kick." I'm looking down and "Kick, kick, kick," is drumming in my head.

I'm kicking now. I'm kicking and I'm kicking and all of a sudden, the brains start coming out the other side. Oh shit. I thought I was going to die when I saw what I was actually doing. I thought I was going to die. I started throwing up again, but there was nothing left to bring up. I'm dry heaving. God, it was killing me. I kept trying to drink some water so I could bring that back up. Didn't do me no good.

There was a tremendous explosion. Weird. No warning, nothing. One second I was leaning forward, the next there's this loud noise and the world was gone.

When I opened my eyes, I realized that I wasn't dead. Carver's chest was torn away, clean as a whistle, but his spinal column was intact. His head was still on top of the spine. It was bowed over backwards, kind of bobbing there with his eyes open, weaving in front of me. His left arm and shoulder were in my lap.

Blake and his door were picked up and thrown out about ten feet away from the helicopter. He wound up standing on his feet going, "What? What happened?"

Tyler just had one side of his face wiped away. He was a mess. Part of his arm—thumb, forearm from up to the bicep was cut down to the bone—all of that was gone.

I didn't even realize that the door on the other side of the helicopter was just gone. I was panicked, because I could see fire all around. That was the solid propellant from the rocket burning. I didn't want to be in the helicopter when the fuel cell exploded. I didn't want to burn to death. My door was jammed on its tracks. So I was beating on the door, thinking I was trapped. My door wasn't about to be opened. I was clawing at it. Crazy. Finally—I don't know how—all of a sudden, it just fell off.

I did this flying spasm to get out of the helicopter. But an ammunition can with 1,500 rounds of 7.62 ammunition in it had been picked up and bounced around and was wedged on my foot. So there were a few more minutes of panic getting that thing loose.

I got out and kind of wandered off down the active runway. It was still raining. I just limped away in a state of shock. I was deafened.

It turned into a turkey shoot. They were defenseless. There were three or four light fire teams working the area. Hundreds of people were being mowed down. Bodies were floating in the water. Insane.

I was in there with the best of them. Blowing people off the boats, out of the paddies, down from the trees for Chrissake. Blood lust. I can't think of a better way to describe it. Caught up in the moment. I remember thinking this insane thought, that I'm God and retribution is here, now, in the form of my machine gun and the Miniguns that I take care of and the rockets that we are firing. It was a slaughter. No better than lining people up on the edge of a ditch and shooting them in the back of the head. I was doing it enthusiastically.

I don't understand when they talk about taking prisoners and stuff. We didn't go through that nonsense. I used to shoot them. We'd stand them up against the wall, put a gun to his head and say, "Talk. If you don't talk, we're going to pull the trigger." Or they take the man's wife or daughter and screw his daughter in front of him. And made him talk. If he didn't talk, they would shoot the woman. Then shoot him. Taking a life was nothing. It was customary.

After a week or two we more or less controlled Saigon. It was back in the hands of the American forces. They still had action. You'd walk by an area and they would throw a grenade at you. That was common practice. You got used to it. They would snipe at you. You expected that. It was like a fly coming in and landing on your ear—you flick it off.

We gathered up a hundred bodies that day, shot. Not only my unit, but the various units there. It looked to be about a hundred bodies. We had a thing in the Nam. We used to cut their ears off. We had a trophy. If a guy would have a necklace of ears, he was a good killer, a good trooper. It was encouraged to cut ears off, to cut the nose off, to cut the guy's penis off. A female, you cut her breast off. It was encouraged to do these things. The officers expected you to do it or something was wrong with you.

Bobby had always told me from when I first met him, "Don't go through an open gate, don't do it." I was hopping over the fence just getting ready to say, "Don't go over the open gate, Bob." Man, he hit that fucking gate and a shaped charge• blew his ass all over the place. He was just laying there screaming, "I'm going home! I'm going home! I'm going home!"

I got hit with a little piece of shrapnel and his skin and blood and shit was all over me. I went up to him and I didn't know whether to cry or scream or go nuts. Here he is being carried off and he's got all these bandages all over him—the corpsman used every bandage he had. His fucking foot was gone and one of his legs. His face is all black and he's screaming, "What about my motorcycle? What about my motorcycle? I'm going home. I'm finally fucking going home."

The corpsman says, "You're God damn right you're going home."

He stayed awake like that in the hospital until the next afternoon. Then he died. I'd have just wanted to die.

We had to pick up his stuff. His canteens, you could shake them and hear the shrapnel rattling around inside. You pour it out and there's blood and water all in it. Couldn't find his helmet and his rifle. Just blown to shit. His cartridge belt was ripped in half.

But his canteen, you could shake it and hear the shrapnel sounds. Blood come out of it when you poured it out.

We were running security on a road in a free-fire zone. In Vietnam you had a friendly zone and you had a free-fire zone. Anything that crossed into the free-fire zone was fair game. Any gook—woman, man, boy, girl—it was game to you. Anybody come along with a cart or just walking and we would go through their stuff.

We was in the field twenty days or so. Up in the depots in the rear they got steaks. We didn't get steaks. We ate mainly C-rations, lousy C-rations and dry things that came out of cans.

These gooks are riding by in a Lambretta, which is like a motorbike except you sit people in the back. We say, "Hey, let's stop these gooks." So we came out of the bush and we pulled them over to the side.

"What you got there? Hey, you VC? What do you got?" It was a baby-san and a papa-san. I guess she was a teenager, maybe about fifteen or sixteen. The papa-san was forty, a mature man.

They had a can of pears! American pears in a big green can marked with a big U.S. on it in large print. We say, "Isn't this some shit. Here we are in the field, we don't know what pears is. They got pears! And *we* don't have pears." I'll never forget the guys' faces in the unit from the GIs up to the captain. We are shit in the field, and the guys in the rear have given these gooks pears, man.

Right away a guy took a bayonet and he opened up the pears. We're fighting, literally fighting, to eat pears. Food! It wasn't fresh. but it was something other than the shit they put together chemically and pressed into a can. It was like the man brought me steak and potatoes and I was back in my mother's house eating Sunday dinner.

Most of the guys didn't get any pears. I got a few pears and I got to drink the juice in the can. So we turned around and we said, "Hey, ain't this something? These gooks is riding around with pears. How did you get pears?"

"GI give them to me." He worked in a mess hall back in the rear somewhere.

"The GIs gave you pears? Oh, yeah? For that, we're going to screw your daughter." So we went running, taking the daughter. She was crying. I think she was a virgin. We pulled her pants down and put a gun to her head.

Guys are taking turns screwing her. It was like an animal pack. "Hey, he's taking too long to screw her." Nobody was turning their back or nothing. We just stood on line and we screwed her.

I was taking her body by force. Guys were standing over her with rifles, while I was screwing her. She says, "Why are you doing this to me? Why?" Some of the gooks could talk very good. "Hey, you're black, why are you doing this to me?"

We turned back to the father and we said, "So you got pears. GIs are nice enough to give them to you." All the Vietnamese carried this ID card. Big old plastic ID card with a picture on it that says that they are okay in the Republic of Vietnam. So we ripped up the ID card. "Hey, we got a VC here, fellas. A VC stealing government stuff, huh? So you must be an infiltrator." We shot him.

As I said we was in that *free-fire zone*. We just started pumping rounds into him until the guy just busts open. He didn't have a face anymore.

Baby-san, she was crying. So a guy just put a rifle to her head and pulled the trigger just to put her out of the picture. Then we start pumping her with rounds. After we got finished shooting her, we start kicking them and stomping on them.

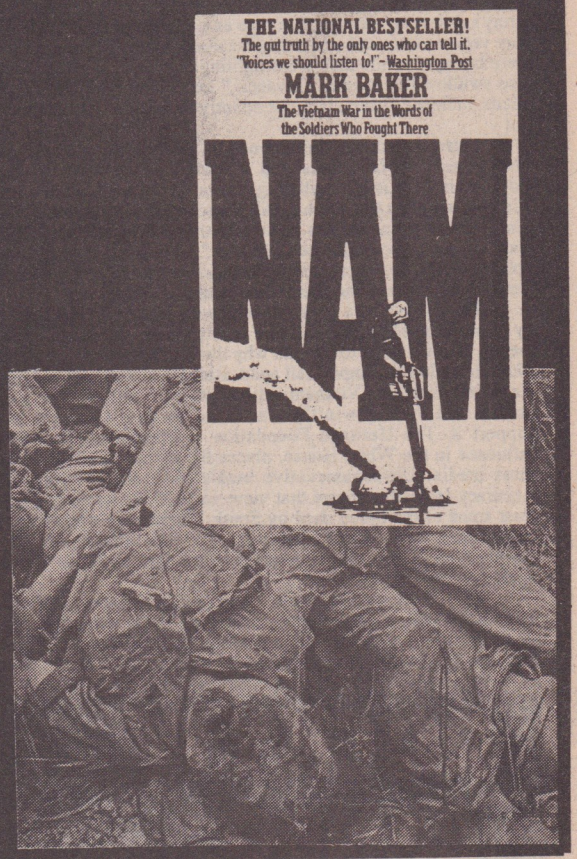
We threw those hundred bodies in the Saigon River that flows through Cho Lon. It was such a problem. So many VCs was killed that it clogged up the river so that the Navy complained to the Army about throwing bodies in the river. They didn't say, "Why didn't you bury them?" The Navy was complaining because the patrol boats would get tangled up with the bodies. Somehow the propeller would get caught on an arm or a leg. You got three or four bodies fall into a propeller, it can really mess up a boat.

All this came down and the Army command unit told us to go pull the bodies out. So we had to go back down to the Saigon River and pull the bodies out. This is a body that's been sitting in there for a while. It's swelled up, it turned color, the fish are biting on it. We got the bodies out on an embankment and we poured diesel fuel on them and had like a big bonfire.

It was like that lieutenant had told us back at the airstrip, "This is our world. You went to Hell and you're still alive." I understood it.

In fact, I started to enjoy it. I enjoyed the shooting and the killing. I was literally turned on when I saw a gook get shot. When a GI got shot, even if I didn't know him—he could be in a different unit than me—that would bother me. A GI was real. American get killed, it was a real loss. But if a gook got killed, it was like me going out here and stepping on a roach.

This was the whole thing about the Nam that people fail to understand. You kill a gook, there was nothing to it. American gets killed and he's laying in the bush or the streets of Saigon, he's sitting there with his head blown off and you felt sympathy. You said, "Hey, look, where's the medics? Why don't they come and get this guy out of here? Don't let the guy lay in the streets of Saigon, and just blow open and let the flies and maggots get to him." The guys would get pissed and demand the company commander to get the man out. We would call in on the radio to the slicks* to remove our wounded regardless of where we were at or what color that man was. Because we knew that he was a real person. A gook laid out there in the Saigon River for two weeks, but it was nothing for me to pull those corpses out of there.



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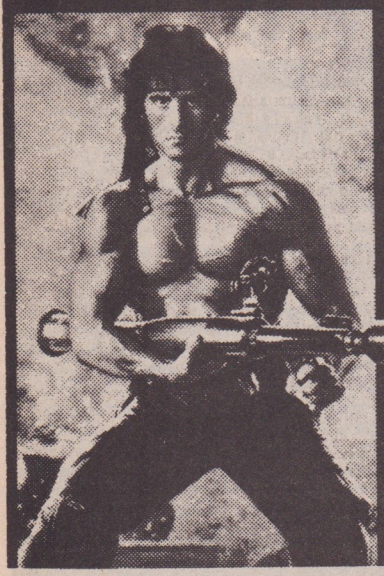

STALLONE

They sent him on a mission and set him up to fail. But they made one mistake.

They forgot they were dealing with Rambo.

RAMBO
FIRST BLOOD PART II

PANAVISION
R
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This summer Sylvester Stallone single-handedly won the Vietnam War. In movie theaters across the U.S., Anericans cheered as the muscle-bound John Rambo shoots his way into Southeast Asia, rescues American POW's, and then shoots his way back out again in the same action-packed formula that has spelled box office success since "Star Wars". By official count, Rambo impales, rockets, machine guns, strangles, electrocutes, bulls-eyes, slashes, drowns and blows up no less than 75 of the Vietnamese and Soviet *enemy*.

That "Rambo:First Blood Part Two" has raised senseless film violence to unprecedented heights is not news; Hollywood has been producing bloodsplattered war-porn for a long time. What is news is that such a runaway popular and financial success--more than $150 million hauled in as of this writing, according to Variety--has delivered to millions what upon closer inspection turns out to be a New Right politics and history lesson.

In "Rambo:First Blood Part Two" Stallone plays a veteran of the U.S. war in Vietnam recently jailed for a vengeful rampage on Middletown, U.S.A. An Army colonel gets him out of jail and sends him back into 'Nam on a politician's secret mission. Rambo discovers that there are indeed still POW's in now Communist Vietnam, and they are rotting in cells strangely similar to the 'tiger cages' the U.S. put its enemy prisoners into. Just as he is about to escape this Indochinese gulag, his politician boss learns that Rambo has broken orders and brought a living POW with him for the trip home. Rambo's airlift getaway is recalled. The live POW somehow doesn't fit into the politician's political scheme, so Rambo himself becomes a POW, left to decompose in a Communist dungeon. He is (graphically) tortured by a Soviet specialist flown in especially for the occasion, just to remind us how Communists have no compassion for human life. Rambo escapes, however, with the help of his pro-U.S. Viet-Chick sidekick (why the producers chose a caucasian to play this role is explained only by the overall racist content of the film). She is later killed, but not before smooching with Stallone (even though he "looks like hell") and revealing that the extent of her political ambition is the dream of returning with him to the U.S.

By now the auduence has lost count of the Communist soldiers Rambo has disposed of and the Communist huts he has incinerated. He beats a Russian hi-tech helicopter gunship by the old playin' 'possum ruse he learned when he was a child. He also changes the rules of guerilla warfare and shows the Commie Vietnamese that their own nightmarish tactics can be turned back on them.

Rambo and the POW's eventualy do make it back to the Free World (in this case, Thailand). His final victory is when he gets to beat up the bureaucrat politician who betrayed him. By not killing him, Rambo proves he is, after all, human (especially when the target of his rage is another American).

The first half of the film is a thinly-veiled allegory for a Right wing version of the U.S. war in Vietnam, with non-stop action thrown in. Sent in on the noble cause of rescuing democracy, the U.S. Army/Rambo was about to win the war to protect Southeast Asia against Communist onslaught. But then the liberal public and politicians/bureaucrats betrayed the U.S.--stabbed the fatherland in the back--and forced the war effort to be abandoned. The concern is over how the U.S. was defeated militarily, not why we were fighting in the first place.

When the Army colonel invites him to go on the mission, Rambo, in seven of all thirty words he speaks in the whole film, asks,: Do we get to win this time?" Not "Do we win" but "Do we get to win?" The colonel assures him that "This time it's up to you."

Even more symbolic is the scene where Rambo realizes he has been betrayed when his helicopter is recalled as it is about to pick him up. Rambo and the POW's are left abandoned in a virtual re-creation of the 1975 U.S. evacuation/abandonment of the embassy in Saigon.

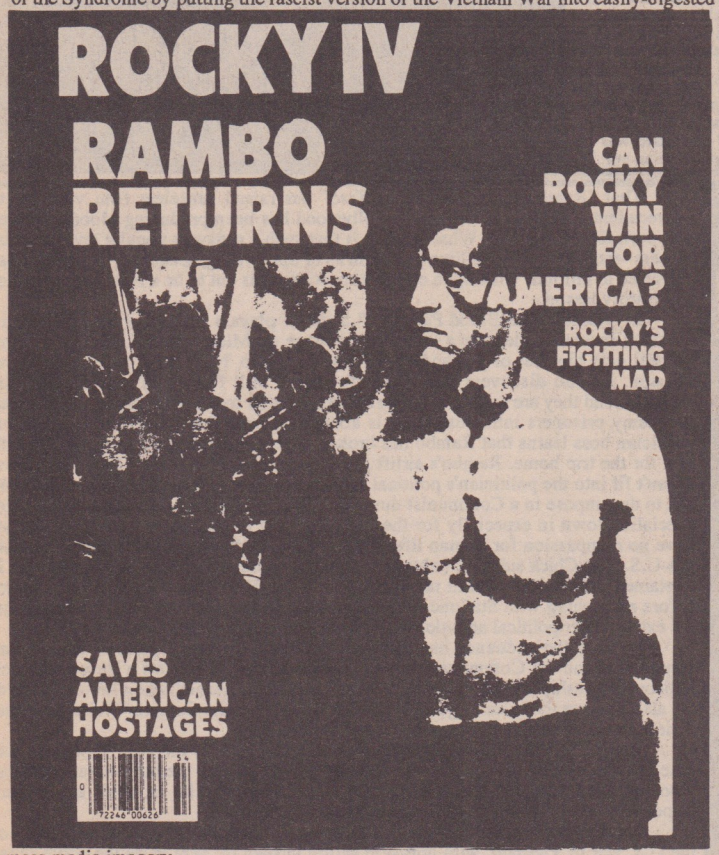
Clothing the Vietnamese soldiers in WWII Japanese uniforms and giving the Russians Gestapo-black uniforms and Aryan features also goes a long way in confusing "Communism" with Fascism. It consummates the film's overall post-Bitburg historical revisionism, teaching us that there is only one possible "Evil Empire", Communism.

According to Rambo, unpatriotic and traitorous Americans are to blame for the Army's defeat in Vietnam. His rage as a veteran of that war is not only because of the way vets were treated when they returned home, but more importantly for how they were betrayed while they were fighting. Agreeing with the first point, most viewers also swallow the second. "I want...," he says in the film's touching denoument that elicits audience cheers, "for our country to love us...as much as we love it." Go team go!

More ominously, the second half of the film is a call for future U.S. military involvement in Indochina and elsewhere. The myth of U/S. POW's today in Communist jails is a humiliating and powerful one, and the image of an abandoned Vietnam suggests that there is still a rescue job left for the U.S. to complete. The next time, Rambo councils, let's make sure that liberal politicians don't interfere. "To win war," he says, "you must become war." Let's put the Army in charge of our foreign policy. Rambo becomes America's conscience when he threatens the politician: "There are more of our men out there. Find them, or I'll find you."

The theory that a country's otherwise successful military campaign is sabotaged by unpatriotic elements at home is not a new one. Termed the "stab in the back" theory, fascists use it to explain why the Third Reich was defeated in WWII and why Mussolini's Italian Empire fell apart. Richard Nixon uses roughly the same argument. He writes that his "Vietnamization" plan to replace GI's with South Vietnamese proxies and thereby win the war failed because Congress and the public did not support it. The Heritage Foundation, a Machiavellian think-tank with a strong influence in the White House, places the blame squarely on an overly liberal U.S. mass media. Ultraconservative media critic Reed Irvine, founder of the group Accuracy In Media, shares that view. In 1975, he wrote in Conservative Digest: "At least some of the blood shed by South Vietnamese when Saigon fell to Communist aggressors last April belongs on the hands of Coulmbia Broadcast Corporation...CBS' biased news...proved influential in turning public sentiment against the war effort.

The "Vietnam Syndrome", a virus-like infestation of human compassion and disdain for war, is the common enemy on Right wing agendas in the U.S. Popular myth still plays a strong role in limiting imperial designs of the state, and so far the Vietnam Syndrome has proven hard to counterract. "Rambo" contributes to the demise of the Syndrome by putting the fascist version of the Vietnam War into easily-digested



mass media imagery.

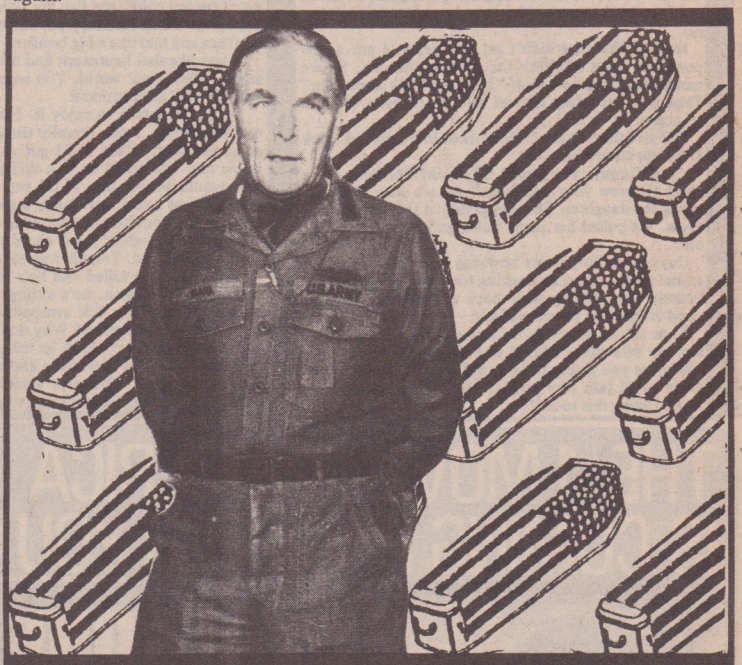
"Rambo: First Blood Part Two" was released at a time when the Right's war on the Vietnam Syndrome was also being waged on other fronts. Still fresh in the public's mind was Dan Rather's courtroom scrutiny by the war's own General Westmoreland in a civil lawsuit, a suit funded in part by Accuracy In Media and Right wing tycoon and CIA contact Henry Mellon Scaife.

The summer of "Rambo"'s release had also seen the Public Broadcast System buckle under pressure and air a Right wing rebuttal to its TV documentary on the U.S. war in Vietnam. The poverty draft was being spruced up by a new "GI Bill" and accompanying ad campaign, Nicaragua was being set up for a re-run of the Gulf of Tonkin, and the CIA was given the official green light from Congress to wade back into the Southeast Asia morass, this time on the side of the ousted and better-behaved Khmer Rouge.

The Right would, of course, argue that "Rambo" is a reflection, rather than a manipulation, of the U.S. public. After all, the same U.S. public did vote for Reagan--twice--and gave him a landslide "mandate". Television long ago placed personalities, and not politics, at the center of electoral contests, however. Behavior at the voting booth rarely reflects opinions on foreign and domestic policy. Most people don't know candidates' positions, only their sales image. Polls have consistently shown that Reagan's foreign policies are unpopular, even with those who voted for him. A vote for Reagan isn't a mandate to re-write history. "Rambo" is a popular film for the same reason the "Raiders of the Lost Ark", "Star Wars", and "Terminator" were popular--it is non-stop comic book action done with slick production values and charismatic actors.

The big winner in "Rambo" is Sylvester Stallone. Not only as the film's writer and star has he hauled in enough cash to warrant a "Rambo Three","Four", and so on, but he has also atoned for some long-standing sins. During the War, Stallone himself ducked the draft. He went to Switzerland to work as a nanny in an all-girls school and later starred in poorly-lit porno films. His career in Hollywood, however, exploded with "Rocky", a film that no doubt won him many enemies on the Right for its working-class-kid-against-the-odds-of-a-class-society message.

Stallone's latest film has made up for all these past mistakes. He has turned Rocky into Rambo and put America's movie-going public squarely into the cheering section of a new American Imperium. "Rambo" has perverted the public feeling that something went wrong in Vietnam in the same way Richard Nixon has by calling his new book No More Vietnams. Nixon writes, and Rambo would agree that, :"Our defeat in Vietnam was only a temporary setback...It is vital that we learn the right lessons from that defeat. In Vietnam, we tried and failed in a just cause. 'No More Vietnams' could mean that we will not try again. It should mean that we will not fail again."



Rambo's allegorical version of the war in Vietnam doesn't resemble the one that actually took place. If anyone was really betrayed it was the Vietnamese people when the 1954 Geneva Peace Accords were blatantly broken by the U.S. Though the accords would have united Vietnam under an elected government, the U.S. set up South Vietnam as a seperate state and installed a long succession of puppet military juntas.

Under U.S. control, the illegitimate South Vietnamese government prevented democtaric elections and violently suppressed the wisespread opposition to its rule, propped up by thousands of U.S. soldiers. North Vietnam then began supplying the uprising in the South, and the U.S. escalated its invasion to include bombing North Vietnam as well as Cambodia and Laos. Johnson and later Nixon gained support for the war (although a formal declaration of war was never made) by systematically deceiving the U.S. Congress, including the staged 'Gulf of Tonkin' incident and lies concerning aerial bombing, massacres of women and children, CIA activity, and enemy 'body counts'.

Although enough firepower was used by the U.S. in Vietnam to rival all of World War Two, the peasant Vietnamese finally won not because the bureaucrats got in the way, but because this was no ordinary war. The entire Vietnamese population--not just an organized army--was the 'enemy' because they unanimously rejected the U.S. effort to dominate them (even President Eisenhower wrote in his autobiography that Ho Chi Minh would have won free elections), just as they had rejected the French. "Winning" in Vietnam could only be accomplished by destroying the entire country and killing all its inhabitants.

And before the war ended, the U.S. was well on its way to doing just that. The Administration explicitly called for "bombing the country back to the Stone Age," but a mass movement here at home put limits on the severity of U.S. involvement (preventing the use of nuclear weapons, for example). The Vietnamese held out and finally threw the U.S. out.

Two million Vietnamese and some 200,000 U.S. draftees died, and Vietnam's environment and economy were devestated. Although the U.S. has offered neither an apology nor help in rebuilding the country, Vietnam recently signed an agreement--which even the Reagan Administration praised--allowing U.S. investigators to search for U.S. soldiers missing-in-action in the country.

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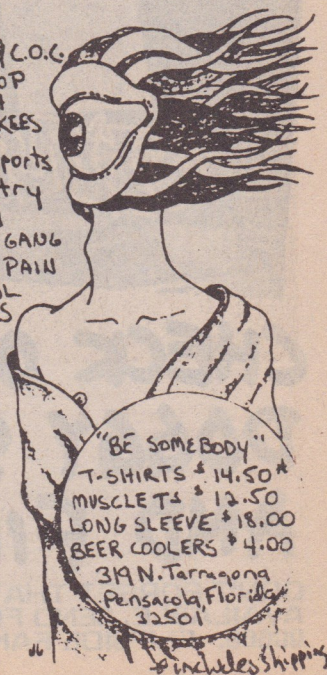

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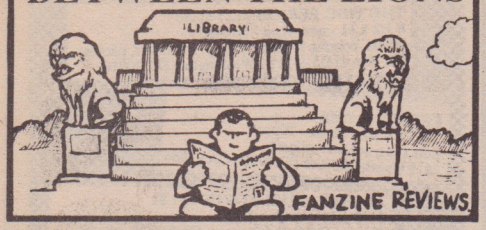

Hello, and welcome to another installment of "Between the Lions." Let me just slip in a couple quick notes before you read on. First off, if you are interested in sending away for foreign fanzines, take into account that the majority of them are not printed in English which really shouldn't discourage you because most are still enjoyable and interesting.

I feel this column is a good source of exposure and information, so I encourage everyone to send in your zines for review. In trade you will receive the copy of MRR that contains your review. No matter what size or format, send it in!!

Again I should stress the importance of sending postage when ordering zines. Unless the price with the review includes postage (ppd.) always send extra money or stamps according to the size of the zine. For zines overseas, try to send an IRC when ordering.

Well, this about wraps it up. Happy reading, keep the faith, and remember--it's a lot more than just music!

Martin

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A NUMBER OF THINGS - "Toasterhead" LP

A real mixed bag of smart and dumb lyrics, hardcore, and metalcore music. It's largely on the sharp side, though, and all the music rocks. I know Kent likes it, but she likes anything from North Carolina. (TY)
(No Core, P. O. Box 5091, Raleigh, NC 27607)

AGRESSION - "II" LP

This band's long awaited record release is here, but maybe arriving just a little too late! Bad average AGRESSION music that never really holds itself together. Heavy on the '70's rock influence with several metal riffs that add to this record's boredom. Not too much be happening here, but I wonder if you can still skate to it. (MS)
(Mystic Records)

MIKE ALVAREZ - "The Night I Watched You Sleep/ Orphan Aged"

From the opening riff ripoff of the UNDERTONES' "It's Going to Happen," to a strange but cool mix of the KINKS and X, this single has all the best of those mysterious singles that pop up now and again from Texas. Great shitty production. (Dog)
(Not Records/Tapes, P. O. Box 49734, Austin, TX 78765)

ANGRY RED PLANET - "Gawkers Paradise" EP

While their debut EP borrowed more heavily from early punk and basic thrash, this follow-up has ARP joining the burgeoning ranks of "early HUSKER DU"-sounding bands. Actually, they also sound like latter-day HUSKERS, with Bob Mould-type guitar and much poppier tunes. (TY)
(Touch and Go, P. O. Box 433, Dearborn, MI 48121)

ARTISTIC DECLINE - cassette

If this is a taste of things to come from their long-delayed LP on New Underground, then we're in for a treat. Well-contructed, diverse, SoCal punk/thrash with good hooks, lyrics, and delivery. Gary, get that record out! (TY)
(P. O. Box 83761, Los Angeles, CA 90083)

BABY ASTRONAUTS - "Strawberry Enema"

Pretty poppy/punk and rock stuff with somewhat twisted lyrics and occassionally bizarre instrumentation. I bet Biafra would like this one. (TY)
(P.O. Box 141021, Minneapolis MN 55414)

BLATANT DISSENT - "Is There a Fear? EP

While there is punk power here, BLATANT DISSENT doesn't rely on it for overall impact. Their sound is almost understated, based more on melodic tunes, up-front lyrics, and clean production. Complexities at times remind me of fellow Chicagoans NAKED RAYGUN (Jeff Pezzati does production too). (TY)
(&65 Parkway, Elgin, IL 60120)

EUGENE CHADBOURNE - "Country Music of South-Eastern Austrialia" LP

Counting this release, there have been three CHADBOURNE/SHOCKABILLY LPs within a month. Here, you can hear him perform your favorite spazz country/psycho/experimental ditties that he recorded on his trip to all of the finest prisons in Australia. Really. (Dog)
(RRR Records, 151 Paige St., Lowell, MA 01852)

COLORS - "Vivid Colors" 12"

Pretty rockin' pop punk that takes me back a few years. There's a good beat with pretty complex songs, moddish at times, psych at times, and despite the special effects, high production, etc., the overall impact is fairly punky and powerful. Interesting. (TY)
(Pop Records, P. O. Box 15481, Detroit, MI 48215)

CIRCLE JERKS - "Wonderful" LP

While musically tight and strong, and despite Keith's continued strong singing in the face of numerous physical injuries, this LP doesn't really kill. The JERKS may never approach the heights of that first LP (a tough standard to beat), but they'll keep at it, on the road and on vinyl. Decent. (TY)
(Combatcore, 149-03 Guy R. Brewer Blvd., Jamaica, NY 11434)

CRAMPS - "Can Your Pussy Do the Dog?" 12"

The title track is classic-sounding early R'n'B CRAMPS, while the two accompanying cuts are either Elvis-influenced or country-blues sounding and nothing too special. I'm glad they're still at it, but this didn't have me bouncin' off the walls. (TY)
(Big Beat, 48-50 Steele Rd., London, NW10 7AS ENGLAND)

DEAD AIM - "Blood is Sweat" cassette

DEAD AIM's sound is a vigorous, coarse, grinding one with influences ranging from C.O.C. to AGNOSTIC FRONT. The metal licks are kept to a minimum and the cool vocals really hold the songs together. The lyrics, on the other hand are the weak point and really do subtract from their potential. (MS)
(5357 Princess Anne Rd., Virginia Beach, VA 23462)

DEAD RELATIVES - "The Games Are Over" cassette

After a bizarre beginning, this tape launches into a thrash attack that's raw and exciting. Recorded live, there's some charm here overriding the obvious live recording problems and garage aspects. Definitely are hot moments. (TY)
($1.65 to Katherine Nichols, 135 W. Clark #203, Champaign, IL 60820)

DEATH OF SAMANTHA - "Coca Cola and Licorice/Listen to the Mockingbird"

Although too many bands get compared to the BIRTHDAY PARTY/NICK CAVE these days, here you have to make that analogy again. There's these great loopy, tribal rhythms and general trashiness that begs for the comparison. I like this record. (Dog)
(St. Valentine Record, P.O. 79116, Cleveland, OH 44107)

DECRY - "Japan" LP

Another one bites the dust and bites it hard. Amazingly poor '70's power rock much in the AEROSMITH vein. At times, the songs become comedy pieces with the "Oh, baby" and "let's rock" lines. One or two songs find their roots in early punk, but these still aren't enough to help this drowning puppy. (MS)
(Toxic Shock, Box 242, Pomona, CA 91769)

DEHUMANIZERS - "The Post-Nuke Boys" cassette

Punky yet metal, but not speedcore. Paced medium, this sounds more like early punk with metal guitarwork at times. Same with the vocal approach, thought the lyrics are pretty solidly punk. (TY)
(2006 35th Ave. W., Seattle, WA 98199)

DEPO PROVERA - "Totally Useless" LP

Much more on the punk side of things than pure thrash, their most appealing material has good melody, tough guitar, and an almost PISTOLS-like quality on the better tracks ("Brainwash"). But there's plenty of thrash too, as well as a clunker or two. Overall -- pretty good, hot production, tight playing. (TY)
(Sacred Fish Records, 112 Primrose Lane, Menashu, WI 54952)

DT & THE SHAKES - EP

A half-dozen pop-punk tunes owing to '76 East Coast proto-punk more than anything, with a touch of REPLACEMENTS. Good beat, intelligent personal lyrics, snarly vocals, occasionally lame metallish guitar, but otherwise it's pretty rockin'. (TY)
(Morgue Method Records, P. O. Box 487, Tappahannock, VA 22560)

EARTHSIDE - "Too Far" cassette

A catchy 14-song tape produced by this Milwaukee outfit. Several blatant metal leads are weaved into medium-paced melodic thrash, both of which are topped off with strange, echoing vocals. Lyrically, a bit on the basic side, but it doesn't detract too much from this tape as a whole. (MS)
(1027 N. 8th St., Milwaukee, WI 53233)

GREEN RIVER - "Come On Down" LP

From Seattle, where HM is a big force to reckon with, comes this debut. I'm not really sure about this record yet, but they stray a line very close to mid-period BLACK FLAG while tending to go for a more internal, personal side to their lyrics. (Dog)
(Homestead Records, P. O Box 570 Rockville Center, NY 11571)

ILL REPUTE - "Omelette" LP

A collection of the best and worst from one of Oxnard's finest. Consisting of one track from every release that this band has ever been involved with, only two two new songs appear, both of them live and the outstanding tracks of the release. Typical rough Mystic production doesn't really help, but overall this is a good sampler of one of the once classic SoCal thrash outfits. (MS)
(Mystic Records, P.O. Box 92008, Carlsbad, CA 92008)

KWIKWAY - cassette

Quite a pleasant surprise. This tape contains seven pop/thrash tunes of high quality tunemanship, playing and production. Very sarcastic lyrics bite to the "core." Worth checking out. (TY)
($3 to Jules Worsley, 4169 Park Blvd, Oakland, CA 94602)

LARRIES - "Shit from the Chicken Coop to Fall in Love By" cassette

Fun garage punk that at times reminds me of early MODERN LOVERS or HEARTBREAKERS with a bit of early '60's garage/surf thrown in. Enjoyable. (TY)
(Jimbo Clinton, 1102 23rd St., Vienna, WV 26105)

LAST STAND - 12"

An average pop-punk release by this Boston outfit. At times reminiscent of STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, but in many ways is no comparison. LAST STAND takes a more American, roots rock approach with a repetitious beat in the simplest and most basic form. (MS)
(Taang Records, P. O. Box 51, Auburndale, MA 02166)

LETCH PATROL - cassette

A six-song tape that's really well done. There's plenty of controlled mania on the fast tunes, as well as good melody on the poppier tracks. Overall: rips like crazy. (TY)
($4.50 to Paul Lucas, 425 E. 25th St., #544, New York, NY 10010)

LETHAL YELLOW - "Declaration of Retardation" EP

A raw, gritty guitar sound ennervates these garagy blasts of mid-tempo funnypunk. With titles like "Grilled Cheese Sandwiches" and "Spastic and Proud," you can infer LETHAL YELLOW's goofoid tendencies, but there are some really good songs delivered with spunk on this one. A lot of fun. (SS)
(Stench Records, 1539 Algardi Ave., Coral Gables, FL 33146)

LOOKOUTS - "Lookout! It's the..." cassette

Excellent! A really unusual approach here -- punk rocked out folk rock in a way, but with more drive and noise. Lots of originals as well as gnarly covers of DYLAN, EVERLY BROS., STONES, VELVETS, STOOGES, MDC, SIMPLETONES, DOVELLS, ROSIE & ORIGINALS -- but all rocked out. Get it. (TY)
($4 to P. O. Box 1000, Laytonville, CA 95454)

MIA - "Notes from the Underground" LP

Sad but true, a once great band has drifted towards the wimp side. Ten glamor pop-punk songs are drastically different from any of the band's previous material. I hate to say it, but this album is a real let-down!! It would be interesting to see how the band would pull these cheesy songs songs off live. No longer "Music in Action" -- now it's music in limbo! (MS)
(National Trust Records, 25351 Alicia Pkwy., Laguna Hills, CA)

MAGGOT SANDWICH - "Dead to My World" EP

Excellently spirited punk and thrash with well-thought out and biting lyrics. Although the playing is garagish, it's not really a drawback because this release is about honesty. Rips. (TY)
(KMC Records, P. O. Box 9391, Pensacola, FL 32513)

MISFITS - "Legacy of Brutality" LP

Thirteen previously unreleased tracks including first time on vinyl or different versions of prior releases. Among the classic MISFITS songs that even stretch musical boundaries for the band, "American Nightmare" shows some country and folk roots. If you're an avid MISFITS fiend or just looking for a sampler, this is your disc. (MS)
(Plan 9, P. O. Box 696, Lodi, NJ 07644)

MORLOCKS - "Emerge" LP

Although I am not a big fan of the '80's garage rehash scene, I must give credit to this band for capturing a very hard-edged raw sound much like the classic '60's punk sound. The screams and distortion put a lot of the pop garage bands to shame, but then again, this was recorded over a year ago; the band has gone through changes and has currently lost much of that rawness. The low point here is the neglection of giving credit on cover songs.(MS)
(Midnight, Box 390, Old Chelsea Station, NY, NY 10011)

NO EMPATHY - "Strange Celebration" cassette

A mid-tempo, pounding, angry, rebellious sound comes from this Chicago-based band. No direct thrash influences, but these songs support some of the same qualities. Like the PROLETARIAT with smooth power which creates catchy riffs and flowing vocals. Very enjoyable tape. (MS)
(Flophouse Productions, 1320 W. Wicker Pk., Chicago, IL 60622)

NO SYSTEM - "Dead Bands Tell No Tales" cassette

Taking his tunes from his former band NO SYSTEM, Al Quint (MRR reporter, Suburban Voice editor) teams up with PTL KLUB for six totally ripping tunes. Hot thrash, great lyrics, and strong beliefs back this baby up. Shoulda been a record. (TY)
(76 Park St. #2, Lynn, MA 01905)

P.T.L. KLUB - "13 Commandments" LP

P.T.L. CLUB have the style down pat: fast, thrashy songs, angry vocals, committed lyrics on good topics, and very occasional guitar leads. Of course, it's been done often before, but when it's executed well (as it is here), the music sustains power and drive. A very good record from this Massachusetts outfit. (SS)
(Mystic, P.O. Box 2314, Carlsbad, CA 92008)

PILLSBURY HARDCORE - "In a Straight Edge Limbo" EP

Fun-loving hardcore from SoCal. The lyrics are all satirical, the sound is pretty trashy, and the general feel is rambunctious and adolescent. Some of the instrumental work collapses in upon itself, but the smooth vocals and throbbing bass push them into the credit column. (JB)
(Fartblossom Records, P.O. Box 818, Pomona, CA 91769)

PLASMA ALLIANCE - "We Can't Wait" EP

Hot! A very politically motivated record that also socks you in the jaw with its music. Gruff as hell vocals, great thrash, and inspiring lyrics and package all add up to a winner. (TY)
(Depression Records, 909 Upton Ave., Springfield, MI 49015)

PLASTICLAND - "Flower Scene/In My Black and White"

The A-side is just so-so folk rock, nothing too memorable. And while the flip isn't awesome, it's got more interesting structure and more punchy instrumentation, especially with the raw, jangly guitar. Better. (TY)
(Midnight Records)

POLITICAL JUSTICE? - "Stating the Truths..." EP

POLITICAL JUSTICE? delve into a medium-paced punk style with highly distinctive lyrics -- and songwriting that unfortunately lacks any sense of uniqueness or catchiness. I admired the committed point of view of this band, but I hope the musical aspects of this outfit catch up with them on their next release. (SS)
(POLITICAL JUSTICE?, 430 Dorset Pl., Glen Ellyn, IL 60137)

ROADSIDE PETZ - "Take Two" cassette

Fun mid-tempo thrash joined together with silly lyrics resulting in a sound much like a raw version of the VANDALS. Seven tight rockin' songs with clever hooks and catchy choruses, so good that it would seem more appropriate for this material to be on vinyl rather than tape. (MS)
(100 Lexwood Dr., Apt 30B, Lexington, MD 20653)

RUDE AWAKENING - "Teenage Suicide/Wanted"

From Rhode Island, if I remember correctly, comes a punk rockish pair of tunes. Neither is particularly overwhelming, though both are easily competent and well-produced. Just okay. (TY)
(Incas Records, 272 Benham Ave, Bridgeport, CT 06604)

S.L.A. - "Evil Empire" LP

A really intense album, both musically and thematically. The SLA have growling vocals a la F@RTZ, and a very raw instrumental attack; the songs range from careening thrashers to more complex but less hard-hitting cuts. The lyrics are unabashedly radical, whether dealing with wage slavery, national chauvinism, or media sensationalism, but the choice of the band name leaves something to be desired since there is some evidence suggesting that the real Symbionese Liberation Army were police provocateurs rather than genuine and very stupid militants. (JB)
(Eat Me, Box 2296, Portland, OR 97208)

SARCASTIC ASSHOLES - "Menthol Man" cassette

Admittedly unhappy with the sometimes tinny production, TSA has made the best of it nonetheless. Blasting forth with over a dozen tunes, their sound is pretty straightforward thrash/punk with lots of speed. The singer's voice really gets gnarly at times, and lyrically they're right on, with frequent attacks on racist/redneck mentality. (TY)
(Jeff Austin, COD 12th MP BN (4th), Ft. McClellan, AL 36205)

SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS AND FUZZTONES - live 12"

This guy was old back in the '60's during his second coming, so you know he's ancient now. No matter, this sicko of the R'n'B world can still wail, doing a credible version of his classic "I Put A Spell on You" and three others. While nothing is rise out of the grave for, fans of both he and the FUZZTONES will want to have this musical memoir. (TY)
(Midnight, P. O. Box 390, Old Chelsea Station, NY, NY 10011)

SHELL SHOCK - "Lost and Found" cassette

Solid, hard-driving thrash from the depths of New Orleans. Somewhat reminiscent of early U.S. thrash due to the band's loud, energetic ringing sound. Rough vocals complement all eleven songs on a tape that is strong overall, but not earth-shattering. (MS)
($4 to 6910 Ridgefield Dr., New Orleans, LA 70128)

SHOCKABILLY - "Heaven" LP

Still cranking it out as morose, apocalyptic and truly psychedelic as always. Superb production with some covers, some of Chadbourne's demented ballads, and lots of over the edge wildness. God damn, these guys are godhead, and "Heaven" is as great if not better than ever. (RS)
(Fundamental Music, P. O. Box 2309, Covington, GA 30209)

SON OF SAM - "Fuck It To Death" cassette

These garage thrashers have been putting out tapes for years now. And while this one's as energetic, blazing, noisy, and politically sharp as ever, I think it's high time for some vinyl. In the meantime, get this -- sounds like a modern-day PAGANS. (TY)
($3 to Lacy, 5121 Trumbull, Detroit, MI 48208)

SOUL ASYLUM - "Tied to the Tracks/Long Way Home"

Perfect. Just perfect. This is exactly what I wanted this band to sound like when they released their first EP; here, they've tightened up the sound with engaging melodies wrapped around a ripping midwestern Bob Mould production. (Dog)
(Twin/Tone Records, 2541 Nicollet Ave., S. Minneapolis, MN 65404)

SQUIRRELBAIT - LP

Now that the REPLACEMENTS have wimped out, where do you go for that great, snotty, teenage garage music? Louisville, KY, apparently, the home of these young'uns who not only manage to capture the snarling adolescent howl but also have a keen sense of structure and melody in all their songs. Highly recommended. (Dog)
(Homestead Records, P. O. Box 570 Rockville Center, NY 11571)

SUBCULTURE - "I Heard a Scream" LP

You know right from the start that this will blast a hole in your heart. A raver, full of high quality straight-ahead hardcore with nary a trace of metal. Powerful as hell! (TY)
(Fartblossom Records, P.O. Box 818, Pomona, CA 91769)

JOHNNY THUNDERS & PATTI PALLADIN - "Crawfish" 12"

The first original-sounding thing from JOHNNY THUNDERS in ages, with singing backup by ex-SNATCH Patti and instrumental help from ex-HEARTBREAKERS Jerry Nolan and Billy Rath. Sounds promising? Nope, you get a countryish slick R'n'B tune, and two versions of the title tune, a sultry bluesy number that's pretty unmoving. Oh, well, you can't put your arm around a memory. (TY)
(Jungle Records, ENGLAND)

UNDEAD - "Never Say Die/In Eighty-Four"

"Never Say Die" is right, as Bobby Steele, originally a MISFIT and veteran of his UNDEAD, re-emerges with the umpteenth lineup. Glad he did it, too, because both sides are excellent rockin' early punk, a sound that crunches and you can hear the lyrics. Hot pop punk. (TY)
(Post Mortem Records, P. O. Box 358, New Milford, JN 07646)

UNREST - EP

Of the three tracks here, the operative one is an idiosyncratic version of the BYRDS' classic, "So You Wanna Be A Rock'n'Roll Star" -- a hard rocking rendition with lots of raw edges. The two remaining songs meander into rock/experimental domains that lack much real focus. Almost adequate. (SS)
(Teenbeat Records, 45202 34th St., Arlington, VA 22206)

URUKU - "Exhumed Lunch" EP

URUKU approaches HC from an eclectic point of view, so if you combined the likes of BEEFEATER, UNITED MUTATIONS, and GREY MATTER into one outfit, you might come away with something like this. Thrash with diverse and arty overtones -- mostly fairly routine, with no real standout numbers. (SS)
(9510 St. Charles Pl., Fairfax, VA 22032)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Bathroom Sounds" cassette

This comp put together by the fanzine of the same name features bands from the Milwaukee and Chicago area. It exposes some great new thrash/punk bands most of which possess a lot of potential. Notables include SELF GRATIFUCKATION, POLITICAL JUSTICE, OUT OF ORDER, and CRUSTIES. Good diversity keeps the listener's attention. Booklet included. (MS)
(1027 N. 8th St., Milwaukee, WI 53233)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Cultural Compost Pit" cassette

Another blazing international comp. featuring 35 bands from 17 countries. SOLUCION MORTAL, NEGAZIONE, NO LIP, DEATH SENTENCE, MOB 47, FINAL BLAST, and INDIRECT are just some of the fine thrash bands that you will find on this recommendable cassette. A very tasty sampler. (MS)
($4 to 11233 NE 95th St., Kirkland, WA 98033)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Let's Die" LP

All manner of "death" rock here, from metal to SIOUXSIE-style dreariness to TSOL-type moodiness, from a host of bands known and unknown. Includes ILL REPUTE, SUBTERFUGE, WHITE PIGS, MESS, AWOL, FALSE CONFESSION, and more. The is where I usually stick in a bad pun, but in this case I'm scared to try. (TY)
(Mystic Records)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "M.T.'s Bored of Directors" cassette

A U.S./German sampler containing the likes of MANIACS, LOVE CANAL, CHIRST ON PARADE, VOMIT VISIONS, NRK, INFERNO, and many more. Sound quality is largely excellent, as well as the material. (TY)
(Joe Raimond, MSA, Johnson BKs, APO New York, NY 09696)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "More Coffee for the Politicians" LP

Another Phoenix compilaton with JFA, MIGHTY SPHINCTER, and the SUN CITY GIRLS, but better than that are the tracks from the new bands like BOOTBEAST CARNIVAL, HARVEST, HELLFIRE, and the very raunchy DIRT CLODS. Lots of instrumentals, strange industrial stuff, and best of all, raspy garage sounds. (Dog)
(Placebo Records, P. O. Box 23316, Phoenix, AZ 85063)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Steve Compilation" cassette

A raw dosage of noise thrash fronted by eight Florida bands. Speeding, blaring, and clashing seem to be the common themes among the musical styles, and some bands are tight while others are sloppy, which only adds to the character of this comp. The ear-catcher here has to be the songs by JEHOVAH'S SICKNESS. (MS)
($3 to 670 Sandpiper Lane, Casselberry, FL 32707)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Suburban Uprising" cassette

Side One is largely "cheesy" (as Martin's wont to say) pop, lightweight neo-'60's stuff, the kind that gave the '60's a bad name back then too), with only one passable track (MOD FUN). Side Two of this all-New Jersey comp comes on with AOD, then back to cheese (psych and blues), then some rockin' PLEASED YOUTH and SACRED DENIAL, a bit of garage, some STOOGES-like stuff from DAS DAMEN (pretty decent, Lyle), DOLLS-like material from SKULLS, and some jive fun from the PUNSTERS. (TY)
($4 to Jim Testa, Jersey Beat Zine, 418 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, NJ 07087)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Super Seven #2" EP

Yet another Mystic sampler of previously released material from the label's former projects. Included are DR. KNOW, INSOLENTS, DOGGY STYLE, and more. Is this really necessary? (TY)
(Mystic, 6277 Selma Ave., Hollywood, CA 90028)

WHITE FLAG - "WFO" LP

This special German pressing features six new tracks and thirteen previously released on their Third Strike LP. If you haven't heard the band, the closest comparison would be a punk version of KISS influenced by the GERMS! I'll leave it at that but I must comment on the cover...what a "unique" concept. (MS)
(Gasatanka Records, 1214 N. Harper Suite 6, Hollywood, CA 90046)

WORLD WORLD WORLD WORLD WORLD WORLD WORLD WORLD WORLD

ACCIDENT - "Crazy" LP

ACCIDENT clock in with some slick, routine melodic punk with sung vocals, including some new versions of old songs. Most of the material here sounds like punk as attempted by power-poppers, and only a pair of songs on the flip escape that tendency for inoffensive cuteness. No power, no heart, no soul...no buy. (SS)
(Toxic Shock, Box 242, Pomona, CA 91769)

BLOODY VALENTINE - "My Bloody Valentine" LP

This one's a quiet, creepy psych band with some real cool, icy vocals. They seem to change easlily from slower songs to charging fuzz-diriven noisefests like the CRAMPS without too much difficulty. (Dog)
(Tycoon/Konnex Records, Prinzenallee 47B, D1000 Berlin 65, W. GERMANY)

BLYTH POWER - "Chevy Chase" 12"

This unusual release features ex-MOB members in songs which, in three of four cases, exploit a medieval flavor with a punk energy. Surprisingly, the gamble works -- though I also enjoyed the pop-punky style of this EP's only rocker, "God Has Gone Wrong Again." A good record that will grow on you. (SS)
(All the Madmen, 98 Brougham Rd., Hackney, London E8 4PB ENGLAND)

BRIGADE FOZZY - "Das Lied Von Der Macht" cassette

Very raw, rough, and harsh. Echoing bass thrash in the same vein as the majority of classic European punk. A lot of variety in speed and power, but overall very straightforward gutsy thrash! (MS)
(Mani Beckmann, Oddingstr. 24, 442 Ahaus 2, W. GERMANY)

BUSINESS - "Get Out of My House" 12"

Four medium-paced, somewhat ploddy punk tunes with Oi/rock/metal currents. Powerfully recorded, but not very stimulating, lacking any real verve. Decent tunes, though. (TY)
(Wonderful World, 201 Holland Park Ave., London, W11 4UN ENGLAND)

D & V - "Inspiration Gave Them Motivation to Move Out of Isolation" LP

This is essentially the new CRASS record. At least most of the members make an appearance in some capacity. I'd say its the most innovative, interesting, and yes, inspired thing they've done in a while. Still a stark beat and lots to say, but more varied in term of influences, moods, and studio effects. Reminds me of something FOETUS would do and dependent on many listens. Admirable. (RS)
(Crass Records, P. O. Box 279, London, N22 ENGLAND)

DEAD VAYNES - "GTF" LP

Incorporating the best mid-'70's rock with an obvious fascination for the STOOGES, as well as NY DOLLS, RADIO BIRDMAN, and the best pre-'77 punk, this is timeless dirty rock'n'roll and fairly enjoyable. (RS)
(Batfish Inc., no address)

DIED PRETTY - "Next to Nothing" EP

I'm really looked on the DIED PRETTY's latest. Some of this is very similar to the early attempts by the WHO and KINKS at psychedelia. Real nice, catchy melodies with haunting vocals, not really muscular but the little flourishes make this record. (Dog)
(What Goes On, 3rd Floor, The Metrostore, 5-10 Eastman Rd., Vale Acton, Londton, ENGLAND)

DISORDER - "Gi-Faen-I-Nasionalitenten-Din" LP

A collection of DISORDER's most popular material, all of which is recorded live. The production is very rough and the music supports the band's ability to turn out some of the best loud, noisy, raunchy thrash. Definitely a potent and raw release. (MS)
(47 Halam Rd, Clevedon, Avon, ENGLAND 8521-75E)

DOC-OI - "This is Straight Hate" EP

As their name suggests, this is indeed Oi music, and decent at that. It's got all the ingredients -- catchy tunes, choruses, etc. Lyrics are in English and are anti-authoritarian. Only question: these guys are out of uniform -- all spikey heads. (TY)
(No address, JAPAN)

GEIZZ - "Black Svage" EP

Ferocious carpet-dragging speedcore. This is classic Japanese vinyl meltdown in the aggro tradition of GISM and the EXECUTE. It never backs off with quick metallic whines, and solid face punched production, too. Burn, this is fire. (Pus)
(DG Records, JAPAN)

GENDO MISSILE - "Ge" EP

Firmly rooted in an older punk sound, but it doesn't stay there. Traces of the DAMNED, post-punk, and even The ROUTERS. Not crazed, but interesting while rockin'. (TY)
(No label, JAPAN)

INDEPENDENTS - "Save Yourself" 12"

This Saskatchewan group produces a boisterous pop sound and are at their best when the guitars and tempos are really cranked up. There is a definite '60's influence on some songs, but most of their material has a more contemporary feel. Although good overall, "Why Should I Care" and "Gloria" are disposable. (JB)
(Rockin Ramrod, P. O. Box 9735 Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, CANADA, S7K 7G5)

INDIREKT - "OP Oorlogspad" LP

"On the Warpath" is the title translated (as are all the lyrics on a poster insert), and an accurate one it is -- raging from beginning to end. Stylistically, they cover a lot of bases from straight thrash, metal thrash, country thrash, punk...all done really well. Lots of power, great lyrics, female shouter, are characteristics here, so I have no problem recommending it. (TY)
(Ruud Sweering, Rotivsstraat 111, 1624 GA Hoorn, HOLLAND)

KIKEIJI - "Hello Good-Bye" EP

Reformed, recorded this one, gigged twice, and split up again. Worth it? Largely. Two of the four tracks really kick, with driving early punk laced with subtle post-punk touches: powerful. The other two cuts are more ballady/post-punky, not unlike some aspects of the STALIN. Well done. (TY)
(No label, JAPAN)

KINNIKU SHOJO TAI - EP

Translates as "Muscle Little Girl Group" (I really owe Roger for all the translations on Japanese reviews). Don't ask me? Musically they're crazed, jazzy, avant garde, post-punk loonies. Vocals are pretty punky, and the music usually has bite, but boy it's weird. (TY)
(No label, JAPAN)

KU KLUX FRANKENSTEIN - 12"

A four-song rock release that's in the post-HENDRIX tradition -- "heavy" guitar, slow blues/rock tunes, long songs. Not too crazy about it. (TY)
(Crash Records, 203 Balaclava Rd., Caulfield 3161, Victoria, AUSTRALIA)

MASSACRE - cassette

Experimental hardcore that's most appealing. While maintaining their edge and aggression, this band breaks rules with percussion and structure without getting too jazzy or arty. (TY)
(Marzidovsek, Titova 39, 62310 Slovensta Bistrica, YUGOSLAVIA)

MELTING SKYSCRAPPERS - "Strange Device/Beyond the Grave"

This has a really full and smooth feel to it, just like some of the music released in England around '78-79. The vocalist manages to sound a little like GRAHAM PARKER while the band churns out a sleepy, dreamy sound similar to the tunes by the HOODOO GURUS. (Dog)
(Waterfront Records, P. O. Box A537, Sydney South 2000, AUSTRALIA)

NEBEN WIRKUNG/DISORGANIZED BUNCH OF FUCKERS - split LP

This record definitely falls into the category of great foreign crash and bang thrash. OBOF offer a bit more originality and diversity which seems to keep the songs from sounding the same, a problem that the flip has. Both bands support simple pissed-off rebellious lyrics, half of which are translated. Check it out! (MS)
(No Address, W. GERMANY)

DANBERT NOBACON - "The Unfairy Tale" LP

DANBERT NOBACON from CHUMBAWAMBA presents a collection of solo folk ditties here, performed in a style not unlike that of PATRIK FITZGERALD or an acoustic BILLY BRAGG. Most of the songs are quite catchy, but a certain monotony does set in after a few tunes. A fairly good record, though it would have been more palatable as an EP. (SS)
(Sky & Trees, c/o Box 4, Cookridge St., Leeds 2, ENGLAND)

NOMADS - 12"

A three-song job featuring a cover of the LYRES' "She Pays the Rent" (a hotter version than the original), a pounding "My Little Ruby," and then a very atypical "Nitroglycerine Shrieks" (a crypto, unrelenting post-punk blaster like LINK WRAY on acid). Hot as always. (TY)
(Homestead, P. O. Box 570 Rockville Centre, NY 11571)

NORMAHL - "Harte Nacht" LP

Basic German punk, fast and punchy, with catchy guitar riffing -- the same kind of thing NORMAHL has been doing for a while, now. Nothing is performed with particular brilliance, though I find this style quite listenable. Good, but unspecial. (SS)
(Mulleimer Records, Weihdorfer Strasse 8, 7038 Holzgerlingen, W. GERMANY)

POWERAGE - "Protest to Survive - Stop Apartheid" EP

Good raw punk, strong and political from South Africa. Comes with a sharp info sheet, with addresses in S.A.. A variety of styles on this four-song EP, from fast to slow. Not what you would have expected, but worth your interest. (Pus)
(Bunker, 1 Rue Lakanal, Grenoble 38000, FRANCE)

RIPCORD - "In Search of a Future" cassette

Stop and go thrash at its finest. Nine tight tunes blast forward with such a strong amount of energy your ears will be left in amazement. In many ways, the music might come off as very basic, but if you're a crash and bang fan, this tape will not leave you disappointed. (MS)
($3 to Box 666 Fulmarks Bookshop, 110 Cheltenham Rd., Bristol 6, ENGLAND)

SATAN'S MALFUNCTIONS - "Verbal Solution" cassette

This tape is hardly audible, but the smashings and rantings thrown rapidly at you, with extreme lyrics, gives proof that if this band released an EP of quality recording, it would be intense. Don't let the name fool you -- it's not demonic, but intelligent, especially toward animal rights. (Pus)
($2 to Ade, 37 Garfield Rd., Scarborough, N. Yorks, YO12 7LJ, ENGLAND)

SECOND AUSCHWITZ - "Murderers" cassette

Famed for their super-short, incoherent noise blasts, these guys have changed their "musical direction, attitude, and bass player" after getting "fed up with those short songs." Trying now to write "decent tunes," they sound only slightly tighter (if that), still thrashing away frantically and raving about the ills of the world. In other words, they're still a charming garage mess. (TY)
($3 to Hyacintstraat 11, 5701 WJ Helmond, HOLLAND)

STEMS - "Tears Me In Two/Can't Resist"

This, their second 7", is pretty rockin' '60's fuzz punk, but doesn't stand out too much from the crowd. Nonetheless, there's great guitar, tight beat, and non-wimpy production. (TY)
(Citadel, P. O. Box 316, Darlinghurst 2010, AUSTRALIA)

SNIX - "Coupa De Lion" 12"

More French skunk from SNIX. The guitars could profitably be rawer, but the tunes are generally good (expecially "Madou") and the overall effect is quite appealing. The big queston here is one of values: SNIX may not be supporters of M. LePen, but some of the song titles and dedications don't reflect much that is positive. Who knows? (JB)
(77KK, 19 Place du General De Gaulle, 91470 Limours, FRANCE)

SPECTRE'S REVENGE - "No Moon At Midnight/Maynard G. Krebs"

Decent moody pop neo-psych. Both sides have their ominous slower moments (almost like certain aspects of the DK's, including E.B. Ray-type guitar work), and then pick up at times. Just ok. (TY)
(Au Go Go Records, AUSTRALIA)

STING RAYS - "Don't Crack Down/Cover Version"

A-side is a schizophrenic ditty combining acoustic guitar with '60's snotty punk vocals with DYLAN-esque undertones, pop melodic instrumentation, and a folky BYRDS-like break. The flip is even weirder, with more cryptic changes, a la SOFT BOYS. Nuts. (TY)
(Big Beat, ENGLAND)

SUBHUMANS - "World's Apart" LP

Take a variety of musical approaches (yet still the style the SUBHUMANS have established for themselves), push it all together into 12 new songs and one instrumental, and the third LP release brings this band even higher in growth, creativity, and continuous stamina. Multitudes of paces and Dick experimenting with different vocal approaches, has the SUBS into another serious exceptional effort. (Pus)
(Bluurg Record, 2 Victoria Terr., Melksham, Wilts, ENGLAND)

SWANKYS - "This is My Lifestyle" EP

Abrasive grinding mayhem, crazy splats of distortion, crackling vocals, and the next Japanese cult fave. This CHAOS U.K.-type noise corrosion slapper growls with insanity, roaring feedback and those raw barks like stormtrooping bombs. (Pus)
(KPP Records, JAPAN)

TACTICS - "Fat Man/Shark Bed Rally"

Instead of the wild trashiness, this band has a murky, melodic charm to them very similar to SALEM 66 or even the GO-BETWEENS. The flip moves more towards a psychedelic nature, but more in the area of, say...DONOVAN? Not too shabby. (Dog)
(Waterfront Records, P. O. Box A537, Sydney South 2000, AUSTRALIA)

UNDERTAKERS - "Greatest Stories Ever Told" LP

From Sweden, this combo plays pretty competent '60's punk (an eerie aspect of said genre) and a bit of rockabilly. There are traces of CRAMPS and NOMADS in here, but little in the way of originality or special verve. Okay. (TY)
(Midnight Records)

URBAN DOGS - "No Pedigree" LP

Charlie Harper (of U.K.SUBS) and Knox (of VIBRATORS) pair up on this album of lackluster ditties in a proto-punk style. The songs on this release, while unrepresentative of the talent here, also display a noticeable lack of passion. These URBAN DOGS do have a pedigree, but here I could have mistaken them for strays. (SS)
(Metrostore, 1st Floor, 5/10 Eastman Rd., The Vale, London, W3 7YG ENGLAND)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Birdskit" LP

A four-band comp, featuring CARISMA KAOS (melodic thrash), SLAM (metal-laden), PAST (straight-on melodic thrash) and BIZARR (melodic thrash, with the most bite here). All in all, okay, but not awesome. (TY)
(Birdskit Records, c/o P. Granberg, Vadarv. 16, 731 42 Koping, SWEDEN)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Ataque Sonora" LP

This hot Brazilian HC comp features ten bands and a variety of styles, from supercharged thrash (RATOS DE PORAO, LOBOTOMIA) to Oi (VIRUS 27, GAROTOS PODRES--dig that harp!--and AUSCHWITZ) to folkish punk, classical punk, and even skate punk. The trebly Brazilian production adds to the appeal, and most of the lyrics are concerned with political issues like oppression, nuclear war, and corruption. Cool gatefold cover. (JB)
(Ataque Frontal, C.P. 54.217, Sao Paulo S.P., CEP 01296, BRAZIL)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Jarocin '85" cassette

An hour tape containing nineteen Polish punk bands recorded live at the Jarocin music festival. With this compilation, the average music enthusiast can get ahold of the kind of punk Poland has to offer. The production and sound quality are really good, considering the situation and conditions. Recommended. (MS)
($2 to Elizabeth Chodorowska, 43-300 Bielsko - Biala Ul Sobiekiego 198/1 POLAND)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Relying on Us" EP

An intense power-thrash compilation which features OI POLLOI, H.D.Q., CRIMINAL JUSTICE, DEPRAVED -- all who blast out incredibly loud ranting, politically conscious songs. A powerful comp in which all the songs shred and will have a satisfying effect with each listening. My only complaint--no lyrics sheet. (MS)
($4 to Endangered Music, Barossa, Station Rd., Brize Norton, Oxon OX8 3PL ENGLAND)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Steyer" cassette

A comp that features all Yugoslavian bands (PVJS, CZD, MASAKER, and MARZIDOVSHEK). There's a bunch of experimental thrash, which while wandering into the unknown, always comes back with power. Sound is decent. (TY)
(Mario Marzidovsek, 62310 Slov. Bistrica, Titova 39, YUGOSLAVIA)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Symphonies for the Disaffected" cassette

An excellent comp which features some of the more popular politically conscious bands involved in the scene such as CONFLICT, OI POLLOI, ANTI-SYSTEM, STALAG 17, ICONS OF FILTH, and the list goes on. All the songs were recorded live at England's infamous Station Club. Good sound quality. Recommended. (MS)
(Toot, 2 Priory Ct., High St., Gateshead, Tyne and Wear, NE8 3JC, ENGLAND)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Vielles Delinquante" cassette

A compilation of nine pop-punk/thrash bands from France. The music is split in half. 50% is average background, entertaining pop that at times becomes annoying. The remaining music consists of some really hard thrash, French style. For the most part, enjoyable and well worth looking into. (MS)
(Francois Gasnier, 3 Parc D'Incouville 76620, Le Havre, FRANCE)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "The Waking Dream" LP

This is a sampler of little known, or even unknown "psychedelic" English bands. MAGIC MUSHROOM BAND and SLEEP & THE CREATURE VAMPIRES have something going but the rest of these bands play uninspired marshmallow music. To top it off, most of these bands don't even exist anymore. Consumer beware. (Dog)
(Psycho Records, 24 Cecil Square, Margate, Kent, ENGLAND)

WALTZ - "Vanish/Childish Quarrel"

Good driving, pounding early punk sound that kicks both musically and lyrically (anti-war). Interesting divergences are thrown in here and there, but don't detract at all. Cool vocals, too. (TY)
(No address, JAPAN)

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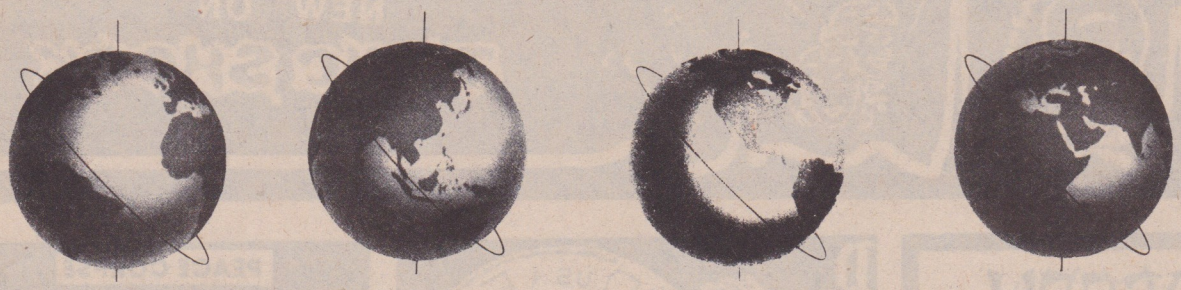

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